

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER

COMFORT

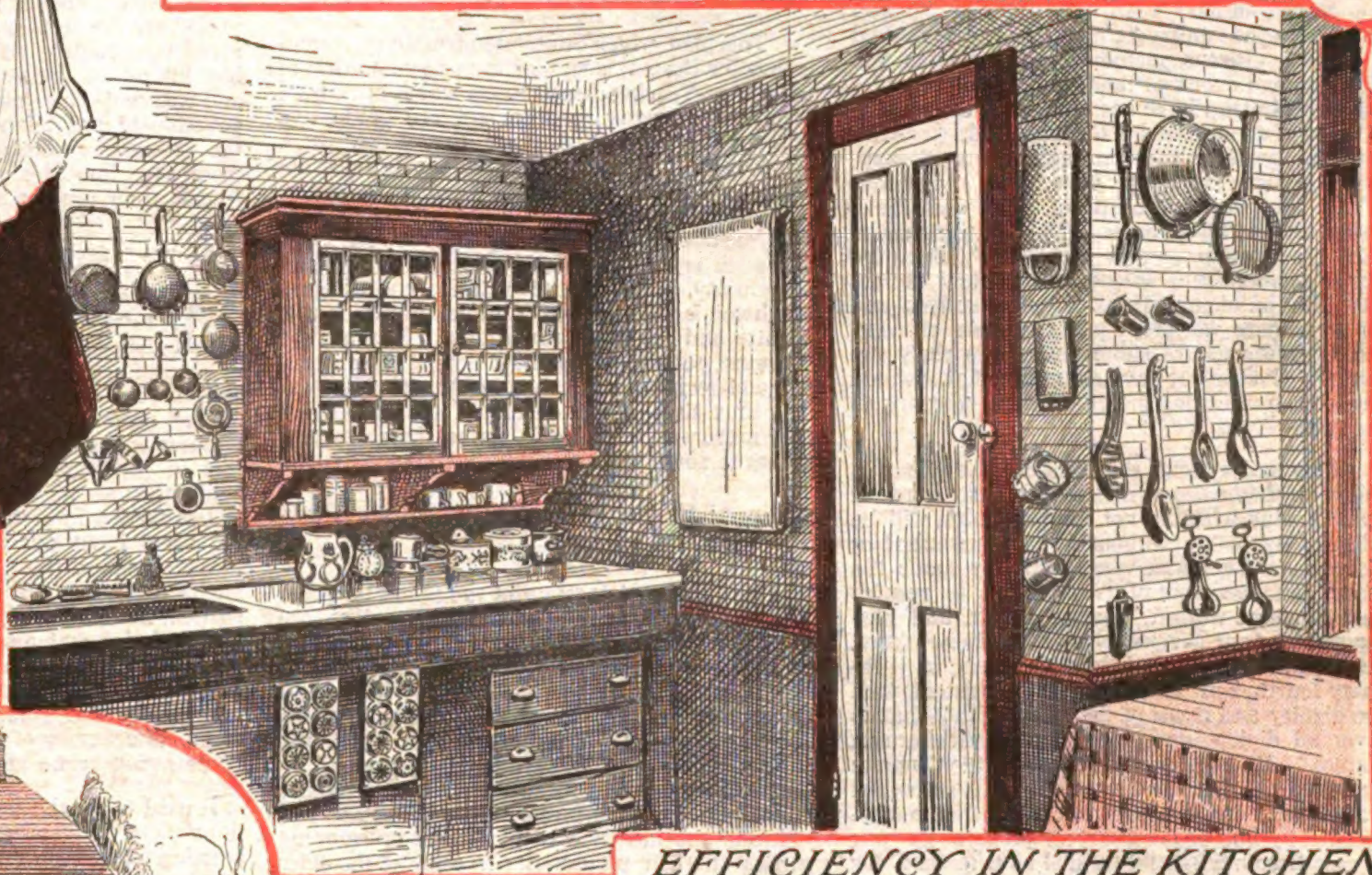
*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

VOL. XXIX

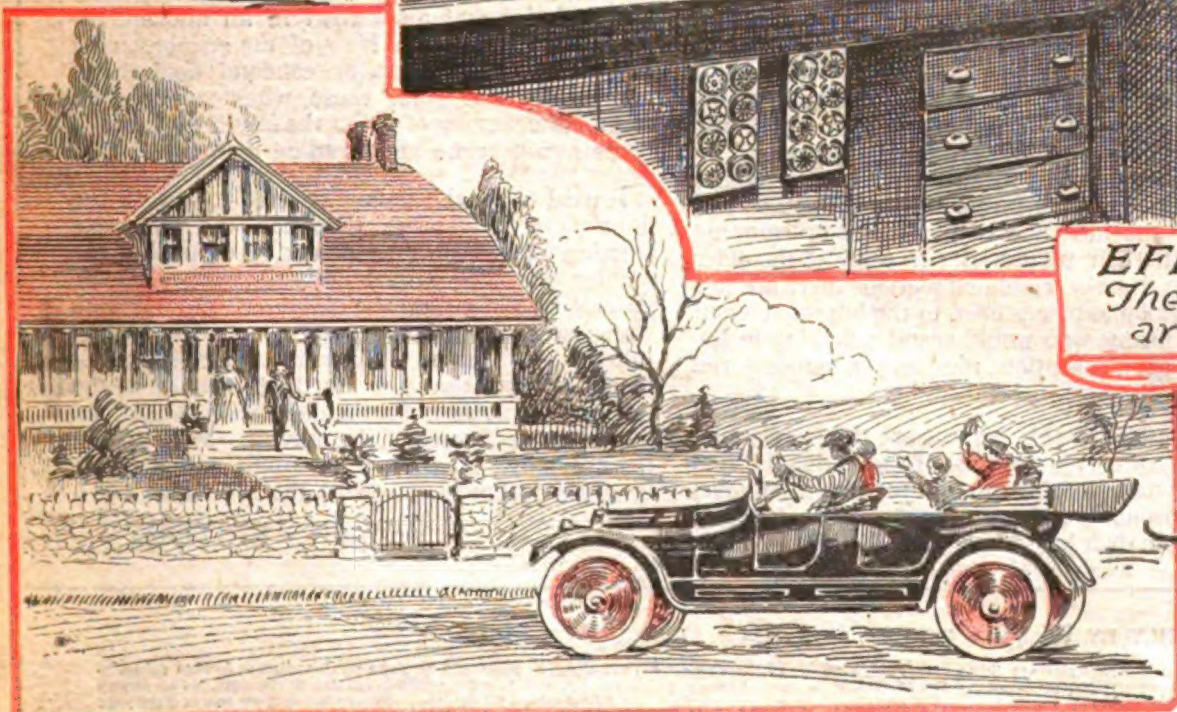
NO. 5



*You can keep all your kitchen
utensils on shelves, in drawers
or hang many things on the walls.*



EFFICIENCY IN THE KITCHEN
*There should be a place for each
article . . . See Story page 10*



MARCH 1917

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COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

President Wilson Puts It Squarely up to Germany to Choose Between Peace and War with United States

BECAUSE of Germany's latest and most intolerable aggression against our national dignity and rights, President Wilson has broken off friendly relations and severed diplomatic intercourse between the United States government and the government of Germany by recalling our ambassador at Berlin and telling the German ambassador at Washington to go home. This is not a declaration of war, but it brings us to the brink of war. It is the last word, the extreme protest short of war, and is almost invariably followed by war which is expected as the probable sequel also in this instance because of the aggravated provocation that compelled the President to this momentous action.

On January 31 Germany announced that after February first her submarines would sink without warning all ships of all nations found traversing certain seas, whatever their cargoes or their destinations and regardless of the fate of their passengers and crews. The zones wherein the Kaiser forbids all ocean travel include the greater part of the Mediterranean Sea and a large area of the North Atlantic extending from Spain northward beyond the Shetland Islands and well up the coast of Norway, and from the coast of continental Europe westward to the twentieth meridian hundreds of miles west of Ireland.

Germany's purpose in so doing is to starve her enemies, France and especially England, to submission; but even for this purpose she has no right to sink ships engaged in peaceful commerce on the high seas and destroy or even imperil the lives of their passengers and crews. All neutral nations, in fact the whole world outside of Germany and her allies, have protested against this action and denounced it as an atrocious and inhuman violation of the rights of humanity.

Since February 1915, when Germany began her submarine campaign, more than two hundred American citizens, including many women and children, and over two thousand citizens of other neutral countries have been killed by the sinking of ships of commerce by German raiders. After repeated protests and warnings by our government, which Germany disregarded, President Wilson, on the eighteenth of April last, gave notice that he would break off diplomatic relations with the German empire altogether unless the German government should immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its "relentless and indiscriminate warfare against vessels of commerce by the use of submarines." In reply the German government gave assurance that it would desist from attacking merchant ships contrary to the rules of war.

This notice from the President is what is called an *Ultimatum*, meaning a last word or final demand which, if not complied with, will be followed by action without further argument or discussion. Therefore, when Germany made the recent announcement of its intention to resume indiscriminate warfare against freight and passenger ships our government, as President Wilson declared in his address before Congress on February fourth, had "no alternative consistent with the dignity and honor of the United States but to sever all diplomatic relations with the German empire." By an almost unanimous vote Congress approved the President's action and proceeded immediately to consider the measures recommended by him as necessary to prepare for war in case Germany should compel us to defend our rights by force of arms.

Our government has spoken its last word in no uncertain tone and is no longer on speaking terms with the German government. The choice between peace and war with the United States rests with Germany and depends entirely on Germany's action. As the President says, while still hoping for peace every possible effort is being made to prepare for the worst. We are glad to note a general and spontaneous outburst of popular

approval of the President's course together with innumerable offers of help, in case of war, from all classes and all sections. Happily the hyphens seem to have disappeared from our citizenship and the nation stands united in its loyal support of the government. Doubtless this resolute demonstration of American patriotism will have a restraining influence on the councils of the war lords in Berlin and a tendency to prevent the commission of the overt act that would plunge us into war. The situation is critical in the extreme, but we still hope for peace with honor.

Home and School Associations

A RECENT bulletin issued by the U. S. Bureau of Education urges closer reciprocal relations and more effective cooperation between home and school. It quotes with approval a communication from Franklin B. Dyer, Superintendent of Public Schools of Boston, Mass., in which he says: "There never was a time when the need was so great for intimate connection between home and school as at present. The conditions of modern life are so complex, opportunities for good and evil are so numerous, the occupations of home are so meager unless they are related to the school, and the work of the school is so abstract unless it has a practical outcome in the home, that it is imperative for parents and teachers to get together."

He asserts that "the training of each must supplement the other. Such cooperation can come about in no other way so well as through organizations that bring parents and teachers into friendly and frequent association." He advises that the citizens in each school district in Boston organize a Home and School Association and appoint a local committee to act as an advisory council in cooperation with the school authorities.

This plan, which Superintendent Dyer recommends for Boston, is similar in purpose to that of the Parent-Teacher Associations which have been organized in many sections and are productive of excellent results wherever they exist. In a previous editorial we pointed out the benefits derived by the schools and the homes, the pupils, parents and teachers through these Parent-Teacher Associations, and again we urge our readers to join such an association, if there is one in their community, and, if not, to organize one at once. The home is the most important institution in this country and the school ranks next. They are the two most potent factors in developing the characters and forming the habits of the rising generation, thus shaping the destiny of the nation, and they must work together in perfect harmony and not, as is sometimes the case, at cross purposes.

National Forest Reserves as Public Play-Grounds and Recreation Resorts

NOT the least important of the many purposes for which the national forest reserves are being utilized is their use as public fishing, camping and recreation grounds and vacation resorts. More and more as the country fills up with the rapid increase of population the beauty spots, and especially the desirable places along the streams, ponds and lakes, are being acquired by the wealthy as sites for summer homes, or are under cultivation as farms whose owners do not welcome the intrusion of picnickers or camping parties on their properties. In some of the older and more densely populated sections there are few if any available places open to the humble citizen of small means who would spend a holiday in the country or a vacation roughing it among the beauties of nature.

Fortunate in this respect are the people who live within easy reach of one of the national forest reserves where the government permits the public, under reasonable and proper regulations, to enjoy an outing to their hearts' content. Roads and trails

are being extended so that before long the most remote parts will be accessible to the tourist. Each summer thousands of vacationists in ever increasing numbers avail themselves of the free privilege of camping in the national forests and find health-giving sport and recreation in roaming the woods, fishing the well stocked lakes and ponds that nestle among the tree clad hills and in the limpid streams that meander through the valleys or leap down the mountain sides in sparkling torrents.

Though it is intended that the government shall never part with the ownership and control, those desiring a permanent habitation in which to spend their vacations are permitted to lease cottage lots, at a moderate rental, bordering the shores of some of the lakes, and land may be rented even for hotel purposes to furnish accommodations for wayfarers and tourists of more fastidious tastes. It is of incalculable value to the health and morals of the nation that these sanctuaries of wild nature should be preserved and reserved for the use and benefit of the plain people and not permitted to be monopolized by land grabbers.

Mexicans Raiding Our Border Again

IT is nearly a year since our government despatched an expeditionary force under General Pershing into Mexico with orders to get Villa "dead or alive" because of his atrocious raid on Columbus, N. M., murdering our citizens and burning their homes. Our soldiers were treacherously attacked by Mexican government troops and at the behest of Carranza, Pershing was ordered to halt his pursuit, but while he remained with his troopers on the other side of the border peace and security reigned on our side. He has been recalled in deference to or fear of the despot of Mexico, and Pershing's rear guard is scarcely returned ere the Mexican armed forces resume their murderous raiding on our side of the boundary line killing our citizens, pillaging their property and carrying others captive into Mexico. As our government has taken no action, at this writing, the citizens are organizing a volunteer force to cross over into Mexico and try to rescue their friends from the hands of the Mexican brigands.

Clean Up the Movies

WE are pleased to learn that the board of review, which censors the films, at last has decided not to approve the picturing of any more nude female figures on the screen. One hardly knows whether the audacity of the producers in presenting such indecent pictures or the complacent indulgence of the censors in passing them is the more astonishing. While they are about it they had better go a step or two further in a much needed clean-up of the movies and cut out the numerous plays of immoral tendency, pictures which in their circumstance and action are salacious or of impure suggestion, those which portray drinking and other forms of vice and dissipation in an alluring aspect, or which make a hero of the criminal, cast a glamour over crime or condone unchastity, and among the worst those which teach with technical accuracy of detail the expert methods of perpetrating crime and evading detection.

It used to be the yellow-covered novels or the dime detective stories that had the blame of starting many boys in a career of crime, but the opinion has been stated authoritatively that the movies, by presenting the classes of plays which we have mentioned, are exerting a more baleful influence on youth. A prominent judge gives it as his opinion that the startling increase in the number of youthful lawbreakers is due to the demoralizing influence of the movies. Many of the picture plays have a moral uplift and high educational value—but beware the bad ones.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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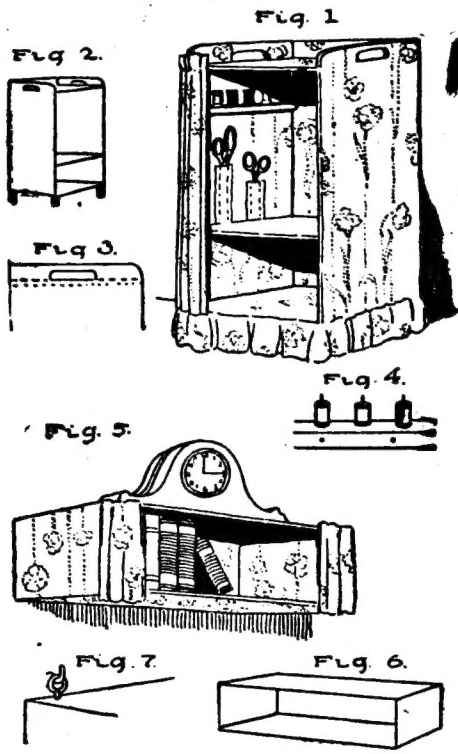
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Household Conveniences That Make Home Attractive and Comfortable

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Cretonne Covered Racks

Covering cabinets or cases with flowered cretonne with a ruffle at the bottom have a dainty look never imparted by paint or enamel. It should never be put on flat like wall paper but rather shirred or ruffled like a curtain. The folds can lay over and conceal the tacks that hold it on. Fig. 1 shows a sewing cabinet made of a soap box. No painting or finishing is needed except the cretonne covering neatly tacked on. Fig. 5 is a bookshelf, curtained in front and cloth cov-



CRETONNE COVERED FURNISHINGS.

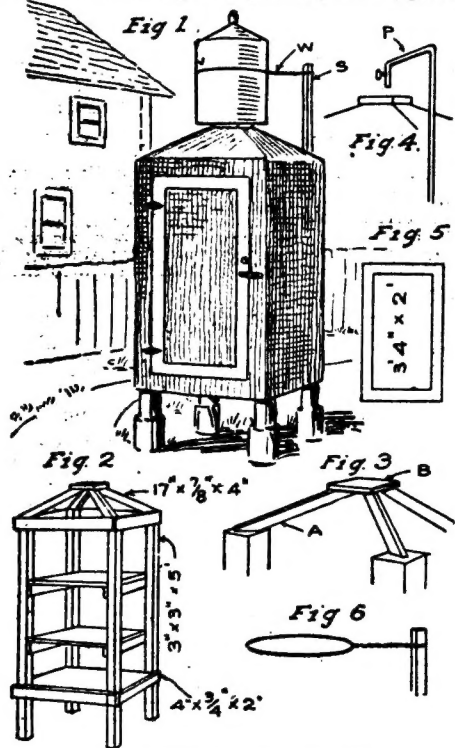
ered on top and ends. Fig. 6 shows the simple construction of the shelf and Fig. 7 how it hangs on the wall. Fig. 4 is a little shelf studded with nails that serves as a spool holder. For a bedroom, cretonne covered pieces are tasteful and appropriate. The covering can be washed and replaced any time. A sitting room or chamber finished with one pattern of goods would be novel and refreshing. Picture frames covered with cretonne are very effective too.

Ventilation

Every day we learn more about the value of fresh air. It is no longer considered necessary to box things up and exclude air to keep them fresh. In fact, the refrigerator, the closet and storeroom and every place where food supplies are kept must have constant ventilation. The picture is a side view of a pantry well supplied with air. "A" is an opening in the foundation, "B" is a hole in the floor screened over as shown in Fig. 2. Over the shelves is a small window. The arrows show the course of the air currents. Entering from the great outdoors, it traverses every part of the cupboard and then flows out the upper window. Remember that nothing ever got musty in the open air, and many a case of typhoid and other diseases can be prevented by ventilating the larder.

Iceless Cooler

People who live where it is impossible to get ice will find the accompanying plan a great help in the hot season. Fig. 2 shows how a simple set of shelves or cupboard is built. This is enclosed in burlap or any loosely woven, porous



GOOD WHERE THERE IS NO ICE.

material of two or three-ply thickness. It is held by tacks and should be stretched quite taut. The door is a simple frame like Fig. 5, covered with the same kind of cloth. The framework of the roof, as shown in Fig. 3, is designed to shed the rain. It is covered with good roofing material. On the flat part "B" a vessel containing

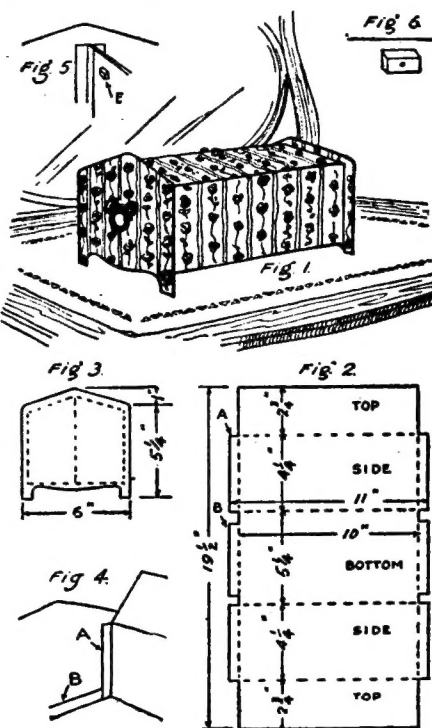
two or three gallons of water is placed. The bottom of the vessel is perforated with needle holes so that the water will leak out and drip evenly down on the four sides. A three gallon tank will require filling once each day. If the cloth is kept reasonably wet so that evaporation is constant, the interior will be cool, even on the hottest day. Aim to have the cooler where a draft or breeze will strike it. The legs set in tin cans which are half full of water. As the refrigerator is placed outdoors, this latter arrangement is a necessary precaution against ants and other crawling things. Of course it should be shaded from the sun. This plan was given me by a lady who used it successfully in the most torrid part of this country and personally I will vouch for the merit it possesses.

An Attractive Settle

In nearly every home in the land can be found one or more old-fashioned wooden bedsteads, long since unused. Our purpose is to suggest a means of utilizing profitably the waste bed parts that now litter attics and storerooms. The drawing here-with shown is the happiest solution of the question I can devise. A few cuts of the saw, a little nailing and presto, your old bed becomes a neat and comfortable settle. Cut on the dotted lines. The two parts of the tall end of the bedstead forms the back and seat of the bench or settle, and the smaller end divided, gives us two ends for the same.

Dresser Chest

Here is a home-made boudoir article of utility and beauty. It may be used as a hair receiver or a glove or handkerchief box or a receptacle for dainty linens. It is made of heavy cardboard which may be cut in one piece as in Fig. 2. This diagram includes all parts except the ends. At every bend, paste a strip of cloth for reinforcement. The bend itself will run along the center of the strip, which may act also as a hinge for the top piece. The ends are fastened by bending

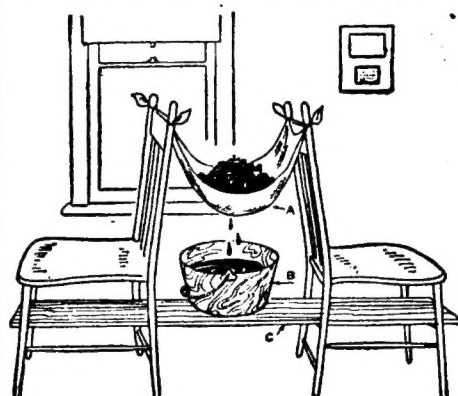


FOR THE DRESSING TABLE.

the flaps "A" and "B" and pasting to them, as in Fig. 4. Liquid glue is the best kind of an adhesive to use. It is to be applied with a small paint brush. Before pasting finally you can get an idea of how the box will look by basting the parts together. The finished chest is covered with velvet or cretonne. It is sewed on with thread of a color that makes it practically invisible. Fig. 5 shows how the upright partition is put in the center of the box. "F" is a small piece of cork glued on to act as a stop or rest for the lid. The box makes a pretty gift.

Straining Jelly

Here is a very practical method of arranging chairs and cloth for the purpose of straining fruit pulp in the canning season. The board "C" besides providing a resting place for the granite vessel, tends to hold the chairs firm and stable. The mass of pulp is placed in the familiar sling "A" and will not need any further attention. My mother always lets her jellies strain during



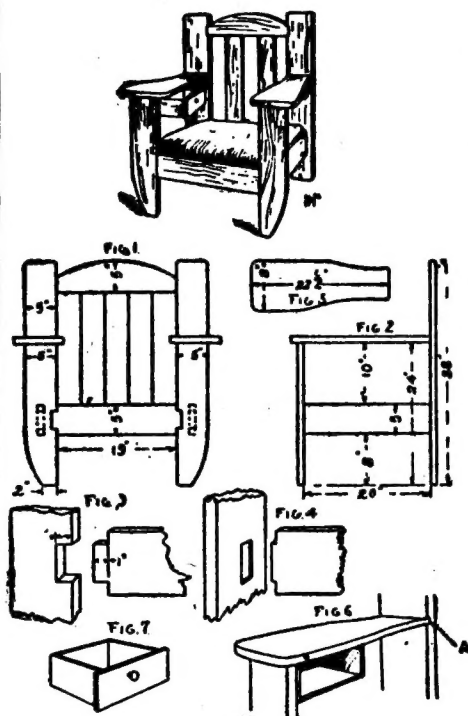
AN IMPROVED CONVENIENCE.

the night and in the morning they are usually in just the right condition to be handled. A temporary cover of oilcloth might be placed over the arrangement shown in the picture to prevent

dust from settling on the soft mass. Wherever fruit is being handled the floor should be damp enough to absolutely prevent the rising of dust. Wet mopping in the first place and a few sprinklings during the day will bring about this desirable condition. It is said that nearly all the diseases known to man may be contracted by infection from germs that float in the air. It is no unimportant matter, then to try to minimize this constant source of danger.

Reading Chair

You may have a great number of chairs in your home but I doubt if you have one that is used exclusively for reading and writing purposes. There is really a demand for such a chair so I have designed this one to fill the want. I can safely say that it will give satisfaction for I have used one of my own making for several years. Fig. 1 is a front view and Fig. 2 a side view. The arms are very wide



FOR READING AND WRITING.

so that they can be used to rest the paper on while you write. Under the right arm is a little side drawer used to contain the writing material or the book you are reading. Boards one inch in thickness are used for material. The joint in Fig. 3 is used to fasten the front rail to the front legs. The one pictured in Fig. 4 is employed to join the side rails and rear legs. Underneath those rails, boards are nailed to form a seat and a cushion that fits snugly between the square formed by the four rails placed on top. Figs. 6 and 7 show the drawer plan. I used chestnut for my chair. It looks a good deal like oak and may be finished very nicely. If you like this plan, let me know.

A Fly Trap

In recent times we have come to regard the common housefly as a dangerous menace to health and life. Not only does the fly carry disease germs from infected places but it is a breeding place for the pests. The picture shows a trap made of common wire screen. To a cylinder of this material, add the cones as shown. The flies get inside and cannot get out. Of course there is a hole at the smaller end of each cone. Place the trap where flies are found in great numbers and when it is full hold it over a blaze. It can be used over and over again for a whole season. A door in the top like Fig. 4 permits the inside to be brushed out with a whisk broom. The fastening is done by sewing with a strand of the fine wire.

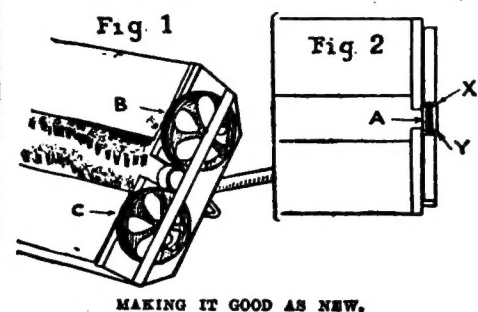
Window Washer

The device shown in the cut is a three-cornered piece of half inch pine which measured from four to six inches between points. The handle is about eighteen inches long and is screwed on, holes being bored for the screws. Most windows are just high enough to evade the reach of an ordinary person and this tool makes it easy for you to do a good job without taking much risk. Wrap the wash cloth around it and you can get at the corners nicely. If a piece of rubber is nailed to the edge it will serve as a quick drier for the rubber drawn downward on the pane of glass will force nearly all the water ahead of it. It is a useful tool and costs nothing but a little time and labor.

Mending the Carpet Sweeper

Both the regulation style carpet sweepers and the more modern pneumatic suction sweepers are apt to get worn at the friction surface of the

wheels. It is essential that the wheels play against each other rather hard in order that sufficient driving power be developed and their looseness can only be remedied by building out the rim or running surface. A good way to do this

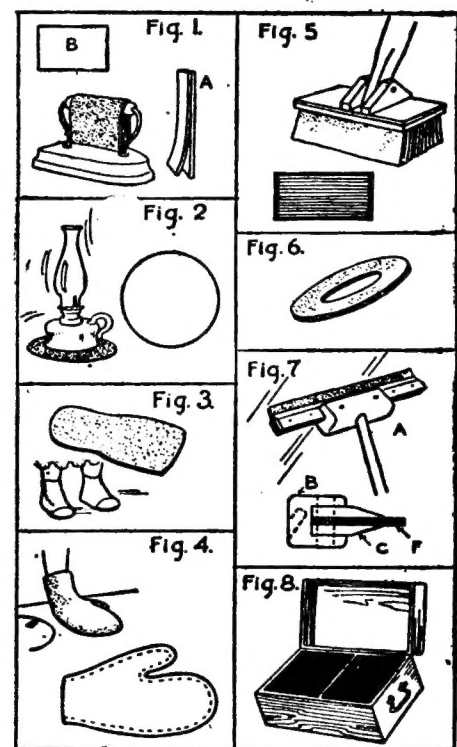


MAKING IT GOOD AS NEW.

is to wrap adhesive tape around either of the large wheels "B" or "C," or the small one between them, marked "A." If the brush of the sweeper does not go around rapidly enough to suit you, try this simple method of repair and you will be agreeably surprised at its restored efficiency.

Uses for Felt

Where there are several men in a family, it is surprising what a large number of felt hats will accumulate. The sketches herewith shown are submitted to aid you in using up the old hats. Fig. 1 is an iron holder made of a double thickness of felt. It is a non conductor of heat and does not burn easily and is therefore admirably suited to the purpose named. The next sketch is a round mat for a lamp. Fig. 3 is an insole of felt for baby's shoe, and Fig. 4 is a stove polishing mitten made of two felt layers.

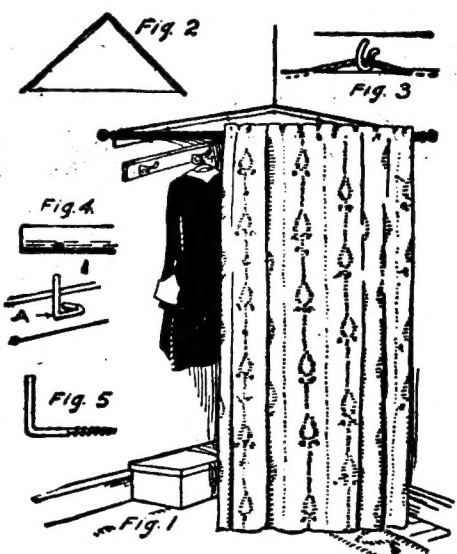


SOME USES FOR OLD FELT.

Fig. 5 is a floor polishing brush made of many thicknesses like the leaves of a book. They are sewed together and tacked to a board which forms the top of the brush and carries two blocks, between which a tiling handle fits. Fig. 6 is a felt substitute for a rubber washer in making small plumbing joints. Fig. 7 is a window cleaner, "F" is the doubled felt, "B" a wood block, and "C" the beveled strips that hold the felt. Fig. 8 is a box lined with felt. Such a box would be useful for storing or shipping cut glass or jewelry.

A Storage Corner

It takes a pretty large house to afford ample room for everything, but good management solves many a problem of keeping things neat and accessible. The corner arrangement shown herewith is suitable for use in a bedroom that has no closet or one of insufficient size. The curtain pole is supported at each end by a hook bent like "A." A common hook, Fig. 5, is used and may be bent with pliers. If a gimlet hole is bored in the pole to receive the hook a very solid job will



SUBSTITUTE FOR CLOSET.

be the result. Fig. 2 is a roof for the corner, necessary to keep out dust. It may be bound on the edge with rope which hangs on wall hooks as in Fig. 3. Cretonne or any heavier flowered material will be appropriate for the curtains or an old pair of draperies, which are now out of date, may be utilized to good advantage. The cloth should be fastened in such a way that it will admit of taking down without much trouble, as frequent washing will be desirable.

Nerine's Second Choice

by Adelaide Stirling



"I was going to read something," replied Nerine, with the calmness of perfect truth.



"Odious little wretch. I don't mind if I break you!"



He was walking slowly along with the two girls.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Lispenard, cousin to Kit Belton's mother, married a Canadian girl. Dying he leaves a widow, two girls, Agatha and Nerine, and one son Maurice. Mrs. Lispenard marries Clarence Mayne, an interloper. At her decease she leaves Clarence Mayne an income until the girls are of age. Lispenard house and money go to the male heir in the direct line. Clarence Mayne goes on a trip to Monte Carlo. Kit Belton comes on a visit, while Maurice Lispenard, denied the education which is his by right, walks from Liverpool, where he is learning to be a mechanical engineer, to be with Kit Belton. Jones, known to Maurice as Lister, is ordered to harness the horses, when they go to see Lord Satterlee in a game of football. Agatha recognizes him. He has attended St. Jude's that he might see her. Maurice invites Lord Satterlee to dine with him. A young maid, not familiar with the house, and suspicious, leaves him in the darkness. He gropes his way to Clarence Mayne's room, where Nerine finds him later. She picks up a fallen table. In a secret drawer she discovers a book with her mother's initials on it.

CHAPTER VI. (CONTINUED.)

AGATHA was on her knees saying her prayers. The dim light fell on her bent head and clasped hands as she knelt, and after one look Nerine retreated.

Agatha would never, she knew, get up from her prayers to approve of touching any of Mr. Mayne's possessions!

Nerine returned to her own chamber, got out of her garments and into bed without much ceremony, and set her candle on the small table beside her. In no case was she given to long orisons on her knees, like Agatha; two childish and familiar prayers had served her since first her mother had taught them to her.

Very cautiously she began to examine her treasure trove, when a question from her sister, who stood in the doorway, made her hide it.

"How can you sit up like this in this cold room?"

"I was going to read something," replied Nerine with the calmness of perfect truth.

A few minutes later, when Nerine was convinced that her sister was sound asleep, she pulled the candle close to her and with chilly fingers took out her book.

It was old and worn. On the back of it was stamped in letters of faded gold, "Diary." That E. L. of raised silver on the cover meant that it had belonged to Esther Lispenard not to Esther Mayne. Had Mr. Mayne put it in that drawer, she wondered, or had it been there unknown to anyone ever since her dead mother had laid it there?

It was a pretty book, sumptuous in its Russia binding and the heavy silver clasp which resisted her fingers. Nerine gave it an impatient shake. It was ridiculously strong to be only a woman's diary. She looked searchingly at it, and the reason she could not open it became sufficiently plain. Under the silver clasp was a patent steel lock. Nerine gave a jerk of impatience as she shivered in the cold room.

"Why on earth hadn't I the sense to think of looking for a key?" she thought. "Now, heaven only knows when I shall be able to get into that room again!"

With a dull disappointment she pushed the book under her pillow. It was not worth while to say anything about it to anyone now; tomorrow she would put it away somewhere and wait in patience till she could come across a key. She was averse to taking it to a locksmith, and she did not like to force it open, as she had a superstitious feeling that it would be wrong to mutilate her dead mother's diary.

The next day dawned dull and unpleasant. The Lispenard household, with the exception of Maurice, arose with a flat "after-the-party" feeling to match the day. Nerine, without a second glance at her stolen book, put it away in her wardrobe under a pile of linen, having no key to turn on it, and went down to breakfast. She felt unsettled; nervous without any reason; the dullness of every-day existence seemed doubly unsatisfactory somehow after last night's dinner with its one guest. Rather lazily she helped Agatha to put away the glass and silver they had had out for the occasion. It had been fun to get it out, but to put it away was servant's work.

Nerine was eager to once more visit Mr. Mayne's room, and she made some excuse to get away from Agatha. She looked into the morning-room as she passed, just to make sure that Maurice and Kit were safe. They apparently were, for they had drawn a table close to the fire and were busy writing letters. As Nerine opened the door their animated conversation stopped abruptly.

"Don't let the fire out, Maurice," she said, giving an idle glance at the table strewn with half-written letters in Maurice's and Kit's remarkably different handwriting. "Are you writing a tragedy?" she asked, politely.

Kit laughed and Maurice frowned.

"If we are, we're jolly well agreed upon a plan how to bring about the denouement!" he remarked. "Come in or go out, Nerine. There's a trade wind coming through that door."

It was shut as he spoke, and Nerine was making her way softly through the house to the scene of Satterlee's imprisonment.

If she had only had the happy thought of disclosing her last night's discovery, the letter Maurice and Kit were concocting to a private

inquiry office in Canada might have been differently worded. But nothing was further from Nerine's mind. She ran swiftly down the passage instead and reached Mayne's red baize-covered door. To her delight it had not been closed tightly the previous night, or something was wrong with the latch. It yielded readily to her cautious hand. She went boldly in and let it close behind her.

The air of the room was chilly and seemed to penetrate her bones through the blue cotton blouse she wore. The blinds were lowered, the shutters closed so that it was nearly as dark as night. Suppose Mr. Mayne had returned and was lurking behind the furniture! If he suddenly rushed out upon her, what on earth should she do? At the thought of the severe, dapper, sarcastic stepfather stooping to play terrifying school-boy tricks, the girl laughed softly. Why indulge in silly hobgoblin fears that were, after all, impossible?

She felt her way to the window and drew up the blind. Open the shutters she dared not; the window looked directly on the stables, and an opened shutter might bring that devoted henchman, Jones, upon her.

In the half light which reigned when all the blinds were raised, Nerine looked curiously about her. It was years since she had been in this room, which had been half sitting-room, half dressing-room in her mother's day. There was the solid little table Lord Satterlee had overturned last night. Nerine went down on her knees beside it and began to fumble for the secret drawer; quite uselessly. She could not even find out where it ought to be!

"Odious little wretch. I don't mind if I break you!" she said to herself, and with a little rush at the unfortunate bit of furniture she knocked it over exactly as Satterlee had done. Out sprang the drawer, and she bent over it eagerly. With the exception of a daguerreotype case, there was not one thing in it. There was certainly no sign of a key.

Disappointedly Nerine began to look about the floor; the key might have fallen out last night, like the diary. But there was nothing to be seen but two or three little spots of dust. Perhaps the daguerreotype was a likeness of her mother. She would take it if it were. But when she had unfasted the dusty catch there was no picture inside more interesting than that of Maurice. Maurice as a chubby boy. On a little slip of paper pasted inside the cover of the case were some words in Mrs. Lispenard's writing.

"Maurice, two years old, November." There was no date, and Nerine shut the case rather crossly and put it back in the drawer. There was no sense in taking possession of a hideous portrait of Maurice as a baby, with photographer's pink in his cheeks and ridiculous fat legs.

She strolled round the room looking angrily at all the things Mayne had appropriated to his own use. Why, she wondered, had he crowded so much of the furniture in a heap? Was it his intention to sell it?

"While I am in the camp of the enemy I may as well see it thoroughly," she reflected, trying the door leading into the next room. It was unfastened. Mr. Mayne had evidently relied on that latch of his which had placed him so false for protection, or else had left the locking up of his rooms to Jones.

Nerine pushed the door back sharply and heedlessly. Then she stood on the threshold agast. The room was empty, as she had expected. But it was also very evident that it had not been so for very long. On the white marble hearth was a neatly-kept fire; on the soft, thick rug before it lay a book, upside down; in the window was a stand full of white hyacinths and ferns, which must have been put there fresh since Mr. Mayne's departure or have been watered and cared for every day.

The warm, luxurious scent of the room made her shiver far more than the chill of the one from which she had just come. There was something odd about it. Could it be brandy that she smelled so distinctly over the perfume of the hyacinths?

With a tremor of fear, so potent was the dread of Clarence Mayne, Nerine softly slipped shut the door and hurried through the next room to the passage, only stopping on the way to pull down those blinds which might tell a tale. Not till she was safely out in the passage did she feel secure.

What could be going on in Clarence Mayne's rooms, which were at such a safe distance from their part of the house? Had he never gone away at all, or was there some one living in his rooms during his absence?

She sat on the back stairs down which Lord Satterlee had blundered and was astonished to find her knees shaking.

"Bah! My good girl!" she thought, angrily. "You are an idiot! If Mr. Mayne had been in the house all this week, would he not have clamored for his meals as usual? It must be Jones who is responsible for the odor of the brandy!"

And the flowers? Nerine sat completely nonplussed. Ought she to go and tell the others? Maurice would only say that probably Jones had orders always to be ready for his master's return and Mr. Mayne invariably had flowers; the florist's cart was forever coming to Lispenard House.

"I will go back again tonight and see what is going on! And I won't say a word to the others till I have something to show them," she was deciding, when her own name, loudly called, made her jump to her feet.

It was Maurice, lustily bawling that lunch was ready.

Nerine resolutely banished her morning's experience from her mind as she washed the dust off her fingers. Why worry over what was, after all, Mr. Mayne's concern? Only tonight, before she went to bed, she would make pretty certain that whoever might be in her stepfather's apartments could not get out into their part of the house.

"Come for a walk after lunch, you people," said Agatha while they were still busy over the unwonted luxuries left from the evening before.

"Come for a drive," Maurice rejoined. "Walking is only fit for slaves! Besides, we must be at home by five. Satterlee said he would be over."

"I don't fancy he wants us to await his arrival seated in a row in the hall," Agatha's color rose in spite of her elder-sisterly manner. "And he's so chilly to drive."

"Kit's coming," he said, simply. He was not going to lose his Kit even one afternoon.

"Kit has a sealskin coat," was on the tip of Agatha's tongue, but she did not utter it. "Kit is, of course, eager for a drive," she remarked. "Now, Nerine and I require exercise."

Kit blushed.

"Oh, let us all go together for a walk," she said, teasingly, and met Maurice's eyes full on her, with remonstrance rampant in them.

Nerine saw his look and laughed.

"Go your own gait, my children," she cried. "Agatha and I don't want you. As for Lord Satterlee, perhaps we shall meet him in our quiet country promenade. Agatha, since it is at least three years since we have had a pudding for lunch, perhaps you will give your sister some more."

Two hours later, as she marched gayly along a muddy road with Agatha, her idle words were unexpectedly realized. A smart dogcart came up behind them at a rattling pace and was pulled up beside them. A groom jumped down and went to the horse's head, and Lord Satterlee, buttoned to the chin in a wonderful driving coat, threw away a half-smoked cigar, took off his hat, and got down into the black mud to shake hands with the two girls.

Precisely alike in their serge skirts and coats and their little felt hats, the Lispenard twins stood by the wintry hedge, their black heads and the soft rose tint in their cheeks the only bit of color in the prevailing dreariness.

Satterlee's last night's lesson of "which was which" was quite wasted as he looked at them. For the life of him he could not distinguish between them.

"This is rather a piece of luck for me," he said with that debonaire smile and glance which belonged to him. "I was going to see you, but I would only have missed you if I had not taken a turn round here first. Are you taking a constitutional or, his pleasant smile a little dashed, 'are you going to see some one?'"

"Not the last, certainly," said Nerine, laughing. "We haven't a sign of an object."

"I have," said Satterlee, boldly. "I am going to the florist's to order flowers and palms, and things for our dance. We are thinking of giving a small dance next week. Miss Lispenard, I hope you and your sister and Maurice are going to honor us."

He was walking slowly along with the two girls, his servant leading his horse at slow pace behind them, and his eyes happening to rest for a second on the ground, he missed the quick and curious glance which passed between the two sisters. A dance! They had not since their school days been at one, and they were always so fond of dancing. What heaven it would be to go! But also what an impossibility.

"We have not been to a dance for years," Agatha spoke, quickly.

"Then, don't you think it's about time to begin again?" Satterlee said, evidently quite certain his advice would be followed. "Tell me, Miss Lispenard, are you going home now? May I not drive you and your sister?"

"We were going across the fields, thank you," Agatha said, simply. "It is only a little bit of a distance if one goes that way."

"May I go that way, then?" he asked. "I mean may I walk home with you? You know I was going to see you in any case. Though, of course, if you don't want me I can go round by the road."

Nerine looked up at him quickly, half sweetly, half provokingly.

"But you are going to the florist's," she said. "It would be a pity to prevent you."

Satterlee looked at the curled black lashes which fell over the mockery in her eyes.

"As you have prevented me," he returned, coolly, "perhaps you will make up for it by letting me go home with you."

He stopped to give an order to his servant, and then hurried after the two graceful, active young women, already some yards in front of him, discoursing wildly, could Satterlee but have known it, upon how in the world they were to avoid going to his ball without offending him.

"Because we never can go," Agatha said. "Why, we've not even an evening petticoat, much less a gown, between us!"

Nerine was looking straight ahead into the darkening afternoon.

"I should adore going," she said, softly.

"Fancy, Agatha, how long it has been since we were at a dance?"

"And we are not going to see this one," ruefully. "Talk of something else," quickly, as Satterlee caught up to them, "or he will harp on it all the way home."

CHAPTER VII.

THE TWINS IN A DILEMMA.

Agatha might as well have tried to stop Niagara. Not only did Lord Satterlee discuss the subject all the way across the wintry fields, but on the threshold of Lispenard House, Long past the time when in an orthodox household the parlor maid would have sternly carried off the tea tray and the dish which had held the nicely browned toast, the Lispenard family, Miss Belton, and Lord Satterlee were still gathered in the fire-lighted morning-room round their humble board. Lord Satterlee was indeed standing with his back to the fire, a stalwart, tall shape against the glowing coals, but it was to discourse with greater effect, not at all to say good by.

"You see, Lispenard," he was saying. "It isn't as though the mess were giving it. There are only four fellows in it, myself and three others, so that your sisters not having called on our major's wife (who's the only lady we have) doesn't come in at all. She has nothing to do with it."

Agatha took the answer out of Maurice's mouth.

"We could not possibly go." In the half dark she raised her steady gray eyes to his blue and eager ones. "Maurice may be chaperon enough for us, but I don't think Miss Belton's mother would think him enough to look after her."

Lord Satterlee turned to Maurice.

"If I can arrange it will you bring your sisters to my dance?" he said, point blank.

But Maurice still looked doubtful, his nineteen-year-old prudence rather up in arms.

"They must decide for themselves," he returned. "You don't want particularly to know to-night, do you?"

Agatha sighed with relief. She had been horribly afraid Maurice might give an unqualified assent to this maddest of mad ideas.

Nerine gave a little sigh also, but one of resignation.

"We are very prudent, aren't we?" she inquired. "You have to be if you hate your guardian as we do," uncovering the family skeleton with perfect indifference.

"You are quite right of course," Satterlee remarked in a tone of disappointment and, in spite of himself, crossly. Had he not proposed giving this dance simply to see Agatha Lispenard at it? He straightened himself up and prepared to take his leave. It was too late to dine at mess; he would have to dine at the club. "But do try and think it over," he said, appealing instinctively to Nerine as the most easily won over to his side.

He was beginning to know the sisters apart now.

"What fun it would be to go!" Kit cried as the door closed on him.

"And what fun it would be confronting your mother and our beloved stepfather afterward! I can hear him congratulating us on having made ourselves the sensation in a garrison town. Besides," Agatha was arguing bravely against her inclination, "we couldn't go if the Queen or Princess of Wales offered to take us—unless she gave us a gown to go in!"

Kit turned scarlet.

Yesterday she could have given both girls an evening dress and never felt the expense. To-day all her money was mortgaged in that wild-goose chase Maurice and she had begun in Canada. In rather a gloomy silence the three girls sat and regarded the dying fire. It was a relief when Maurice re-entered after having seen Lord Satterlee out of the gate.

The uncounted hours of the night before and the long trudges of the afternoon had made Agatha sleepy; as soon as the clock struck half-past nine she and Kit went off to bed.

"In a minute," Nerine answered carelessly, when Maurice inquired if she were not going to follow their example, and she did leave the room as soon as she thought the other girls safe by Kit's fire. Instead of following them, she marched boldly down the long corridor to Mayne's rooms; at the red baize door she slipped off her shoes, felt in her pocket for the matches and the candle end with which she had provided herself, and then, with an uncomfortably beating heart and not too steady a hand, opened the door and stood in her mother's room. It was pitch dark and it was perfectly silent.

Very quietly the girl crossed the room, feeling her way through the heaped-up furniture. At the opposite door she paused a long time, listening intently. Everything was quiet; she tried the door; it was locked on the inside, hard and fast.

Someone had been there since this morning. "I will make very certain there is no one there now," the girl thought, grimly. If the key were in the lock there might be a light on the other side of the door without her seeing it.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

The Wizard Charm

by Joseph F. Novak



"Ye Gypsy Dago, git out o' th' Coort, d'ye hear?"

"It ees da Wizard Charm," said Pompillo.

The final stroke of his audacity came when he asked Cora out for some refreshment.

Dennis turned, on her angrily.

"An we'll be married soon's ye kin git ready!"

"Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman who came of decent people; He built a church in Dublin town And on it put a steeple."

Henry Bennett:—St. Patrick Was a Gentleman.

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KATHLEEN KELLEY sniffed as she carefully ironed out the frills of her last summer's gown. Kathleen was an economist. She had taken out the dress, and a bit of ribbon, a bit of lace, and a yard or two of chiffon had transformed the white creation which had done service during the last summer into a good counterfeit of the latest style exhibited in the fashion sheet given away free at the local department store.

Kathleen's gown was beautiful. In fact so well had she done, she should have been elated. But she wasn't, and as she stood ironing, she now and then wiped away the tears which slowly oozed to her eyes. Kathleen was unhappy.

Suddenly through the open window, raised a bit even though the March morning was chilly in spite of its brightness, came the rattling whistlings of a street organ in the strains of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Kathleen listened to the children in the court below in indignation, for they were shouting out in derision:

"The bells were ringing,
The devils were singing,
All on St. Patrick's morning,
The bells were ringing,
The devils were singing,
All on St. Patrick's morning,
La la la la la la la la,
La la la la la la la la,
La la la la la la la la,
La la la la la la la la,
La la la la la la la la,
La la la la la la la la."

Now, as it was St. Patrick's Day in the morning, and as Kathleen heard the little German, Polish and Lithuanian kids of the neighborhood singing that song in their derisive way, she became properly vexed, and being in an angry mood anyhow, she threw up the window to its fullest extent and leaned out.

"Shure, an', do quit yer noise, and ye, ye Gypsy Dago, git out o' th' Coort, d'ye hear?"

The "Gypsy Dago," obedient, quit playing, and Kathleen feeling quite virtuous in not having suffered the dear Irish song to be murdered by an organ grinder and derisive kids, went back to her work.

But anon, her tears again oozed to her eyes. Why was she unhappy?

Wasn't her gown beautiful? And wasn't she going to the grand ball of the Bright Shamrock Club that night? An invitation to the Bright Shamrock affair was a thing to dream over and delight in, for while the doings of the Bright Shamrock organization did not appear in the annals of the Blue Book's elect, still in that particular neighborhood to receive an invitation was to be considered somebody, and it was something to gloat over in the presence of those not fortunate enough to receive a "bid." Indeed, Kathleen prized it more than she would have prized an invitation to an opera party supervised by the most exclusive dowager of the realm.

In spite of these two happinesses, Kathleen was disappointed. But, with a proud toss of her head, she banged down her irons as she finished her work, and smelt long of the green carnations which she had purchased to wear that night, and which she had bought early lest she be left the last minute.

But even this did not cheer her. Why was she so unhappy?

Ah, the answer! Kathleen loved! But the boy she loved was not going to take her to the Bright Shamrock affair. She had believed he would, and being "ditched" by him, was the cause of her grief, and so, when she discovered that he was to take another, with a sorrowful heart she determined to accept the first escort who came along.

It happened to be Mike Dooley. Now, Mike was a good fellow, but he was often apt to take a drop too much, and should he do so at the Bright Shamrock's affair, it would mean that Kathleen might have to go home alone in case Mike became too "stewed." But she didn't care much, and so she accepted his escort.

She hadn't believed that Dennis could be so fickle. Dennis had always admired her above all women. But though he might have loved Kathleen, he was quite aware of what havoc his bony blue eyes could play, and how utterly irresistible his curling red hair was, and so, like all males, harbored a germ of conceit which sometimes tempted him too strongly. And this was the case now.

For recently, an Amazon of dashing proportions had moved into the neighborhood with a glib tongue for compliments, and so thick did she spread her praises of his many manly beauties that Dennis quite lost his head, became her slave and invited her to the Bright Shamrock's Ball.

This girl, who had so completely fascinated him, was a Polish creature with the jaw-breaking baptismal appellation of "Corna Wallingorski." However, when her father first came over and got a job, his name was too much of a struggle for the foreman, who foreshortened the name to "Wallin," and so his daughter evolved from "Corna Wallingorski" the rather nice sounding "Cora Wallin." This selfsame Cora had graduated from grammar school, and had gone to work in a department store where she learned the use of cosmetics, and with her inherent taste for gaudy colors, generally looked like a rainbow when she appeared on the streets.

No one knew much about the Wallin family, and nothing of their humble beginnings, so, in

the parlance of the neighborhood, they were, "some class."

And it was for this "Polack crature" that Kathleen was deserted. And to think that Dennis would invite her to the ball of the Bright Shamrocks. Kathleen had been over long enough to realize that this is a cosmopolitan country, and that Poles, Irish, Jews, Germans and all, live together, and dance together, but somehow St. Patrick's Day and the Bright Shamrock's dance seemed only for those from the old sod.

With these thoughts in mind, Kathleen was mad and sad and disappointed and ready for almost anything. Something really had to be done for if she did not get Dennis from the clutches of that "Polack crature" he might really marry her. It was alarming the way young people nowadays disregarded nationality and intermarried with foreigners! She must save Dennis from that, and incidentally for herself. Poor child! She loved Dennis so well that she couldn't help it.

As she wondered what plan she could pursue, there came a knock on the door. Kathleen went and opened it. There stood the "Gypsy Dago." He was around collecting pennies for the music he had rendered, and was giving promises of more for any additional nickels and pennies that might be given. Pompillo had left Guiseppina to bring the organ while he collected.

"You gimme da mon, for da muzic?" Pompillo queried, with outstretched hand.

"Ye git out o' here, ye Gypsy Dago, I ain't got no pennies fer th' likes o' ye."

"Me playa da fina muzic, Signorina," persisted Pompillo.

"I ain't done no sinnin' yit, so don't call me a sinnerino, or I'll land ye a clout. Git out o' here, anyhow," and Kathleen burst into tears.

"Da laidee, she kry," commented Pompillo, "she gotta da sad heart. For vhy you kry, Signorina?"

"Say, ain't I warned ye not to call me no sinnerino?" blazed Kathleen.

"Signorina ain't no 'sinnerino,' laidee, that means 'Mees,' young laidee, 'purty goil,' in Italian Dago," explained Pompillo, blowing a kiss from his fingers which he had brought to his lips with a most wonderful flourish.

"Shure, an' 'tis that it means, is it?" she queried, somewhat mollified. "All right."

"Whatta for you kry?" continued Pompillo. "you fighta with da lover, yees?"

It was only too true, and apparently Pompillo guessed it, for he continued:

"I gotta da something I sella signorina what bringa da lover back, yees?"

Kathleen opened her eyes in astonishment.

"Phwat's that ye be sayin'?"

"I gotta da something I sella signorina what bringa da lover back," he repeated.

"Phwat's it?"

"It ees da wizard charm," said Pompillo.

"Signorina wanta da see it, yees?" and from an inner pocket he took a small stick about two inches long. It was a bit of bough of a tree, with a silver tip and a bit of tinsel wound about it.

"Where d'ye git it?" she asked suspiciously.

"Get eet!" he queried in turn. "I eet eet in da great old countree, Ireland. Eet eet made from da tree what grows by da town where da grea' St. Patrick was born, an' he planta da tree heemself! Yees!"

Kathleen was not one of the scoffers who believe that St. Patrick may have been an imaginary creature made real from the legends of his time. She firmly believed that St. Patrick lived and died, and chased the snakes out of Ireland. She didn't know that there was any doubt as to the place of his birth, nor that he is popularly believed to have been born in Scotland and captured by pirates, and as it never occurred to her to doubt the fact but that he must have been born in Ireland, it seemed very plausible that he might have planted a tree which was growing yet. However, she would not jump at it.

"I don't believe it kin do phwat ye sez it kin."

"How you know when you no trya it?" Pompillo demanded.

This was a staggerer for Kathleen, but she rallied.

"Well, sposin' I wud buy it, how much d'ye want fer it?"

"Three dollar sixty-nine cent" was his price.

"Oh, wurra, git! Taint worth that," she objected.

"No? Oh, verrya da well, I kgo! But I no comma back, an' signorina she feela da sorry when her lover no comma back—go off with 'nother signorina!" And he prepared to leave.

Kathleen grabbed him.

"Phwat, Dago," she said, "I'll buy yer charm, but how do I know it'll work?"

Pompillo was polite.

"I showa you how it work. I poka you wid it, an' see if you no feela lika givin' me da clout in da ear," he said, pressing it against the flesh of her plump arm.

Marvelous! Never had she felt so strongly inclined to box a "Dago's" ears. If it had that effect, of course it ought to have others.

"Phwy, shure, an', I feel lika givin' ye a clout," she exclaimed, delighted.

"Ah!" Pompillo breathed, "I tella signorina so, yees; now, signorina poka me, an' wish I kees you, an' see if I no feela lika keesin' signorina."

Kathleen tried.

Immediately Pompillo's eyes rolled, and his arms reached out to clasp her to him.

"Shure, that's enough," said Kathleen, "I changed me mind about havin' ye kiss me."

"I no feela lika keesin' da signorina now," Pompillo said sorrowfully, "an' now I remember my Guiseppina who turna da organ-handle. You broka da charm. Now, when you poka da lover, an' wanta heem to love you, he will, he gotta,

da charm maka heem obey da vill of da one who holds it."

Kathleen was now quite convinced.

"Shure, an', I'll buy yer charm, but three dollars an' sixty-nine cents is purty stheep. Make it a little cheaper!"

They haggled for sometime, with the result that Kathleen got the charm for two dollars and seventy-six cents, the "Gypsy Dago" refusing to come down another cent. But after all, what was two dollars and seventy-six cents compared to regaining Dennis's love?

Pompillo made a quick getaway and the sound of his music rose here and there spasmodically, until it was lost in the distance.

But the world had brightened for Kathleen. She had a charm that was manufactured from a bough that grew upon a tree planted by St. Patrick. Surely the virtue of his hands and soul had entered into the great tree which must be so very old, and this was probably what made people obey the charm in spite of themselves.

Casualty a little mistaking did enter her mind, but she did not allow it to harbor there. Hadn't she two beautiful examples of the charm's worth?

So through the rest of the day, she sang over her work, and when seven o'clock came, she hurried to her room and dressed. She looked very pretty in her clean white gown with its new trimming, and the soft green chiffon drape and her green carnations added a touch of elegance. Her beautiful auburn hair was just the touch of color needed to set off the green and white, and she caused Mike Dooley to go quite into rhapsodies over her.

She was flushed, eager, nervous and very excited. She had heard tales of Cora Wallin's gown, and she felt in her secret heart that Cora would quite outshine her as far as dress was concerned, but after all, didn't she have the wizard charm? The wizard charm had made her feel inclined to box Pompillo's ears, and had she willed it, Pompillo would have kissed her. Wasn't that enough evidence of its power?

All these things were in her mind on her way to the hall where the Bright Shamrocks were holding their ball, and as the place was reached, Kathleen felt a little thrill of genuine pleasure, the first she had known since Cora Wallin had loomed up on her horizon.

The crowd was big, and pleasantly noisy, wonderfully dressed and joyous. Everything was really swell. There were palms and decorations. Everyone wore green carnations. The music was very fine. They played the "Wearin' o' the Green," in ragtime, likewise "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," to say nothing of sundry Irish jigs and reels.

As soon as Mike and Kathleen entered the hall, the girl looked about for Dennis and Cora. But they had not arrived. They did, however, shortly, and Kathleen's heart sank in spite of the fact that she had the wizard's charm. For Cora's rig-out was an exclamation! She wore a white gown with a slit skirt, which (oh, horror!) showed her green silk slipper, and an ankle and four inches of limb incased in a green silk stocking! Over the white silk gown which was a sort of undershirt, she had a drape of green chiffon which trailed off into a train a yard long. The chiffon was covered with a spangly design of silver which glistened and sparkled at her every movement. The waist was one mass of glittering lace cloth and priceless (?) jewels! Her hair was frizzed out in a great pompadour, with a gleaming little harp plastered up against it, while three immense plumes of green attached to a paste-diamond bandeau waved above it all!

In addition to all this glory, she carried a bushel of green carnations which Dennis had sent her. The nerve of her, and she a "Polack crature!"

Poor Kathleen saw that she and Cora had copied their gowns from the same fashion sheet. But what a poor imitation was Kathleen's in comparison!

However, she was not "at outs" with Cora, so later she and Mike joined Dennis who beamed with pride at the stunning picture Cora presented and what a hit she had made. In fact, so pleased was he that he even gave the long-suffering Kathleen a dance, during which, her heart, as the proverbial saying is, was "in her boots." What chance had she against that bewildering, gorgeous Cora?

For some time she hardly dared to use the wizard charm. She held it tightly in her hand. But after she and Dennis had danced a bit, she summoned up courage, and poked him in the ribs with it.

He looked at her suddenly, a little puzzled perhaps, and certainly somewhat displeased. This was not the effect it should have, so Kathleen pressed no further, and they finished their dance in silence. Then they stood on the dance floor awaiting the customary encore. The music presently commenced again and Kathleen tried her charm for the second time.

"Say, Kathleen," Dennis complained, "don't ye grab th' skin o' my ribs that way. It don't feel nice."

Kathleen quailed, the dance ended and they stopped. She looked into Dennis's eyes with a look that he could not fathom, unless, perhaps, it touched his conscience, reminding him of the time when he believed Kathleen was all the world to him. And so, he smiled, thanked her for the dance, and went to the resplendent Cora.

Kathleen was at sea. She didn't know what to do now. Dennis had objected to her "grabbing the skin of his ribs." Still, he had given her a kind smile. Well, perhaps it was a desperate case, and the powers of the wizard charm were being strained, and especially because Cora was present. Perhaps if she tried it when they were alone—

She sat out dances for the most part, along with a few other wall-flowers. Mike had al-

lowed his love of the glass to get the better of him, and he had a stationary place in the bar-room, and was deep in inebriate bliss. He would not escort Kathleen home that night.

Poor Kathleen! She sat by herself, gossiping with the other wall-flowers who did nothing but cast remarks, slurs and insults at the more fortunate who were constantly on the floor. Verily a dance is a stupid thing if you haven't an escort. Have you ever gone to a dance without an escort, girls? Don't you do it—it's the most stupid thing you can do!

Wishing herself miles away, Kathleen sat on, hoping against hope that someone would claim her.

Suddenly there was a newcomer! He was a tall young man of graceful build, and dressed in a full dress suit. This was unusual; most of the fellows wore plain black suits and white vests, and a few, notably the committee, appeared in rented tuxedos. It was whispered about that this newcomer came in an automobile; he must be "somebody." His face was powdered, his lips rouged and his brows and lashes made up. Truly he looked as if he had escaped from behind the footlights!

The first dance he had with a wall-flower, but as he danced, his eyes roamed over the gathered crowd and finally he spied Cora. It was all off with him too, apparently.

Everyone wondered who he was, and as it was whispered about that he must be a millionaire, he let it go at that. If the truth be told, he was the proprietor of "Haviland's Academy of Society Dancing!"

He secured Cora for a dance, and then—oh, then there was an exhibition! With her Slavic instinct for the dance, Cora at once comprehended his instructions relative to new steps, and soon they were executing some of the most fascinating evolutions of the Tango Argentino and Mazurka Brazilienne!

For several dances, Cora "ditched" her partners to dance with the newcomer, and this made everyone decidedly angry, until it looked as if the dress-suited chap was in for trouble, particularly as he danced with all the best-dressed girls in the hall, complimenting their dancing and securing their addresses, later to send them his business card and invitation to visit his Academy, but just now filling their heads full of romantic impossibilities and driving them out of their everyday senses.

The final stroke of his audacity came when he asked Cora out for some refreshment. Then overhearing a plot to "do him up," he proposed to Cora that he take her home in his automobile. A ride in an automobile was a thing not to be turned down, so giddy Cora secured her wraps, for the hour was late anyhow, and they slipped away.

When Dennis went to search for her, later, she was gone.

He had it "put over him." His only consolation was that it took another Irishman to do it! He wandered about disconsolately, then went into a little ante-room adjacent to the wardrobe window where the wraps were handed out to their owners.

Kathleen too, had gone there; she couldn't stand the glamour of the ballroom, and so he was her intention to slip away quietly and go home where she could cry to her heart's content.

Dennis now beheld the miserable girl, and nodded, then sat down beside her on the little bench. Truly he was in melancholy mood. To think that Cora would treat him in that manner, and worse that he had brought her to the ball and allowed her to queen it over his Irish sisters! He deserved to be hung for being such a fool! He sat down at Kathleen's side, his back to her.

Poor Kathleen had but one hope left. Dared she try the power of the wizard charm? The moment was auspicious. She shuffled over to his side, and jabbed the silver point into the back turned to her.

Dennis turned on her angrily.

"Fer th' love o' Mike!" he stormed, "What are ye pokin' me in th' ribs fer, anyhow? 'Tis th' third time ye've done it 't'night!"

"Oh, it's sthuing that I am, 'tis sthuing that I am," she wailed.

"Sthuing?" he inquired, rubbing his back where she had jabbed him. "What is it ye man, Kathleen Kelley?"

"'Tis a wizard charm that I bought from a Gypsy Dago, Dennis. He told me that if I'd poke ye with it, ye'd ferget that Polack crature an' come back to me. He said th' power o' ould St. Patrick was in this charm which was cut from a tree planted by th' ould ould saint himself. Oh, wurra, I was sthuing! Ye hate me th' more insid o' lovin' me," and she went off into a fresh outburst. "An' it cost me two dollars and seventy-six cents," she wailed, showing it to him.

Dennis turned to Kathleen, and as he looked upon her, something rose in his throat. How pretty she looked in her gown of white and green. How sweet, and pretty and helpless! He knew Mike was drunk and that poor Kathleen would have to go home alone. And it was a dark journey home, too. He really must take her, for he had loved her once, had loved her truly before he had seen the gorgeous Cora! Cora! The thought of her perfidy made him rage within. After he had spent three dollars for her carnations, to say nothing of all other incidental expenses, this was how she treated him. And through all his neglect, Kathleen had remained faithful still. And she had tried to win him back, forgiving his trespasses with a wonderfully generous heart.

His own softened. He looked about. There was no one near. The chap in charge of the wardrobe was dozing, so he couldn't see.

Dennis slipped his strong young arms about the drooping form.

"Kathleen, my Colleen, d'ye really love me

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

The Masked Bridal

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"Then you were not—you did not—"
"Die? No," was the brief response.

Anna Goddard could scarcely control
her impatience for her guests
to be gone—

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edith Allandale, the only support of an invalid mother prone to melancholy attacks. To redeem it she offers a five-dollar gold piece, paid to her by Royal Bryant, to the broker, who, dropping it into the drawer declares it a counterfeit and returns it. Going home her mother suggests it may be genuine and again Edith goes out to buy food and coal. While eating supper an officer enters, followed by the grocer who insists upon Edith's arrest for passing counterfeit money. She is hurried to the station house, leaving her mother in the care of Kate O'Brien. Edith writes to Royal Bryant explaining the situation. He redeems the watch, secures Edith's release and sends her home, where she finds her mother dying. After her death in reading letters, Edith learns she is an adopted daughter, the child of a dear friend, who believes she is legally a wife, until the father of her child admits his perjury and deserts her. Edith writes Mr. Bryant, giving no address and goes to Boston, securing a position as companion with Mrs. Gerald Goddard. Edith discovers there is a skeleton in the family, when Mrs. Goddard accuses her of attempting to steal her husband's affections. Emil Correlli, Mrs. Goddard's brother-in-law, is persistent in his attentions to Edith; she tries to avoid him and decides to leave. Mrs. Goddard begs her to stay. Edith, going to walk renders assistance to Mrs. Stewart, who is attracted to her and shows agitation when she learns she is a companion to Mrs. Goddard, and if she needs a friend to come to her. Edith is overtaken by Emil Correlli. Nearing Mrs. Goddard's house, a woman, unknown to Edith addresses Emil in a foreign tongue. Realizing that Edith thinks there is something mysterious in his relation to this woman he endeavors to set it right, renews his protestations of love, offers marriage and is staggered by her refusal. Mrs. Goddard unfolds a scheme which cannot fail to make Edith Allen his wife, but Emil must go away. Mrs. Goddard plans with Edith for a "mid-winter frolic" at their country home. The housekeeper, Mrs. Weld, overhears Mr. Goddard entreating his wife for a certain document. Mrs. Goddard proposes a theatrical performance entitled "The Masked Bridal." The guests arrive. Mrs. Weld takes a folded paper from Mrs. Goddard's jewel case; it vindicates her. Mrs. Goddard, having sent Edith and seeing Mrs. Weld in an adjoining room devises a scheme to get her from meeting Edith to whom she explains that Miss Kerby and brother who have the leading parts, have been summoned home and requests Edith to supply Miss Kerby's place. Edith objects to what appears sacrilegious. Overpersuaded she consents and velleed and masked the ceremony is performed. When she hears Mrs. Goddard congratulate Emil she grasps the duplicity and nearly falls senseless. Mrs. Goddard, returning to the ballroom asks Emil to introduce his friend, Mrs. Stewart.

CHAPTER XV.

"OH, GOD! I KNEW IT! YOU ARE—ISABEL!"

WITH a somewhat reluctant air, Emil Correlli offered his arm to his sister and led her toward the woman around whom a group of distinguished people had gathered and whom she was entertaining with an ease and grace that proclaimed her perfectly at home among the *crème de la crème* of society.

She appeared not to perceive the approach of her hostess and her brother, but continued the animated conversation in which she was engaged.

A special observer, however, would have noticed the peculiar fire which began to burn in her beautiful eyes.

When Mr. Correlli presented his sister, she turned with fascinating grace, making a charming acknowledgment although she did not offer her hostess her hand.

"You are very welcome, Mrs. Stewart," Mrs. Goddard remarked, in response to some words of apology for being a guest in the house without a previous acquaintance. "I only regret that we have not met before."

"Thanks; I, too, deplore the complication of circumstances which has prevented an earlier meeting," was her sweet-voiced response.

But there was a peculiar shading in the remark which somehow, grated harshly upon Anna Goddard's ears.

"Who is she, anyhow?" she questioned with herself with a strange feeling of unrest and perplexity. "I never even heard of her until after Emil came; yet there is something about her that makes me feel as if we had met in some other sphere."

She stole a searching glance at the woman's face, only to find her great, luminous eyes fastened upon her with an equally intent gaze.

"Ah!" and with this voiceless ejaculation and a great inward start, some long dormant memory seemed suddenly to have been aroused within her.

There was an instant of awkwardness; then madam, who seldom allowed anything to disturb her self-possession, remarked:

"I am sorry, Mrs. Stewart, that you did not arrive earlier to witness our little play."

But while she was giving utterance to this polite regret, she was saying to herself:

"Yes, there certainly is a look about her that reminds me of—Ugh! She may possibly be a relative, or the resemblance may be merely a coincidence. All the same, I shall not like her any the better for recalling that horror to me."

"Thank you," Mrs. Stewart replied; "no doubt I should have enjoyed it, especially as, I am told, it was original with you and terminated in a real and very pretty wedding?"

"Yes; my brother finds that he must leave the city earlier than he anticipated; and, as he was anxious to take his bride with him, he chose this opportunity to celebrate his marriage, and to introduce his wife to our friends."

"Ah! I did not even know that Monsieur Correlli was contemplating matrimony. Who is the favored lady of his choice?" Mrs. Stewart inquired.

"A Miss Edith Allen."

"Edith Allen!" repeated the beautiful stranger, with a start.

"Yes," said Mrs. Goddard, regarding her with surprise, but unmixed with anxiety. "Did you ever meet her?"

"Is she very fair and lovely, with golden hair and deep-blue eyes, a tall, slender figure, and charming manners?" eagerly questioned Mrs. Stewart.

"Yes, you have described her exactly," answered madam, yet secretly more disturbed than before; "but I am surprised that you should know her, for she has been in the city only a short time, and I did not suppose she had made a single acquaintance outside the family."

"Oh, I cannot lay claim to an acquaintance with her, as I have only seen her once, and our meeting was purely accidental," the lady responded.

"She rendered me excellent service one day when she was out for a walk, and I inquired her name."

She then proceeded to explain the nature of that service and the accident that had called it forth, and concluded by remarking:

"Allow me to say I think that Monsieur Correlli has shown excellent taste in his choice of a wife. I was charmed with the young lady, and I would like to meet her again. Will you introduce me?"

"I am very sorry that I cannot comply with your request," said Mrs. Goddard, flushing slightly; "but Edith is rather delicate and the reception, after the marriage, was such a strain upon her that she fainted and was obliged to retire."

"That while very unfortunate," Mrs. Stewart observed, while she searched her companion's face curiously, "but I trust that I may have the pleasure of meeting her later."

"I cannot promise as to that," madam replied, "as it is my brother's intention to go abroad as soon as he can complete his arrangements to do so, although no date has been set as yet. But—have you ever met my husband, Mrs. Stewart?" she inquired, as that gentleman was seen approaching their way at that moment.

"No, I have never had that honor," the lady returned; then added, with a light laugh; "I feel very much like an intruder to be here tonight as a stranger to both my host and hostess."

"Pray do not be troubled on that account," madam hastened cordially to reply; "any friend of my brother would be a welcome guest, and I am charmed to have made your acquaintance."

"Thank you," responded the beautiful stranger; but madam marveled at the line of white encircling the scarlet lips as she signaled to her husband and called him by name:

"Gerald!"

He glanced up, and both women noticed the expression of weariness and trouble upon his brow.

"You have not been introduced to Emil's friend, I think," his wife continued. "Allow me to present Mrs. Stewart—Mrs. Stewart, my husband, Mr. Goddard."

The gentleman bowed with all his accustomed courtesy, but did not fairly get a glimpse of the lady's face until they both assumed an upright position again, when he found himself looking straight into the magnificent eyes of his guest.

As he met them it seemed as if someone had stabbed him to the heart, so sudden and terrible was the shock that he experienced.

He changed an involuntary groan into a cough, but he could not have been more ghastly if he had been dead, while he continued to gaze upon her as if fascinated.

"Ha! he has noticed it also!" said madam to herself.

Then realizing that something must be done to relieve the awkwardness of the situation, she hastened to observe:

"Mrs. Stewart has only just arrived—she did not come in season to witness our little drama."

Mr. Goddard murmured some polite words of regret, but feeling all the while as if he were turning to stone.

Mrs. Stewart, however, responded in a pleasant vein, and chatted socially for a few moments, when, some other friends joining them, more introductions followed, and the conversation became general.

Gerald Goddard improved this opportunity to slip away; but his wife, who was covertly watching his every look and movement, noticed that he walked with the uncertain step of one who was either blind or intoxicated.

A feeling of depression settled upon her—a sense of impending evil, which, try as she would, she could neither forget nor shake off.

An hour later Mrs. Stewart again sought her hostess and wished her good night, remarking that circumstances which she could not control compelled her to take an early leave.

"Ah! that is unfortunate, for supper will shortly be announced; cannot you possibly remain to partake of it?" madam urged, with cordial hospitality.

"Thanks, no; but I am promising myself the pleasure of meeting you again in the near future," Mrs. Stewart returned, shooting a searching glance at her hostess.

Her language and manner were perfect; but, for the second time that evening, Anna God-

dard noticed the peculiar shading in her words, and a chill that was like a breath from an iceberg went shivering over her.

She, however, replied courteously, and then Mrs. Stewart swept from the room upon the arm of her attendant.

Many earnest and curious glances followed the stately couple, for the lady was reported to be immensely rich, while it had also been whispered that the gentleman attending her—a distinguished artist—had long been a suitor for her hand; but, for some reason best known to herself, the lady had thus far turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, although it was evident that she regarded him with the greatest esteem, if not with sentiments of a tender nature.

After passing through the covered walk leading to the house, the two separated—the gentleman to attend to having their carriage called, the lady to go up-stairs for her wraps.

As she was about to enter the dressing-room to get them, a picture hanging between two windows at the end of the hall attracted her eye.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, catching her breath sharply, and moving swiftly toward it, she seemed to forget everything, and stood, with clasped hands and heaving bosom, spellbound before it.

It represented a portion of an old Roman wall—marvelously picturesque bit of scenery, with climbing vines that seemed to cling to the gray stones lovingly, as if to conceal their irregular lines and other ravages which time and the elements had made upon them; while here and there, growing out from its crevices, were clusters of delicate maiden-hair fern, the bright green of which contrasted beautifully with the weather-beaten wall and the darker, richer coloring of the vines.

Just underneath, partly in the shadow of the wall, there sat, upon a rustic bench, a beautiful Italian girl, dressed in the costume of her country, while at her feet reclined her lover, his hat lying on the grass beside him, his handsome face upturned to the maiden, whom it was evident he adored.

It was a charming picture, very artistic, and finely executed, while the subject was one that appealed strongly to the tenderest sentiments of the human heart.

But the face of the woman who was gazing upon it was deathly white. She was motionless as a statue, and seemed to have forgotten time, place, and her surroundings, as she drank in with her wonderful eyes the scene before her.

"It is the wall upon the Appian Way in Rome," she breathed at last, with a long-drawn sigh.

"You are right, madam," responded a voice close at hand, the sound of which caused the woman to press her clasped hands hard upon her heaving bosom, though she gave no other sign of being startled.

The next moment she turned and faced the speaker.

It was Gerald Goddard.

"I heard no one approaching—I thought, I was alone," she said, as she lifted those wonderful eyes of hers to his.

He shrank from her glance as under a lightning flash that had burst upon him unawares.

But quickly recovering himself, he courteously remarked:

"Pardon me—I trust I have not startled you."

"Only momentarily," she replied; then added: "I was admiring this painting; it is very lovely and—most faithfully portrays the scene from which it was copied."

"Ah! you recognize the—the locality?"

"Perfectly."

"You—you have been in—Rome?" the man faltered.

"Oh, yes."

"Recently?"

There was a sort of breathless intensity about the man as he asked this question.

"No; I was in Rome—in the year 18—"

At this response, Gerald Goddard involuntarily put out his hand and laid it upon the balustrade, near which he was standing, while he gazed spellbound into the proud, beautiful face before him searching it with wild, eager eyes.

After a moment he partially recovered himself, and remarked:

"Is it possible? I myself was in Rome during the same year and painted this picture at that time. Were—were you in the city long?" he concluded.

"From January until—until June."

For the second time that evening Mr. Goddard suppressed a groan with a cough.

"Ah! it is a singular coincidence is it not, that I also was there during those months?"

"A coincidence?" his companion repeated, with a slight lifting of her shapely brows, a curious gleam in her eyes. Then throwing back her head with an air of defiance which was intensified by the glitter of those magnificent stones which crowned her lustrous hair, and with a peculiar cadence ringing through her tones, she observed:

"Rome is a lovely city—do you not think so? And, as it happened, I resided in a delightful portion of it. Possibly you may remember the locality. It was a charming little house, with beautiful trees—oleander, orange and fig—growing all around the spacious court. This pretty ideal home was Number 34, Via Nazionale."

The wretched man stared helplessly at her for one brief moment when she had concluded, then a cry of despair burst from him.

"Oh, God! I knew it! You—you are Isabel!"

"Yes."

"Then you were not—you did not—"

"Die? No," was the brief response.

A mighty shudder shook Gerald Goddard from head to foot as he reeled backward and leaned against the wall for support.

"Oh, God!" he cried again in a voice of agony; then his head dropped heavily upon his breast.

His companion gazed silently upon him for a minute; then, turning, she brushed by him without a word and went on into the dressing-room for her wraps.

Presently she came forth again, enveloped from head to foot in a long garment richly lined with fur, the scarlet lining of the hood contrasting beautifully with her clear, flawless complexion and her brown eyes.

Gerald Goddard still stood where she had left him.

She would have passed him without a word, but he put out a trembling hand to detain her.

"Isabel!" he faltered.

"Mrs. Stewart, if you please," she corrected.

"Ha! you have married again!" he exclaimed.

"Married again?" she repeated, with curling lips. "I have not so perjured myself."

"But—but—"

"Yes, I know what you would say," she interposed, "nevertheless, I claim the matron's title, and 'Stewart' was my mother's maiden name, and she was about to pass on again."

"Stay," said the man, nervously. "I—I must see you again—I must talk further with you."

"Very well," the lady coldly returned, "and I also have some things which I wish to say to you. I shall be at the Copley Square Hotel on Thursday afternoon. I will see you as early as you choose to call."

Then, with an air of grave dignity, she passed on, and down the stairs, without casting one backward glance at him.

"Heavens! and I deserted that glorious woman for—a virago!" Gerald Goddard muttered, hoarsely, as he strode, white and wretched, to his room.

CHAPTER XVI.

"YOU SHALL NEVER WANT FOR A FRIEND."

Up in the third story, poor Edith lay upon her bed, still in an unconscious state.

All the wedding finery had been removed and carried away, and she lay scarcely less white than the spotless *robe de nuit* she wore, her lips blue and pinched, her eyes sunken and closed.

A physician sat beside her, his fingers upon her pulse, his eyes gravely fixed upon the beautiful, waxen face lying on the pillow.

Two housemaids, looking frightened and anxious, were seated near him, watching him and the still figure on the bed, but ready to obey whatever command he might issue to them.

After introducing his sister to Mrs. Stewart, Emil Correlli had slipped away from the scene of gaiety, which had become almost maddening to him, and mounted to that third-story room to inquire again regarding the condition of the girl he had so wronged.

"No better," came the answer, which made him turn with dread, and slinking away to his own room, he drank deeply to stupefy himself, and then went to bed.

Gerald Goddard also was strangely exercised over the fair girl's condition, and half an hour after his interview with Mrs. Stewart he crept forth from his room again and went to see if there had been any change in her condition.

"Yes," Dr. Arthur told him, "she is coming out of it, and if another does not follow, she will come around all right in time. If you could only find that housekeeper," he added, "she must have good care through the night."

"I will go for her again," said Mr. Goddard, and he started down-stairs upon his quest.

He met the woman on the second floor and just coming up the back stairs.

"Ah! Mrs. Weld, I am glad to find you. We have needed you sadly," he eagerly exclaimed.

"I am sorry," the woman replied, in a regretful tone. "I was unavoidably engaged and came just as soon as I was at liberty. What is this I hear?" she continued, gravely. "What is this story about the poor child being cheated into a real marriage with madam's brother? Is it true?"

"Hush! no one must hear such a version."

Mr. Goddard then proceeded to explain something of the matter, for he saw that she knew too much to keep still, unless she was told more, and cautioned not to discuss the matter with the servants.

"I knew nothing of the plot until it was all over—I swear to you I did not," he said, when she began to express her indignation at the affair. "I never would have permitted anything of the kind to have been carried out in my house, if I had suspected it. It seems that Correlli has been growing fond of her ever since he came. She has refused him twice, but he swore that he would have her, in spite of everything, and it seems that he concocted this plot to accomplish his end."

"Well, sir, he is a dastardly villain, and, in my opinion, his sister is no better than himself," Mrs. Weld exclaimed, in tones of hot indignation, and then she swept past him and on up to Edith's room.

She opened the door and entered just as the poor girl heaved a long sigh and unclosed her eyes, looking about with complete consciousness for the first time since she fell to the floor in the parlor below.

The physician immediately administered a stimulant, for she was naturally weak and her pulses still feeble.

As this began to take effect, memory also resumed its torturing work.

Lifting her eyes to the housekeeper, who went

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)

Uncle Sam tells how to feed Children



By Stanley Wells

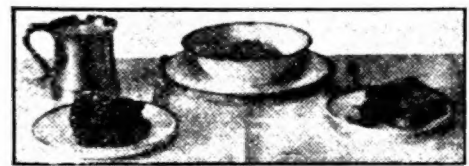
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TO some it may seem rather strange that this great government of ours should devote time and money to investigation and experiment along the lines of nourishment for children between three and six years of age.

As a matter of fact nothing else is of half the importance to our government as the rearing of strong, healthy children. The wise officials in charge of our government departments know full well that the children of today will be the very sinews of the government tomorrow, and that the stronger and healthier they are, the better men and women they will be and the better government they will maintain.

Whatever may be the national policy on military preparedness, Uncle Sam certainly believes in the bodily preparedness of every little citizen, and he has constantly at work a large staff of trained men and women who are doing everything possible to help fathers and mothers to rear better children. Much of this valuable work is done under the direction of C. F. Langworthy, Chief of the Office of Home Economics, and the very latest work consists of careful instructions in the matter of food for the young.

At the close of every day, says Caroline L. Hunt, Scientific Assistant to Professor Lang-



A Sensible Breakfast—Baked Apple, Cereal Mush, Milk and Toast with Butter

worthy, every mother of a child between the ages of three and six should ask herself these questions:

Did each child take about a quart of milk in one form or another?

Have I taken pains to see that the milk that comes to my house has been handled in a clean way?

If I was obliged to serve skim-milk for the sake of cleanliness or economy did I supply a little extra fat in some other way?

Were the fats which I gave the child of the wholesome kind found in milk, cream, butter, and salad oils, or of the unwholesome kind found in doughnuts and other fried foods?

Did I make good use of all skim-milk by using it in the preparation of cereal mushes, puddings, or otherwise?

Were all cereal foods thoroughly cooked?

Was the bread soggy? If so, was it because the loaves were too large, or because they were not cooked long enough?

Did I take pains to get a variety of foods from the cereal group by serving a cereal mush once during the day?

Did I keep in mind that while cereals are good foods in themselves, they do not take the place of meat, milk, eggs, fruit and vegetables?

Did I keep in mind that children who do not have plenty of fruit and vegetables need whole-wheat bread and whole grains served in other ways?

Did each child have an egg or an equivalent amount of meat, fish, or poultry?

Did any child have more than this of flesh foods or eggs? If so, might the money not have been better spent for fruits or vegetables?

If I was unable to get milk, meat, fish, poultry, or eggs, did I serve dried beans, or other legumes thoroughly cooked and carefully seasoned?

Were vegetables and fruits both on the child's bill of fare once during the day? If not, was it because we have not taken pains to raise them in our home garden?

Did either the fruit or the vegetable disagree with the child? If so, ought I to have cooked it more thoroughly, chopped it more finely, or have removed the skins or seeds?

Was the child given sweets between meals, or anything that tempted him to eat when he was not hungry?

Was he allowed to eat sweets when he should have been drinking milk or eating cereals, meat, eggs, fruit, or vegetables?

Were the sweets given to the child simple, i. e., unadorned with much fat or with hard substances difficult to chew, and not highly flavored?



Ideal Dinner for Child—Lamb Chop, Baked Potato, Spinach, Bread and Butter, Boiled Rice with Sugar and Milk.

Was the child made to eat slowly and chew his food properly?

A young child may be considered well fed if he has plenty of milk, bread, and other cereal food; an egg once a day or its equivalent in flesh foods; a small portion each of carefully prepared fruits and vegetables, with a small amount of sweet food after his appetite for other foods is satisfied. If there is too much or too little of any of these, his diet is one-sided.

Now Uncle Sam, so ably represented by his experts, understands thoroughly that he must go into details with the mothers, that he must explain just what to give the youngsters, not as a whole, but what varieties may be used for breakfast, for dinner and for supper.

For breakfast he sets forth six menus, which are valuable suggestions, and these serve to show how to balance the food, so that while these need not be followed out exactly to the letter, the mother can understand by them how to supply for each breakfast a combination that is, under normal conditions, certain to give the baby health, strength and contentment. These suggested menus are:

Orange. (Juice only for youngest children.)
Farina with milk. Bread and butter.

Apple sauce (no seeds or skins).
Oatmeal with milk. Toast and butter.

Baked pears. (Pulp only for youngest).
Milk toast. Cocoa.

Stewed prunes. (Pulp only for youngest).
Corn-meal mush and milk. Toast and butter.

Grape fruit. (Juice only for youngest).
Milk toast with grated yolk of hard-boiled egg.

Apple. (Scraped for little children).
Toast. Hot milk.

For the dinners a more elaborate menu may be used. Uncle Sam advises the following:

Meat soup. Egg on toast.
String beans. Rice pudding.

Roast beef. Baked potato.
Asparagus. Bread and jelly.

Lamb stew with carrots and potato.
Twice-baked bread. Tapioc custard.

Creamed potatoes. Green peas.
Stewed plums, thin cereal milk pudding.

Baked halibut. Boiled potatoes. Stewed celery.
Boiled rice with honey or sirup.

Broiled meat cakes. Grits. Creamed carrots.
Bread, butter and sugar sandwiches.

For the little folks' supper these variations of the menu are suggested:

Baked potatoes, with cream and salt or milk
gravy. Cookies.

Bread and milk. Sponge cake. Apple sauce.

Potato milk soup. Twice-baked bread.
Marmalade sandwiches.

Graham crackers and milk. Baked custard.

Milk toast. Stewed peaches. Cup cake.

Celery-milk soup. Toast. Floating island.

In each case enough milk should be given to make up the required daily amount, which is about a quart. If the meals do not contain this average of milk, see that the child gets it plain, as a drink, as it is needed to balance the diet, since it is so rich in lime. The vegetables supply the needed iron, but the balance of lime is equally as necessary, hence the need of the quart a day of milk, either in the food or as a drink.

"Milk," Uncle Sam, through his experts, goes on to say, "is the natural food of babies and the most important food for young children. A quart of milk a day is a good allowance for a child. Milk may be served on fruits that are not



Good Supper for a Child—Bread, Milk, Stewed Prunes and Cookies.

very acid (baked apples or pears, berries, and others), in soups, gravies, custard, junket, and other puddings, and may be used in place of water in cooking cereals.

"Good whole milk is desirable, but if a mother is obliged to choose between clean milk and rich milk, she had better take the clean milk. Best of all, of course, is clean, whole milk, but if that cannot be obtained it is better to use clean fresh skim-milk than dirty or questionable whole milk.

A quart of skim-milk, even separator skim-milk, contains about a third of a cupful of solid food, which is nearly all there was in the whole milk, except the butter fat.

"Bread and milk may well be the chief, if not the only, dish in the supper of little children. If the milk is not very rich, the bread should be spread with butter. Use well-baked bread, at least a day old, or toast, or occasionally crackers.

"Thoroughly cooked cereals served once a day for the first course and once a day for dessert encourage the use of milk. Any cereal may be cooked in milk besides being served with it. Skim-milk which might otherwise be thrown away may be used for the purpose. Rice, cooked in an uncovered double boiler, or in a pan in a very slow oven, can be made to absorb about six times its volume of skim-milk. To soak a cupful of rice in this way instead of in water may be considered equivalent, so far as tissue-forming materials are concerned, to serving it with half a pound of lean beef.

Milk gravy may be combined with dried beef or salt codfish which has been cut into small pieces and soaked in warm water, or with small pieces of tender meat, chicken, fish, or vegetables. Such gravy may be served with toast, with baked or boiled potatoes, or with boiled rice or other cereals. Dishes of this kind are more suitable for dinner than for supper.

"Milk toast with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg grated over it makes an attractive dish. The whites of the hard-cooked eggs are not suitable for a young child nor for any child unless they are finely chopped or unless the child can be made to chew them well.

"For variety, milk flavored with cocoa may be served. A warm drink, made chiefly out of cocoa and water, is not to be confused with the more nourishing drink made by flavoring milk with cocoa, but it has its uses. Like clear soups, which contain little food in themselves, it may lead the child to eat freely of bread and other needed foods.

"In some families children do not get enough meat and eggs; in others they get too much. A good general rule commonly followed is to give a child two years old or over, an egg every other day and about the same amount (two ounces) of meat, fish, or poultry on the days that come between. If for any reason meat is omitted from the child's diet special care must be taken to see that other suitable foods take its place—preferably an extra amount of milk or eggs.

"Broiling and roasting are the best methods of preparing tender meat. Tough meat should be stewed or prepared in a fireless cooker, or first chopped and then broiled.

It is important to teach children to chew meat and other foods properly.

"Fried meats, particularly those which are pan-fried or cooked in a small amount of fat, should not be given to young children. One reason for this is that they are likely to be overcooked and tough, at least on the outside, and so are likely not to be properly chewed and to be swallowed in large pieces. Another reason is that the fat used in frying and also that which tries out of the meat is likely to be scorched and changed in composition. When this is the case, it is almost certain to be harmful.

"Eggs are especially useful food for young children. The chief point to remember in preparing them for children is that they must not be overcooked or they are likely to cause indigestion. Everyone knows how the heat of cooking hardens the egg, and it is easy to understand why the digestive juices might have difficulty in penetrating such hard substance as the white of a hard-boiled egg. Overcooked yolks are also hard to digest. The best ways of serving eggs for children are poached, soft-boiled, or scrambled, though they may be scrambled for a change if one is careful not to scorch the fat used or to overcook the egg.

"Cereal foods of some sort are used by children practically all over the world. Bread is the commonest cereal food in this country, though cereal mushes are also very generally used. Well-baked bread and thoroughly cooked breakfast cereals are both good for children and with milk should make up a large part of the diet. These two foods, bread and breakfast cereals, provide almost the same kinds of nourishment. Bread may therefore take the place, to a certain extent, of cereal mushes and cereal mushes may take the place of bread, but neither can take the place of milk, meat, eggs, fruits and vegetables.

"An ordinary slice of bread (a three-quarter-inch slice cut from an ordinary loaf) is equal in food value to about half a cupful of boiled or steamed cereal and to about a cupful of puffed or flaked cereal. The mother who must feed her child very economically should calculate the cost of each and decide which is cheapest.

"The relation of food to the condition of the bowels is an important matter. Grains, particularly those containing the outer or branny layers or coats, are laxative; so, too, are such mildly acid fruits as apples, oranges and grapefruit. So far, therefore, as the important matter of preventing constipation is concerned, coarse grains and mildly acid fruits serve the same purpose. When fruits are to be obtained in abundance, the kind of cereal served is not of great importance. When they are not, the coarser cereals should be used. In the case of both cereals and fruits, it is possible to overdo.

"Bread cut or torn into small pieces and heated in a very slow oven until thoroughly dried and very delicately browned is good food for children. The warming oven of a coal stove is about hot enough for this purpose. In the case of gas ovens it is often difficult to get the gas low enough without having the door open a little way. The advantage of tearing instead of cutting the bread is that it makes it lighter in texture and easier to eat. The crust can be torn off from all but the ends of a loaf of bread in one piece. This crust should be torn into pieces about two inches wide. The inside of an ordinary loaf of bread will make sixteen pieces of convenient size. Tear first across the loaf and then tear each half into eight pieces. It is usually necessary to make a small cut first in order to start the tearing. It is well to keep the crusts separate, as otherwise they are likely to get too brown. Such bread will need to be reheated before being served unless it is kept in a warm place, like a warming oven. This is also a good way to use stale bread. Some people crush it and use it with milk as a breakfast food.

"Except when used for dessert, cereal mushes and ready-to-eat cereals should be served with milk and with very little, if any, sugar. If the cereals are heavily sweetened, children are likely to eat so much that they neglect other and much-needed foods. If carefully salted, mushes are more likely to satisfy the taste without sugar than otherwise. Well-cooked cereals with milk or stewed fruit or a little molasses, sirup, honey, or sugar make good desserts for dinner, lunch, or supper. If preferred, dried fruits, like dates and raisins, may be cooked with the cereal to sweeten it and to give flavor.

"Fat is an important part of the food of children. Butter, which consists chiefly of separated milk fat, and cream, which is rich in milk fat and also in the other nourishing substances of milk, are both wholesome. Salad oils of various kinds (olive, cottonseed, peanut and others) may be given to children in small amounts. Those who are not used to table oil must often be trained to like it. This can usually be done by introducing it very gradually into the diet. A good way to serve it is on spinach and other greens or on tender salad vegetables.

"There is more than an ounce of fat (at least two and one half level tablespoonfuls) in a quart of whole milk. If the healthy child is given a quart of milk, has butter on its bread, and meat or an egg once a day, he gets enough fat and that which he receives is in wholesome form. It is well, therefore, not to give such fatty foods as pastry, fried meats and vegetables, and doughnuts or rich cakes, for in these the fats are not in so good a form for children, as experience has shown. If the child is constipated, the occasional use of cream or salad oil is desirable, for fat in abundance is laxative.

"Bacon or salt pork, cut very thin and carefully cooked, may be given occasionally but thick pieces with much lean are not desirable.

"Vegetables are an important but often a neglected part of a child's diet. They should be served at least once a day, as they help to keep the bowels in good condition. Several of the ways of accustoming the child to the taste of unfamiliar vegetables have already been suggested here. They may be used as flavoring for soups and stews, may be added to milk or meat stews, or served with meat gravy. If gravy is used, it should not be too fat nor made with scorched fat.

"Young children may be given the young and tender parts of celery and lettuce, a satisfactory way of serving being in the form of sandwiches. For this purpose they should be slightly salted and the celery should be chopped or cut into small pieces.

"All vegetables, whether served raw or cooked, should be washed with great care. Large vegetables like potatoes and carrots should be scrubbed with a brush. Greens should be washed leaf by leaf under running water, or in a large amount of water. To prevent it from again getting on the vegetables lift them from the water instead of pouring the water off.

"Most vegetables when served as a separate dish should be either steamed, boiled, baked, or stewed. If the supply of fresh vegetables is not generous, the juice in which they are cooked should be used with them so far as possible, or put into soups or stews. Experience has shown that vegetables, particularly green vegetables, are at their best when cooked until tender, but not until completely wilted. Spinach requires cooking from twenty to thirty minutes. Vegetables should be served either quite simply or with a little milk, cream, or butter, to improve or vary the flavor. These simple methods are better than complicated ones like frying or scalloping. For the smallest children such vegetables as greens should be finely chopped, and if the tougher portions of other vegetables, the skins of green peas, for example, are found to disagree with a child, these portions should be removed by putting the cooked vegetable through a sieve.

"Fruits are also very important in the child's diet. They supply mild acids and they are important for their flavor, for their laxative effects, and no doubt for other reasons also. This laxative effect is well recognized in the very general use of orange juice, prunes and apples. Then, too, the fruits, like the vegetables, have mineral elements which the body requires.



What Cora Manning Says

"And, oh, Jack! we're out of Jell-O again. Order a dozen and bring a package of Strawberry Jell-O with you. The Mannings are coming for dinner and Cora Manning says there's nothing so lovely as my

JELL-O

desserts."

The Mannings and their friends, and other sensible people, do not deprive themselves of good things because they are cheap.

The charm of the Jell-O dessert is felt in every home, and it only costs ten cents!

Plain but delicious desserts and elaborate desserts are made of Jell-O—and most of them can be made in a minute.

The new Jell-O Book, just out, describes new Jell-O salads, "whips," knickknacks, and dainties of almost unlimited variety. Recipes for everyday salads and desserts are given first place in it, and particularly the new things in fruity Jell-O desserts. A copy will be sent to you free if you will send us your name and address.

There are seven delightful pure fruit Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

10 cents each at any grocer's.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

The name Jell-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't Jell-O.

10¢
a package

Butterless, Eggless and Milkless Cake

The following recipe was sent in by Mrs. George Scherrer, of Washington, a valued COMFORT subscriber.

One cup brown sugar, one cup cold water, two cups raisins, one third cup lard, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon cloves and one quarter teaspoon nutmeg. Put the above in saucepan and boil three minutes. When cool add one teaspoon soda dissolved in a little hot water, two cups flour one half teaspoon baking powder. Bake one hour in slow oven.

I generally double this recipe, grease and line round tin, bake two hours, then cover with a thick icing made of one teaspoon butter, with cream and powdered sugar to right consistency. Flavor with vanilla. This cake, when put in a tin box, will keep from ten to fourteen days.

"Fruits should be served in some form at least once a day. In general, the same rule should be followed as for vegetables in deciding in what form they should be served. Fruit juices and the pulp of cooked fruit, baked apples and pears, and stewed prunes, for example, are safest. Whether the skins should be given depends partly on the age and health of the child and partly on the way the fruit is prepared. If the skins are very tender, they are not likely to cause trouble, except with very young children. When apples and pears are baked the skins can be made tender by frequent basting.

"Simple sweets are such things as lump sugar, maple sugar, sirups, honey, and plain candy, and those foods in which sugar is combined in simple forms with fruit juices (in lemonade, water ices, jelly, etc.), with flour or starch, as in plain cakes (cup cake, sponge cake, cookies), and with fruit, as in jams, marmalades, and similar things. Sweets which contain much fat, like rich cakes and pastry, and foods which are made rich with nuts or dried or candied fruits, or those which are highly flavored or spiced, cannot be classed as simple sweets. Sweets should not be given between meals or during the first course of a meal. Careful mothers who forbid their children eating candy at odd times sometimes give one or two pieces of wholesome candy as a 'treat' with dessert at dinner.

No detail is forgotten by "Uncle Sam" in the matter of proper diet for little children, even in regard to the serving. The government experts in this very latest advice and instruction to mothers call attention to the desirability of having everything served to the children as clean, dainty and attractive as possible. The child relishes his food much better and, relishing it eats more. Sometimes it is difficult to get a child to eat as much as he should.

A dish of oatmeal served in an old cracked, nicked and heat-stained saucer does not appeal at all to the little one. But serve the same food in a little blue saucer with a gilt stripe, or a nursery saucer in colors with figures of animals inside, and with a pretty little spoon, and the youngster will be delighted. Frequently he will eat the cereal very carefully and methodically, just to uncover the pretty pictures.

To eat with pleasure means good digestion. To be constantly urged to eat more, means that the child will not relish his food, and consequently it will not digest as easily. Almost every adult can remember his childhood days when he was scolded because he did not eat more and when he was told to "Eat it all up, at once!" And most of us can remember how hard it was to get some of that food down, how it fairly nauseated us. Scientists have shown us that our mental condition has much to do with digestion. See to it that the child is happy and contented while eating, especially if he be a delicate child with small appetite.

Toughey's Travels and Adventures Abroad

By Adele S. Burleson

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CHAPTER XII.

ADVENTURES IN MEXICO.

PACKING up and going to their Texas plantation for a quiet, restful, enjoyable summer had become a thing of the past for the Deering family. The habit had just been broken by their year abroad, followed by a season at the seashore and one in Canada, so that when Mrs. Deering suggested their old camp on the Brazos for the summer, between Toughey's sophomore and junior years at college, there was a rather shocked outcry against such a plan. It brought the realization to their mother that the children were growing up; that a handful of shells in the creek bottom, a cardinal's nest in a sumach bush, a ride on their ponies to the cross spring, were no longer day-long, soul-satisfying pleasures. They had begun to ask for more companionship, more color, more movement in their lives. When Toughey made a motion for Mexico at the first meeting of the family to discuss summer plans there was a chorus of "yeses" with only one "no." This was emphatic and came from Mrs. Deering.

"But, mamma," Toughey urged in answer to her objections, "The Highlands of Mexico are delightfully cool."

"Yes, at the sacrifice of many other of the desirable qualities you look for in climate."

"What, for instance," asked Toughey.

"Well, the bracing qualities. You can't take exercise in a climate that owes its coolness to altitude. It exhausts you. Why, even the Indians from the hot countries are larger and stronger and better developed physically than the people who live in the mountains." A famous physician had said this to Mrs. Deering and her own observation and experience had proven it to her. But in the end she was overruled, even Mr. Deering casting his vote against her. So it happened that one over-hot day, the following June, they found themselves headed for the Rio Grande. The observation car was crowded and the breeze that blew from over many miles of cactus and mesquite was surcharged with the dryness of a two months' drought. Even Toughey gasped and for one tortured moment permitted her mind to revert to the cool New England hills Mrs. Deering had advocated for the summer holidays. At the border the family passed through the Custom House with their usual ease, as they never carried contraband. They were never even under suspicion but once, when Nan remarked to her mother, while a New York inspector was digging into one of their trunks at the time of their return from abroad: "Oh, mamma! Suppose he should find something!"

"I shall never understand how we escaped immediate arrest," said Toughey laughing and recalling the circumstance.

"I do," replied her mother, "he didn't find anything."

"Meaning, of course there was nothing to find?" asked Toughey teasingly.

"Meaning that very thing," Mrs. Deering answered firmly, though with a smile. Mr. Deering had always insisted that his wife, like all other women born to this life, was a smuggler. On cross examination he would admit that he never knew what she had smuggled, or could prove that she really ever did, but he could not be made to back down from his theory that smuggling was an inherent vice of women, and that while every other class of criminals was subject to reform, a smuggler could never be redeemed. That this opinion was shared to a cer-

The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. Miss April will appear with a pleasing message next month.—EDITOR.

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MISS MARCH.

Their nature requires harmony, and under conditions which do not accord with their temperament, their whole existence is out of tune; and for this reason, they must work according to their own methods, not at the dictation of another, nor according to precedent.

They will love the beautiful and have a keen sense of its existence, which explains their ability to trace beauty of thought in a stern, repellent nature.

Their home must possess light, air and sunshine; music will freshen and relax their sometimes over-wrought brains. Excitement and worry will produce nervous disturbances. Quiet, rest and sleep will prove the only restorer; drugs will be useless.

Men born under these influences should marry women who love order, cleanliness and elegance, and for recreation, music and dancing should be cultivated. There must exist however, a certain degree of consistency in all things, else harmony will cease her habitation.

Women born under these influences will do well to cultivate their natural talents, being and doing what nature intended, for if they do not, they will act in confusion and succeed in nothing. This is because constancy, that rare jewel in nature, is very strong with these women, and they must live in good faith with themselves if they give unto others what nature decreed.

Constancy of purpose makes for successful philanthropic work in all its branches, particularly among children and old people, where the work is hardest and most discouraging and without constancy, will be abandoned.

THE influence of the zodiacal sign Aries begins with the vernal equinox on the 21st of March and extends to the 19th of April. All persons born between those dates belong to the intellectual part of the grand body of humanity—the head. They use their heads to think and reason with, and their busy brains are the most active organs of their bodies.

They will be called obstinate, when in fact they are not, because they are independent enough to hold to their own ideas until better ones are advanced, when they readily recognize the fact and yield to reason without pride of opinion.

If these women possess health and a fair amount of strength, they will attain high positions in the business world. Because of their unusual tact they make excellent wives for clergymen and professional men.

Bloodstone the March Birth-stone

Courage, of which the Bloodstone is symbolic, is a quality necessary to every man and woman if they would meet the demands of life with reason and profit. We need but recall the early school days, when we stood before an accusing teacher, to remember that it took courage to confess to disobedience, and still more to maintain our innocence when we knew the result would be to transfer the accusation against a fellow classmate.

As we approach manhood and womanhood, the demand for courage increases, and unless fortified by a strong sense of duty toward parents and self, youth may act with rashness, or follow the ways of least resistance.

Then arises the question, what is courage? And the answer is,—that freedom from being influenced against our better judgment by the opinion of another, constitutes moral courage, and to remain serene and free in the face of danger makes for physical courage.

Conscience, firm resolve, and an ability to distinguish right from wrong, are courage builders, and if we build well, courage will not forsake us when temptation or danger threatens.

In the early days of the Christian Church the bloodstone was venerated as symbolic of the blood of our Lord shed for the salvation of mankind, the noblest example of courage that history records.

Tradition has decreed that the birth-stone for March shall be the bloodstone, and worn as an amulet, to symbolize the daily lesson of courage, it will serve the wearer well.

How to Make Miss March

Saint Patrick was the first missionary priest to Ireland and converted Ireland to Christianity. Among the many stories that have come down to us concerning him is the familiar legend that he miraculously drove all the snakes out of Ireland into the sea, by which the Irish account for the fact that Ireland has no snakes.

COMFORT readers who celebrate St. Patrick's Day, will find a description of Miss March helpful. The shamrock is very similar to our three-leaved clover, and features this costume. Bright green should be the dominant color. As only the head and arms of figure are visible, make them of cloth and fill with cotton. Attach them to waist made the same way and fasten to weighted box so it will stand firmly. Make the turban, waist and skirt with rounded overskirt and plaited kerchief fastened about the shoulders, all of white crepe paper, thus bringing the green paper shamrocks worn at the front of skirt, at the waist and on the cap into bold relief. A snake is made of wire bent into a realistic shape and covered with green crepe paper. This is carried over the right arm.

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April Comfort

will be an all-round budget of delight with charming stories that, according to their varied romance, reflect the spring sunshine, exalt the drooping soul with the inspiring spirit of Easter gladness and hope, or with ludicrous predicaments in a comedy of errors provoke a merry laugh; and it will carry a lot of practical, helpful instruction, too.

Special Features for April

"The Sermon on the Mount"—an Easter Romance A splendid story, by Joseph F. Novak, that tells of a soul courageous, but crushed by adversity, that walked in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" yet feared no evil because he was sustained by the heroic devotion of the woman at his side.	
"An Easter Luncheon" Tells how to cook and serve an Easter luncheon in approved style, with recipes and directions for decorations.	A Farmer's Wife in the Flower Business Describes how a farmer's wife managed to market her garden flowers successfully and profitably. A good idea.
"Bulk Versus Package" Gives valuable and timely instruction in economical selection and buying of food to counteract the high cost of living.	"How to Make Easter Chicks" Tells and illustrates how to make the pretty little Easter chicks now so much in vogue for decorations. Good amusement for the children.
"Fifteen Minutes of Frightfulness"—a Comic Romance A winsome widow, a bashful bachelor boarder, and the near tragedy in their affairs that turned out a ridiculous farce but enabled her to slip the noose of matrimony round his shy but willing neck and let him think he had done the courting.	

Special, Low Rate for March Renewals

As an inducement to renew your subscription promptly this month we offer the special, low rate of 30 cents for a 2-year renewal. If you want the Comfort Home Album send 10 cents extra, 40 cents in all for your 2-year renewal and the Album.

If the number over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes is 342, or any less number, it means that your subscription should be renewed at once. Send in your renewal today, if you don't want to miss April COMFORT. Use the coupon below.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES are: 25 cents a year, 50 cents for three years, 30 cents for a TWO-YEAR renewal, in U. S. and Cuba. (In Canada 50 cents a year or 75 cents for a two-year renewal.)

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I enclose _____ cents for renewal and extension of my subscription _____ full years from date of expiration. If you want the Album, send 10 cents extra, and be sure to mention it. (Album will not be sent to foreign countries.)			
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Crumbs of Comfort

No owl is blinder than a lover.
A fine cage doesn't feed the bird.
Better suffer wrong than do wrong.
The ripest fruit is highest on the tree.
Waste not fresh tears over old sorrows.
Evil gains are worse than honest losses.
Even the gods could not love and be wise.
Where there is sorrow there is holy ground.
No man can climb higher than his character.
It is only the ignorant who despise education.
We want most that which we should not have.
One regrets speech, much oftener than silence.
The wise man lets somebody else do the talking.
To err is human, but the result may be inhuman.
A lie has some credit until the truth comes along.
Don't love yourself if you want others to love you.
The wrong way always seems the more reasonable.
Patience is the best remedy for most of our troubles.
Bees don't go after flowers that have no sweet in them.
Anything is great or little according to a mortal's thinking.

Resignation is only a mockery where the burden is not felt.
Think what you would like to do, and do what you ought to do.

No man is his neighbor's equal, for no two minds are equal.

Never was a marvel done on earth but that it sprang from faith.

There is nothing so small that it may not produce great things.

There is no sound more pleasing than one's own praises.

The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is.

To think you are happy makes you happy, so immaterial is happiness.

Do one thing at a time—you can't take both forks of a road at once.

Angels are around the good man to catch the incense of his prayer.

No one can pray in faith whose prayer is not grounded on a promise.

If you want to be young when you are old, be old when you are young.

Do you live, or do you merely breathe and eat and sleep and labor?

Economy is commendable, but do not try to put both feet into one shoe.

With age we learn that we are under more obligations to our children than they are to us.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun views from your hand no worthy action done.

Women do not transgress the bounds of decorum as often as men, but when they do they go to greater lengths.

Put something by for a rainy day, even if it isn't more than an umbrella, and be sure to put it where somebody won't steal it.

Life is as a slate on which our sins are written. From time to time we rub the sponge of repentance over it and begin writing again.

The reason why books are so seldom returned by the borrowers is that it is so much easier to retain the books than what is in them.

It is with narrow-minded people, as with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Man is an everlasting mystery, even to himself. His own person is a house which he never enters, and of which he studies only the outside.

Call on a business man during business hours only on business; transact your business and go about your business so that he may attend to his business.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

TO the housewife who is obliged to buy a large quantity of food supplies at one time the storage problem often assumes enormous proportions, so Uncle Sam has obligingly come to her rescue, as will be seen in the following article on the storage of food in the home, taken from a Department of Agriculture bulletin.—Ed.

Storage of Groceries, Meats, Cooked Food, and Canned Goods

Flour comes packed both in barrels and in bags, and the form in which it shall be purchased and kept is of importance to the housewife. Bags have certain advantages over the barrel for both producer and consumer; they pack into freight cars with no waste of space, and the cloth or paper bags cost less than one barrel; for the consumer also, it is often convenient to buy in small quantities. But, on the other hand, the bag is too often very flimsy in texture, so that it allows flour to sift out, and is also easily soiled by contact with a damp or dirty floor. The purchaser may well require that the bags be made of good material, so that the contents may be protected from dust and dirt.

On this question Prof. Harry Snyder of the University of Minnesota, says:

There is no question whatever but what flour improves by storage up to six months and it will then hold its own for some time, depending upon the character of the wheat and the thoroughness with which impurities are removed.

As a general proposition it seems certain that it is economical for the consumer to buy flour in bulk rather than in small sacks at a time. In the fall of the year a small sack of flour for trial purposes can be purchased of the grocer and at the same time he can set aside a barrel of the same flour of the same shipment for future delivery, provided the first sample proves satisfactory. As a general rule the price of flour advances from fall to spring sufficient to more than cover the interest item involved and at the same time the consumer is assured of a good quality of flour.

Aside from accidental contamination the chief destructive agencies in stored flour and similar materials are fungi and bacteria. The fungi or molds break down chiefly the starches of the flour, forming organic acids which make the flour sour. The bacterial growths which are present are chiefly forms which liquefy or break down the gluten, the acid presumably aiding in this. This matter has been studied by H. G. Bell, among others, in connection with the problem of commercial storage, and he recommends storage in well-lighted, warm and dry rooms as a preventive of the development of fungi and bacteria, a method as applicable to farm and town homes as to commercial conditions.

The various prepared or "self-raising" flours are more expensive than the mixture that the housewife can easily make by adding the requisite amount of baking powder to flour and sifting it several times. It is a convenience and a saving of time to keep this mixture on hand, as one sifting provides enough for a month's use in cakes and muffins.

The fact that many breakfast cereals that were once sold only in bulk can be bought in packages is a great advantage from a sanitary point of view. The contents of these packages, if bought fresh and if well cared for, will remain in good condition for months. If made in clean factories, such goods have had little chance for contamination from dust and dirt.

If breakfast cereals are bought in bulk they should be kept in tight receptacles in a cool, dry place. Crackers may be kept like breakfast cereals, either in the packages, in which many sorts are marketed, or in tin boxes or in jars.

Corn-meal spoils more readily than flour, and for most families it is best to buy in small quantities.

Rice, tapioca, macaroni and similar dry materials may be kept without any trouble in covered cans or small crocks in a dry, clean place. The same method is advisable for raisins, Zante currants, evaporated and dried fruits, and similar supplies.

Sugar and salt are best kept, the former in tin, the latter in wooden or crockery receptacles.

Glass preserve jars are perhaps the best and most convenient of all containers for small quantities of almost any food material.

Labeling Foods in Packages and Cans

Many otherwise good housekeepers are very indifferent about labeling. They trust to their memory as to what is in each jar or package, and sometimes with disastrous results. All stores should be plainly labeled.—U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT since I was a little girl and this is the first time I have thought of writing.

I know Georgie will feel very much alone in her "opinions" when next month's COMFORT is issued so I want, at least, one letter in her defense.

I think she is much mistaken in regard to her comparison of city and country life so far as sanitary conditions go, but I think she is perfectly right in regard to the city and country child.

We moved to the country when I was fifteen years old and I attended school there for two years (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



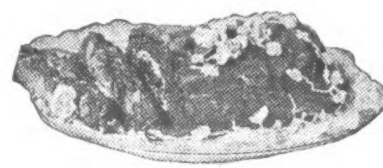
Royal Baking Powder produces appetizing and wholesome cakes, muffins, cornbread, etc., with fewer eggs than are usually required. In many recipes the number of eggs may be reduced and excellent results obtained by adding an extra quantity of **Royal Baking Powder**, about a teaspoon, for each egg omitted. The following tested recipes are practical examples:—



WHITE LAYER CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
whites of 2 eggs
1 teaspoon extract

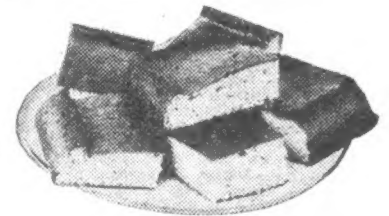
The old method called for 3 eggs
DIRECTIONS:—Cream shortening and sugar together until very light; add water slowly almost drop by drop and beat constantly; add flavoring; stir in the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together twice; fold in the whites of eggs which have been beaten until stiff and dry, pour into two greased layer tins and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Put together with any filling or icing.



CHOCOLATE SPONGE ROLL

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 eggs
2 squares melted chocolate
2 tablespoons shortening
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

The old method called for 4 eggs
DIRECTIONS:—Beat whole eggs. Add slowly sugar, boiling water, and vanilla; stir in melted chocolate and melted shortening without beating. Add dry ingredients, which have been sifted together three times and fold in lightly as possible. Pour into large baking pan lined with oiled paper, and bake in slow oven twenty minutes. When done, turn out on a damp, hot cloth, spread with Royal icing and roll, then cover with chocolate icing.



CORN BREAD

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups corn meal
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar (if desired)
2 tablespoons shortening
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sweet milk

The old method called for 2 eggs
DIRECTIONS:—Sift the dry ingredients into bowl; add milk and melted shortening, beat well, and pour into well-greased pan or muffin tin and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

A practical cook book containing several hundred other recipes for all kinds of cookery sent free on request
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 130 William Street, New York

Royal Baking Powder

Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from Grapes, and adds none but healthful qualities to the food.

NO ALUM

NO PHOSPHATE

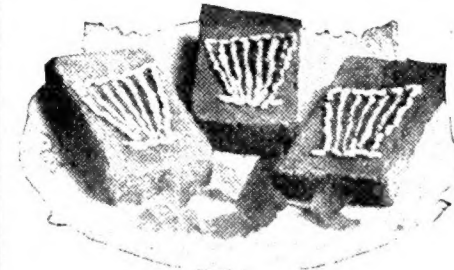
Comfort Sisters' Recipes

IT doesn't necessarily follow that our ancestors must have come from Erin's Isle, or that we are being disloyal to our own particular nationality if we serve a few St. Patrick's Day dishes on our table, the 17th of March—a day beloved of all good Irishmen—or even go to the extent of having the entire decorations carried out in shamrock green with white, since that combination seems to be the best. We might, as a sop to our conscience, say that the very attractiveness of the table is enough to overbalance any race prejudices, and, indeed, with a border of shamrocks and a centerpiece in the form of a harp made of shamrocks, aided and abetted by the St. Patrick's Day dishes, as illustrated below, almost any conscience would be silenced. By placing the stems of white flowers (pinks are particularly good for this) in green dye, very appropriate floral decorations can be obtained.

EMERGENCY SOUP.—Dissolve two and one half teaspoons beef extract in three cups boiling water. Add three tablespoons milk, gradually, to one and one half tablespoons flour to make a smooth, thin paste. Add to the first mixture, stirring constantly until boiling point is reached and let boil three minutes; then add three quarters teaspoon salt, a very small amount of cayenne pepper, and three quarters cup of cream.

SAINT PATRICK'S HAT.—Cover pared Irish potatoes with boiling salted water and cook till fork will just go through. Drain and dry in oven one minute. Mash, season with salt and add enough hot cream

HARP CAKES.—Cream two tablespoons of butter with one cup of sugar and add the well-beaten yolk of one egg and one teaspoon of vanilla. Beat well. Measure two cups of sifted flour and add one teaspoon of cream of tartar and one half teaspoon of

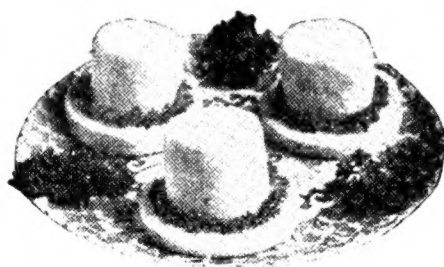


HARP CAKES.

soda and sift again. Measure one cup of milk and add to egg, alternating with the flour. Lastly add the beaten white of egg. Bake thirty minutes in a shallow pan. Cake should be about one inch thick. When cold cut in oblong pieces and cover with chocolate frosting. Trace with white frosting to represent harp.

MOCK-BISQUE SOUP.—Take one half can of tomatoes, or as many fresh ones as will make the same quantity and stew them soft enough to strain easily. Scald one quart of milk in a double boiler. Melt a tablespoon of butter in a small pan, cook with it a tablespoon of corn-starch, add enough of the hot milk to make it as thin as cream, then stir into the scalding milk and let cook for ten minutes. Add two tablespoons more of butter, stir until well mixed, season with salt and pepper, add a pinch of soda to the tomatoes, and stir in the last thing. Serve with crackers or small squares of bread, toasted. The soda should prevent the tomatoes curdling the milk. If it should curdle, however, a few brisk whisks with the egg beater will make it all right. Serve hot.

BLACK BEAN SOUP.—Wash one pint black turtle beans, drain, cover with cold water and let soak over night. In the morning drain and cook slowly two hours in three pints of boiling water in covered kettle. Add one level teaspoon of salt, a little pepper and one quart of stock. Rub all through a colander and then through a sieve. Rinse kettle, bring soup to a boil in it. Slice thin two hard boiled eggs and one lemon. Serve in the boiling soup. Bread sticks are a good accompaniment.



SAINT PATRICK'S HAT.

to beat light. Keeping the pan while beating on back of stove. Shape to represent high hats, brush over with beaten egg and brown in oven. Make hat bands of parsley or other green.

MARY NORTHEED, Salem, Mass.

SPINACH BALLS.—Equal bulk of finely chopped spinach that has been seasoned, and very fine dry bread crumbs. Season highly with pepper, salt and cayenne. Add enough white of egg to moisten well, then set aside to stiffen. Shape in balls, size of hickory nut; poach in hot soup for five minutes, and serve three or four to each plate of soup.

SMOTHERED LIVER AND BACON.—Fry eight thin slices of bacon until brown, and remove from pan. Place in the hot fat one pound of liver seasoned with salt and dredged in flour. When the liver is brown on one side, turn it over and on the top place the bacon and two large onions, sliced thin. Cover for about five minutes on hot fire. Add one pint of water and keep simmering, while tightly covered, for fifteen minutes.

BAKED HALIBUT, SPANISH STYLE.—Have a slice of halibut weighing two pounds cut three inches thick. Place in a buttered pan, cover with one cup of tomatoes, canned, or three fresh ones, one thinly sliced onion, one chopped green pepper, salt, pepper, one cup of water and one quarter cup of butter. Bake slowly till fish is done and serve with the vegetables.

BAKED SALT MACKEREL.—Soak two small mackerel in cold, fresh water for six hours or longer; then rinse, wipe dry and squeeze a little lemon juice over the flesh side of the fish. Lay one of the fish on a buttered cloth or tin in a baking pan, cover with a dressing made of bread crumbs seasoned with parsley, butter, salt, pepper and lemon juice or thin yellow rind; put the other fish on this dressing and bake, basting often with melted butter and hot water. When well browned remove to a hot platter, cover the top with bread crumbs moistened with butter and set in oven just long enough to brown.

SHAMROCK PEAS.—An appropriate and attractive dish for Saint Patrick's Day is made of peas and parsley. Drain thoroughly canned peas, add butter, pepper and salt, and let come to a scalding heat in a double cooker. Take slices of stale bread one-



SHAMROCK PEAS.

inch thick and cut into shape of shamrock. Hollow out the center of each shamrock leaf and put into a (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

Kneeling down, she tried the keyhole with a long hairpin. It went easily through. A cold wind blew on her face through the keyhole as she knelt, and all was dark. Could she have imagined that the room only this morning was warm and smelling of flowers—and brandy?

She got up angrily and went over to the window, opening it a crack, so that if anything happened to the fastening of the door she could enter the room at a pinch from the outside. Then she walked off to her bedroom. Thank goodness, she had not mentioned her little tour of investigation to any of the others!

CHAPTER VIII.

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

"MY DEAR BOBBY:

"I am thinking of running in upon you for a day or two next week on my way up to town. I am changing some of the furniture in my own rooms, and shall spend a few days with your Aunt Julia while I hunt up the curtains and coverings which are in my mind's eye. You might get rooms for me and for Hooper at the hotel if it is comfortable. I shall only stay the night unless you offer me some attraction. Let me know if I am to bring you anything; also, if I am likely to be a nuisance to you, in which case I shall go direct to Aunt Julia. Ever, my dearest boy, your affectionate mother,

D. SATTERLEE."

Lord Satterlee put down the above epistle with mingled emotions.

"If she likes them, it's the very thing. If she doesn't," he whistled softly as he sat by the fire in his own quarters. His mother was one of the most charming and "thorough" (to use his own word for her) of women; but what man, what son even, could venture to predict the emotions of any woman suddenly confronted with two strange girls and coolly requested to chaperon them and their unknown proclivities to a dance given by four young men? No wonder Lord Satterlee whistled! "Best make hay while the sun shines," he reflected, not too hopefully. His mother was extremely fond of Maurice Lispenard, but she had a way of liking nice boys. That might go for nothing when his sisters were concerned.

He looked out at the weather; it was raining hard. Then he looked at the date of his mother's note: the day before yesterday.

Rooms at a hotel there would be no trouble about; there was a very good hotel. He would go and make arrangements at once and then send a telegram.

It did not take him long to get into plain clothes, nor to button himself up to the chin in his mackintosh. As he drove through the streaming rain into Highbury he grew more cheery. After all, what could promise better for the success of his dance than this maternal visit?

He inspected the best rooms at the comfortable hotel with a growing hope. They were very good indeed. The sitting-room gave him visions of tea parties—Lady Satterlee never stirred from home without her beloved tea things; he could get some palms and lamp shades and things; and perhaps she might "take to" the Lispenards as much as he himself had done. He sent off his telegram with a boyish satisfaction. Then he looked at his watch. It was only four o'clock. He wished he could with decency present himself at the twins' tea table, but he could not find courage to go without an invitation two days running.

As he stood buttoning his gloves in the hotel doorway, divided in his mind whether to take a constitutional in the rain or to go down to the club and play pool, he caught sight of a tall and shapely young person, wearing an extremely shabby waterproof and a glazed sailor hat, and walking through the driving rain without apparently the least wish for an umbrella.

Lord Satterlee looked for a full minute in amazement. What could Lispenard be thinking of to let his sister out in such weather? Was it his Miss Lispenard or was it the other one? Which one? He stopped in front of the pastry cook's opposite, giving a little shake like a wet dog to the disreputable waterproof. Then she vanished into the shop.

Lord Satterlee marched across the wet street and went in also. Nerine, standing in her ancient waterproof, gave a dismayed start as she saw him. Why had she put on her very worst pair of gloves, impelled by mistaken economy? There was a hole in them—they were wet—disgusting! In hot despair she was compelled to put out one of them—very limply—into Satterlee's outstretched fingers.

"What are you doing here?" he said, wonderingly, ignoring the wet, torn glove, the wetter mackintosh. "What a day for you to be out?"

"That is the very reason. I was so tired of the house, and a country walk would have been really too muddy. Also," as the shopman approached with a small parcel, as "Miss Belton wanted some sweets and so did I." She put Kit's half-crown on the counter with the best glove as she spoke.

"Let's see, isn't this place rather famous for confectionery, or cakes, or something?"

Nerine assented, slipping her parcel into her pocket. "Wedding cakes," she said, "and others, too. The Princess of Wales once ordered a cake here. Mr. Mayne says."

"Then I do not see why I should not follow the example of royalty!" He turned to the shopman.

"I want to see some of your cakes—your best cakes, if you please. By the way, Miss Lispenard," as the man went away, "who is Mr. Mayne?"

"My stepfather," with a preoccupied frown.

"Tell me, why are you wasting your money on a cake? You will never eat it!"

"Why not?" quite undaunted. "I am going to ask you to let me drive you home, and I sincerely hope you will feel obliged to invite me in to tea. Then you will see whether or not I can eat cake!"

"But—" Nerine stammered, "I don't think I want to drive home with you! I came out to walk."

Satterlee looked at her.

"Was it raining in this manner when you left home?" he inquired, dryly.

"No," rather unwillingly, "but, all the same, I don't think I ought to drive home with you."

"I don't think you ought to walk home, if you do you will hurt my feelings very much, to say nothing of getting very wet."

Nerine did not answer. She was gazing at the appalling size of the cake which was being done up for her unwelcome companion.

Satterlee laughed as he caught her eye.

"You would not compel me to walk home with that, Miss Lispenard. Seriously, you will let me drive you? The rain is much worse than it was, and you will be drenched if you walk."

"Very well," with a gentleness very foreign to her. "If you really would like to come in to tea," blushing a little.

Satterlee flushed in his turn as he answered her.

"Honestly, I was seeking an excuse to go to see you when I caught sight of you coming in here. I wonder if they are doing up my cake in a water-tight manner?"

He walked to the other side of the shop to pay for it and to see it sent out to his trap. How Nerine's economical soul would have stood agape had she seen the good hard gold that was given for that frost-covered mountain.

Blissfully unconscious and forgetful even of her gloves, she let Satterlee help her into the high dogcart and button the leather apron over her.

The rain was behind them: the air seemed to have grown warmer. Nerine had never driven in so high a cart or behind a horse that stepped so fast. She took a sidelong glance at Satterlee, at his clear, straight profile, his little gold mustache, and found him very good to behold.

Efficiency in the Kitchen

By Mary Clara Huntington

See front cover illustration.

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EFFICIENT kitchens have become an absolute necessity. Efficiency must be the keynote, efficient work, efficient rest and elimination of all unnecessary work, and the doing of the necessary work in the easiest and most economical way. These are the problems of every housewife; there are four main requisites for all kitchens, storage place for supplies, a work table, proper arrangements for cooking and facilities for dish washing and cleaning. These needs must be met in any kind of kitchen for a family of any size. The concentration of all the working processes near together, and in convenient relation to one another saves hours of time, by preventing useless steps and unnecessary motions. Kitchen work is not a series of isolated tasks, but one task must be fitted into another if we are to do an effective day's work; our stove, sink, work table and supplies must be near enough together so that we can "keep an eye" on one thing while we are doing another. We can work effectively just in proportion as we use skill in planning and arranging our work.

Awkward, poorly arranged kitchens can be made into efficient workrooms at a small expense by having the working materials and utensils grouped in a way that helps the working instead of hindering it. Keep nothing in your kitchen that you do not use every day. Have plenty of narrow shelf room and keep only one row of articles on each shelf, things used oftener should be conveniently near at hand. Shelves should be at a reasonable height, none lower than twelve inches, and none higher than can be easily reached.

Fixed equipments should be placed where the light is good, and at a convenient height for the worker. There should be shelves, closet room, or hooks for all kitchen utensils. A broad work shelf instead of a table is a great convenience, this should be, if possible, built along the entire width of the kitchen, the space underneath may be utilized partly for drawers and part of it may be closed in to hold some of the more bulky parts of the kitchen equipment.

Some housekeepers prefer to keep all of their kitchen utensils on shelves or in drawers, while others like to hang everything possible on the walls. For hanging large articles on the wall a square or L shaped hook with a shank about one inch long is best; for smaller pieces hooks of the same shape about three quarters of an inch long will do. For things to be hung from the under side of a shelf, table or cabinet round cup-hooks of suitable sizes are required. Use only brass hooks—never iron or steel hooks, as these will rust.

There should be a special place for each article in the kitchen, and the place should be selected with reference to the purpose and convenient use of the article. This applies to cooking materials as well as to utensils, and both classes should be grouped accordingly. Those which are used together or in successive stages of the same process should be grouped within easy reach from one position in order to save steps. Some utensils and some materials are used two or even three times a day and they should be located more accessibly than such as are needed only occasionally. Have a suitable place for everything and then keep everything in its place.

Nothing should be permitted to rest on the floor, thus making it an easy matter to keep clean. The open shelf system has the advantage that we can put them where they are needed, while the closed in closet must be put where the doors will not be in the way. Narrow shelves offer many advantages over deep shelves, for there is room for but one row of articles, thus avoiding the danger of knocking things off the shelf, and breaking them, when reaching for the second row. In this way we save time and energy due to awkward movements.

There should, if possible, be a special closet for

the cleaning things. If this is not possible have a closet three inches wide nailed to the wall five feet five inches above the floor; another closet three feet high for dustpan, brush and so forth, these articles should have screw eyes fastened to the end and should always be hung on hooks when not in use. As all of these implements are in constant demand they should be readily at hand.

Wherever a wood or coal stove is in use there should be a place near the stove for a small reserve of fuel; it should not be necessary to go to the coal bin but once a day, if there are two separate coal bins. Gas, kerosene and alcohol stoves are all easier to care for, and are less expensive to operate than coal or wood. It is important to suggest here the advantage of having a wide zinc-covered shelf on which to keep the large supply can of kerosene or alcohol; this should be about twelve inches wide and two feet from the floor, and should be put in a perfectly safe place.

If the kitchen floor is not hard wood, a painted floor is good. Fill the cracks with a crack filler and give it two coats of shellac before the paint is put on, then two coats of floor paint in tan, grey, or red. When worn spots appear they should at once be touched up. A linoleum will give satisfactory results. The best grade ranges from one dollar and sixty cents to one dollar and seventy cents per square yard. If properly laid and cared for it will last twenty years. To lay a linoleum is the work of an expert and should never be attempted by the amateur. It should be kept clean with warm water and a soft, clean cloth. Water should not be used in quantity for if it is allowed to get under the surface, it causes serious damage. Hard wood is more important for the woodwork in the kitchen than any other room in the house for it gets such hard wear and needs so much cleaning. The wood should be treated with turpentine stain and then waxed. A varnish finish is durable, but the effect is not as good. Pine wood should be covered with paint. White enamel is very attractive but it demands daily care, and will need renewing often. It is not to be recommended for households where labor must be economized. Tan or gray paint is much better.

In the treatment of walls one must be guided by their condition: if these are well preserved paint or flat them, either of which is very clean and sanitary. Wallpaper should never be used unless it is of the washable olefin variety. These come one and one half yards wide, costing twenty-six cents per yard. Paint for from one to two coats costs, four and a half cents each coat, while kalsomine, one or three coats costs per square yard, one cent each coat. If the walls are cracked they should be filled with plaster of Paris and touched up with shellac before putting on the kalsomine.

While a full equipment of necessary kitchen utensils is essential to efficiency and to the saving of time, strength and labor, an accumulation of superfluous contraptions in the kitchen is a nuisance to be avoided. Nevertheless, keep your outfit up to date by adding or substituting the most improved kitchen ware and implements to enable you to handle your work in the best and easiest way.

Labor saving is disposition saving, not only for the tired mother of insufficient means who needs convenient arrangements so that serious waste of time and labor may be avoided, but for the home maker of abundant means as well. To create an efficient kitchen, one must plan the saving of time and steps in every detail of the work to be done there. To the attainment of this purpose and the elimination of unnecessary drudgery, the location of the stove, sink, work table, the shelves, closets, cabinet and lockers with regard to their convenient use and relatively to the doors and windows is a matter of importance requiring careful consideration and planning on the part of the busy housewife who would gain the little daily leisure and rest requisite to conserve her health, brighten her eyes, restore the roses to her cheeks, sharpen her wits, bring cheer to her heart and an optimistic smile to her lips, and withal make her the light of the home.

In a line regiment; he remembered how the bride had cut the cake with her husband's sword.

"Miss Lispenard," he said, softly, "will you cut my wedding cake for me?"

"Oh, yes," unsuspiciously. Then, with a quickly withdrawn glance and a reddening cheek, "that is, presently. It's not time yet; we must wait for the others."

"All right—we'll wait. But mind, it's a promise," with a look he had never given to the richer beauty of her twin sister. But then, he had never sat gazing at that twin sister through long morning services at St. Jude's.

Upstairs Nerine was making a more careful toilet than she had ever done in her life; receding her damp black hair, arranging her old silk gown with unwonted care, and humming a tune under her breath the while. What a nice afternoon she had had, in spite of the wet! And how well cropped yellow hair could look in the rain! She laughed outright as she thought of Agatha's face when she saw that cake.

It had grown dusk while she was dressing; when she was quite ready she peered about the room for a package of Everton taffy she had bought for Kit. She remembered then that she had taken it out of her pocket in the pantry, where she had gone to wash her face, for hot water. Gathering her long skirts in her hand, Nerine ran lightly down the back stairs to the pantry. As she entered some one left it by the door leading into the dining-room.

"Oh, Jane, wait a minute," Nerine cried, hurrying after her. "What did you do with my parcel?"

Jane stopped, gave a single backward glance, and then ran. There were no two ways about it. She had something under her arm, but it was too big for Nerine's parcel.

"Is Jane going cracked, I wonder?" Nerine exclaimed with some indignation, and a more indignant, if respectful, voice from behind answered her:

"No, miss! I'm sure I hope not. What were you pleased to want? I gave the parcel to Miss Agatha with the tea things."

Substantial Jane stood behind her in the door by which Nerine herself had entered.

"Do you mean," cried the latter, "that you did not go into the dining-room from here and run when I called you?"

Jane's eyes flashed.

"I was in my kitchen, Miss Nerine."

"Then who on earth was it?" with an uncomfortable recollection of that door at the end of the passage. "It was not either of the young ladies."

"Nor was it me, miss," doggedly. "It was Mr. Maurice, very like."

"Very like," with unconscious mimicry. If Maurice was dressed in a dark gown and was of much the same stout country build as Jane, very likely it was he. "You are sure, Jane, that it wasn't you I saw?" she persisted.

But Jane had retired in dudgeon.

"There's something strange going on in this house, I'm certain," mused her mistress, "and I believe Jane knows what it is, or why did she get so angry at an ordinary question?"

She looked at the huge dining-room, growing dark in the twilight; thought of the comfortable morning-room, the fire, the cake, Satterlee and the other three gathered within its comfortable walls.

"I shall just look in Mr. Mayne's room before I go to tea," she decided. "Perhaps it was Jones I saw in a long coat, or something. He may be there now!"



Even She Had Corns

Until a Little While Ago She Thought Them Unavoidable

If you have corns don't blame yourself too much. Many an old person has had them fifty years.

Yet they have done what you do—pared them and used old-time, useless treatments.

But what folly it is when nowadays about half the world keeps free.

Just try one corn. Apply a Blue-jay plaster in a jiffy. Then forget it. It will never pain again.

In two days take the plaster off. The corn will disappear. Only one corn in ten needs another application.

The cost is five cents per corn. The trouble is a moment. The results are sure.

You will laugh at the old ways when you try Blue-jay. You will wonder why people ever let corns hurt. Please start tonight. You have suffered long enough.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay

Stops Pain—Ends Corns
15c and 25c at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

CHAPTER IX.

NERINE'S STRATEGY.

The door from the corridor was tightly shut. Nerine had rather expected to find it so, and was the more certain that the vanishing figure had not been imaginary, but someone who had taken care to cover his or her exit.

She retraced her steps till she came to the front door, and then ran bareheaded through the rainy dusk round the house, so close under the windows that the cheerful tea party in the morning-room did not see her. Mr. Mayne's windows had outside shutters; they were closed, and Nerine passed them bravely. The windows of Mrs. Mayne's room were low to the ground; it did not take her long to open the one she had left ready and slip through.

The room was empty, dark and cold, as usual, but through the crack of the door into Mr. Mayne's room came a clean shaft of lamplight. The door was well ajar, and Nerine stopped short, trembling. If whoever was there had heard her entrance, she probably had all her trouble for nothing.

"If it is Jones or Jane—impertinent wretches!" she thought, as she went slowly forward in shoeless feet, "what a tempest in a teapot I will have discovered!"

She reached the door. There was a wide crack at the hinges; she could see quite well into the middle of the room.

At the sight which met her she all but spoke aloud! She had been pausing a moment before, but in her excitement now her breath seemed to come quite easily. On the table, spread out helter skelter, was a very respectably sized collection of Lispenard silver. There were spoons, jugs and a small punch bowl, a couple of teapots, some nondescript trifles, and a tankard.

Within the range of Nerine's vision stood a stoutish woman, whose back was turned to the unseen watcher. Quite certain of being alone and unseen—since the balize-covered door into the passage was so carefully fastened and barricaded on the inside—she was leisurely doing up the Lispenard silver, piece by piece, in paper and stowing it into a leather bag before her.

"If I could only see her face, to know her again, I might go back for Maurice," Nerine thought in impotent rage. But she would hear me! She'd be gone by the time we got back, and so would the silver!"

She peered determinedly through the crack. She wronged Jones for once; the woman was alone; Nerine was certain she had never seen her before. Heavens! how fast her own silver was going into that bag!

"I will get it from that beast! I'm sure I can." She felt her own strong young wrists and looked at the fat, dumpy hands of the thief. Suddenly she shrank back from the tell-tale light which came through the crack of the door; she flattened her strong young physique in its dark dress against the wall; the strange woman had left the table and come to the door where Nerine stood.

For a moment she gazed absently into the dark room.

"There! I'm about ready," she remarked, calmly. "When Clarence comes back he'll find I've not forgotten much, especially when he's blamed for it, as I pray he will be! I'll go and put on my bonnet now and be off from this place for good. He might drop in on me any day."

She turned back into the sitting-room and went into the dressing-room adjoining. The bedroom where she must have been sleeping was, as Nerine well knew, behind that again.

A bold plan came into the girl's head. Oh, for one instant of time to execute it! With quick fingers she slipped off her long silk skirt.

On a table in the room where she was lay a collection of Canadian stones and minerals. If she could only find them in the dark!

It would never do for Nerine to bear off the bag bodily. In the first place, she could not get it out of the window, and then the woman might seize her as she was trying the complicated catch of the balize door. Somehow she shuddered at the thought of a bodily struggle with a woman like the one so near her. No; it must be the min-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

and I know younger children than I, told me things that a grown person should not know and things that I had never heard in the city schools.

Ignorance and bashfulness among country children is mistaken by most people for innocence and the city child by coming in contact with people more and knowing more of current events, naturally seems more precocious than a child should and so the general opinion is that city children are too "knowing" and the country children are innocent.

I dislike hearing a child bring forth his opinions when older people are talking but parents should teach their children to learn all they can, and until they are of a proper age to take part in discussions "to be seen and not heard."

I am twenty-two years of age and have been married only a little over a year and as I have gotten most of my household hints from COMFORT I have none to offer.

I hope our country sisters will not take great offense to George's and my opinion but will take more interest in their children's morals and not so much in money making. That is the cause of the depravity among the children for they are just left to "grow" as Topsy did.

Wishing Mrs. Wilkinson and the COMFORT sisters success, I remain,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I am writing my first letter to one of the most helpful departments in COMFORT. I am very much interested in the sisters' letters and get a good deal of advice from them.

Mrs. Pete's letter especially interested me. If I were Mrs. Pete, I would try and get my husband interested in my friends by having more of them visit at my home. Perhaps your friends are not to his liking. Why not invite more of his friends to your house? Perhaps when you visit and have your good times, the things you do and talk about do not interest him. If I were she I would try to go where my husband liked to go or entertain at home. Many women would like to go to a chance to stay at home with their husbands.

The letter of Miss Evangeline Doble was interesting and I agree with her about not remarrying after divorce.

I would like to say a word or two about reading. I think that people should try to read the best of books. Don't we read enough of crime and misery in the newspapers without reading the cheap dime novels? I admit that they are sometimes interesting. They cannot hold your attention long and soon after you have read it, you forget it. While if you read good literature, you can recall the main characters and incidents. I think Mary Johnston's books are very good and I am sure everyone who has read "Janice Meredith" by E. L. Ford enjoyed it. The good libraries in the cities enable one to read the best of books without purchasing them. In Washington, there are two fine libraries, the Congressional with its millions of books and the Carnegie Library.

Lately I have been keeping a list of books I have read and that I want to read. Will not the sisters who remember some book that they especially liked, please tell me about it in this column.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, I remain,

"FRANCES MAE."

Frances Mae. There is a good deal of sound, common sense in your advice to Mrs. Pete; but the subject is still open for the opinion of others. A discussion of worth-while books seems to be one of the best ways of helping each other, and I am glad you started the ball rolling by mentioning some of your favorite books and authors. People living in remote country districts cannot of course, take advantage of free libraries to such an extent as city dwellers but they can start a library of their own; and particularly if there are children in the home would I advise this for the cultivation of the reading habit is one means of keeping children and young folks home more, and really books are not so very expensive when you stop to consider the advantages and results obtained. A dictionary, a set of reliable encyclopedias, a few historical and scientific books and a set of nature studies are a great help to school children, and everyone else in fact, and make a fine beginning for a library, but don't confine yourself too closely to books of that sort as fiction of the right kind is as necessary to all-round mental growth. Let the boys make a bookcase, and encourage both girls and boys to buy their own books with money they earn, only let the choice rest with them, though it may be well to start them in the right direction by a few words of advice or warning, carefully given, so they won't realize it.—Ed.

POST, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORTS:

I am not a bit frightened over the terrible consequences Miss Scott seems to think will overtake those of us who have let our children believe in dear old mythical Santa (sometimes folks stand up so straight they fall over backwards). My children are all grown; big, hearty, frank-faced, truthful men who don't hesitate to tell me the best mother in the world a regular bear hug with a kiss; they know I am not a liar. I'm truly sorry for anyone who is without imagination.

In my opinion to whip a child to make it say its prayers would be very wrong. A friend of mine made her little son go to Sunday school every Sunday, rain or shine as long as she had authority over him, then he stopped and will not attend either church or Sunday school. We often took our lunch and went out in the woods by the river and spent Sunday, although our oldest son was organist in Sunday school and missed only two Sundays in two years. I don't think it hardly fair, he should have had a Sunday off occasionally.

I prefer the city school to the country; the best teachers do not always like to go into the country, although they sometimes do. But where I live, we are fifty miles from a railroad, people live from one mile to three apart and very few children, about three bachelors to every family. Often though teachers are holding down a homestead and also teaching at the same time.

We are living on a three hundred and twenty-acre homestead in central Oregon. This part and eastern Oregon are as different from western and southern Oregon as the two latter parts of the country mentioned is different from Iowa. The winters here are dry and cold, with snow. There it is warm with much rain. This is a stock country but as it is being settled up will gradually work into agriculture. They raise wheat, oats, barley, rye and alfalfa and fine vegetables of the hardy varieties. There are about four thousand feet elevation, some much higher; the mountains are covered with pine timber mostly, hardly any underbrush, it is like riding through a park (I enjoy horse-back riding as thoroughly as I did at eighteen.) In western Oregon the Douglas fir is the principal timber, but there is also much cedar, hemlock, spruce and pine, also a thick growth of undergrowth. There are numerous cold springs and the running streams. Here the springs are tramped into mud by the stock, not many running streams. One from western Oregon misses the fruits and flowers. Fruit can be grown here but few have planted. People do not visit much, the stranger not at all, as a rule they are unwelcome as the coming of the homesteader means the closing up of the open range whereby those earlier settlers have made their stake.

Woman suffrage will yet be universal, the sooner the better. Some talk as though the act of voting would change a woman's nature, after once voting she would be entirely different; as for time, the most time anyone could possibly put in would certainly not be over twenty minutes. I think I was about ten minutes. One thing I do know in my home town the women who worked against Woman Suffrage were on hand to vote when they had a chance; two women who were especially bitter against the measure acted as judges on the election board. Sometimes I "kinder" think these women should have waited about five years before they could cast a ballot.

I expect it is time for me to quit, and I am sure I will get into trouble over this call, and I am my first one. We are homesteading here; thought while Uncle Sam's land was going we would get our share. Fifty miles from a railroad is quite a ways but we have auto stages and daily mail. We are thirty miles to the nearest town. "No place to go but out. No where to come but in."

To me every one who writes, whether old or young is good looking. I pay no attention to description, I was a "gramma" at forty-five. The "children and their paw" think I'm good looking any way. If anyone wants a description I will give it should I ever call again. I am a native Oregonian. Mother was born in Illinois, her name was Veatch, father, Hamilton Wallace in Missouri.

Best wishes to all.

FRANCES E. MORSE.

ARKANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Will you admit a little Arkansas girl into your happy circle? I have seen several letters from the Great Bear state but never one from this part. My mother and other members of the family have been subscribers to COMFORT since I was a small child. I have always enjoyed reading the cousins' letters and Uncle Charlie's witty answers but have never before become much interested in the Sisters' Corner.

I certainly agree with "Mossback" and "California Voter" in regard to Woman Suffrage. I think that every intelligent woman should have the right to help make the laws whereby she must abide and rear her family. The women of Arkansas have not yet been given the right to vote, but the day is coming, and very soon too, when we will stand side by side with the men in making our laws.

George, I certainly do not agree with you in your opinions of country life. I am a little country girl, being born and reared in the country and I thank God for that blessing, for such I certainly consider it. I think a child reared in the country is by far better fitted to meet and bear the responsibilities of life. One never knows what misfortune is in store for them. The boy or girl on the farm can acquire a good, practical education if they will only make use of their time in our country schools. We have a great free school system in Arkansas. A child can attend the free school from the age of six to twenty-two; and while our boys and girls are getting their practical education they can easily work at farming, dairying, stock raising and many other things whereby they can earn money for a high school, business college or college education. They can do this during vacation time.

We have our county health officer who comes out and visits our country schools and sees that they are perfectly sanitary in every way. The individual drinking cup is in use all over Polk county.

I hardly think it depends on where the child lives as to its innocence. It depends wholly on how the child is reared. For when you hear a child talking indecently you may know that he has heard older people talking the same way or has heard older children who have heard it from their elders. Sister, is your city so clean that your children will never hear a vulgar word or an oath? If so, methinks every one will be moving to that city.

The general opinion of the world is that country life is the cleanest, purest, most upright life to be lived. The young men of our country all say, "Give me the country girl, raised by one of the South's dear, old-fashioned mothers." They say the city girls know very little about caring for a home and they do not, as a rule, make suitable companions.

As for nature, I have been making a study of it, for is it not a gift from our Creator?

There are six of us children and we are all healthy, happy and free. We all have good educations. I am teaching school. Father and mother have tried to raise us to live upright, Christian lives. We are all obedient and have been taught to do all kinds of farm work and our girls can do all kinds of housework. We are very thankful to have never had a case of severe sickness among us.

I trust no one will be vexed with me for my opinions. I always speak my mind freely when I feel it my duty.

I will close by giving a description of myself. I am twenty-four years old, have black hair, dark blue eyes, fair complexion, am five feet, eleven inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty-one pounds.

With love and best wishes to dear Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters,

ARKANSAS SISTER.

Arkansas Sister. While COMFORT's circulation is largely among the country and small town people, there are, a number of subscribers in the cities and I have a feeling that some of the city girls will resent your attitude toward them and come forth with arguments in their own behalf; anyway, all are equally welcome.—Ed.

TOMPKINSVILLE, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Through the kindness of my sister, COMFORT will be sent to me one year and I am very thankful to her for the kindness. I enjoy reading the Sisters' Corner, but never read the stories.

We live in the country and like that life. My husband is a farmer. We raise all kinds of vegetables. He owns an eight H. P. gasoline engine that he uses for grinding corn and drilling wells; also a two H. P. engine that saws wood.

We have never lived in the city and don't think we would care to. I agree exactly with Mrs. Bauer about farm life. I am twenty-nine years old and my husband is twenty-eight. We have been married a little over six years and have three children living, Floyd, Eura and Alene. I enjoy the letters on child training for we are trying to teach ours in the right way, and do hope and pray that they will come and share in the life and grace of Christ. And I believe they will when once they are made to realize

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

hot oven and toast to golden brown; then butter generously. Fill hollowed-out places in toast with the peas and sprinkle the top with finely chopped parsley. Decorate plate with bunches of parsley.

FRIED BANANAS.—Peel and slice the bananas, sprinkle with salt, dip in thin butter and fry in butter. Serve immediately.

Mrs. E. V. DAVIS, Duluth, Minn.

HOT KENTUCKY ROLLS.—Cup of oat flakes scalded with half cup of boiling milk. Let cool, then add third of a cup of molasses, one level tablespoon of butter, one quarter of a cup of yeast and beat five minutes. Thicken with flour to proper stiffness—let rise over night, mold into small rolls and let rise till light. Glaze with white of egg. Bake.

Mrs. E. H. PRATHER, Grandin, N. Dak.

FRUIT CAKE.—Three cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup sour cream, one teaspoon each, cinnamon, allspice, cloves and one half teaspoon nutmeg, one pound raisins, one pound currants, one tablespoon soda dissolved in two thirds cup hot water and flour enough to make batter as stiff as can be stirred. Bake one hour.

A SISTER FROM NEBRASKA.

TWO-EGG ANGEL CAKE.—Scald one cup of milk. Sift one cup of flour, one cup of sugar and three level teaspoons of baking powder together several times, then pour the hot milk over flour, etc. Beat for a minute and then add the beaten whites of two eggs, folded in but do not beat the batter. Add flavor to taste. Bake in moderate oven.

ICEING.—One cup granulated sugar with just enough water to moisten. Boil without stirring until clear. Have ready a cup of one egg, stiffly beaten and pour the boiling syrup slowly over the egg, beating constantly.

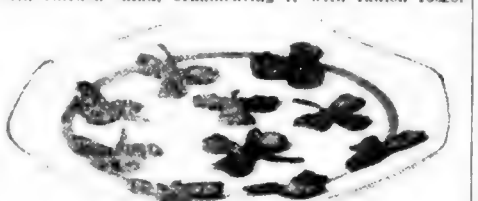
Mrs. N. M. OAKES, Kelseyville, Cal.

SPICED FRUIT CAKE.—Four eggs, one cup brown sugar, one cup molasses, two cups milk, one cup raisins, one quarter pound chopped citron, two cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon allspice, one teaspoon cinnamon and one teaspoon vanilla.

CORN-STARCH CAKE.—Four eggs, two cups pulverized sugar, one half cup corn-starch, one cup butter, one cup sweet milk, three cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder and two teaspoons lemon extract.

GRACE J. SCHULTZ, Wichita, Ill.

ST. PATRICK SALAD.—Surround a paper case with crepe paper tying it with green ribbon; inside fill it with chicken salad, ornamenting it with radish roses.



ST. PATRICK SALAD.

The potatoes can be cut in the form of a shamrock and fried as shown in illustration.

MARY NORTHEED, Salem, Mass.

BRAN GEMS.—One and one third cup sour milk, one cup bran, one cup sugar, one cup whole wheat flour, one level teaspoon soda, one tablespoon melted lard and a dash of salt. This makes eight gems.

Mrs. CHESTER FERRELL, Seattle, Wash.

SWEET CRACKERS.—(Requested).—Three cups sugar, one cup lard, one cup sweet milk, two eggs and two ounces baking ammonia. Dissolve ammonia in one cup of boiling water, add a pinch of salt, mix stiff with flour; roll thin, cut in squares and bake in a hot oven.

Mrs. ADDIE STAGGS, Seymour, Iowa.

how great a blessing they are missing by staying away. We are Baptists, and by living the gospel ourselves we best advertise its worth to others, in one way or another. The professor of Christ's religion ought to make it known to his fellowmen and then if it is rejected they will not be to blame. We are responsible for results but for our own work but we should give our best.

I agree with Mrs. Lovelace on the idea of starting a bank account for the children. We began giving Floyd all our pennies when he was one year old and now he has over three dollars. His uncle gave him one dollar and we mean to put that in the bank in his own name.

We have an organ and a banjo and we all dearly love music, but the sweetest songs on earth to me are the old-fashioned songs that father and mother sang long ago, such as "The Old-time Religion"—it can't be beat—and "Home, Sweet Home." That word touches every fiber of the soul and strikes every chord of the human heart with its angelic tone. To the child, home is his world, he knows no other—the father's love, the mother's smile, the sister's embrace and the brother's welcome. Home is the spot where the child pours out his complaints and is the grave of all his sorrows.

To the sister who writes about her little boy refusing to say his prayers I will say that my little boy, when three years old, never failed to say his prayers but after a while he tired of it. Of course I wanted him to keep on but I waited and did not scold and now he always says them. He often says, "Mamma, sing about the prints of the nails in his hand." Mothers, let's tell them more about Jesus.

If there are any taking COMFORT who knew me as Ada Grinstead, please let me hear from them through COMFORT.

Yours lovingly,

Mrs. ADA COMBS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: As I have been silent about four years I thought I would come again. I wish to thank all the sisters for the many letters received from them and the contribution I was able to establish between the "home folks" and those of the great West.

I do not want to be pessimistic but I wish to express my ideas and then in return get ideas from others. The person who always gets information from others and never gives any in return is selfish, I think.

I was one of eleven children, and we were raised on a little farm so I know that economy was necessary in our home. Now I am the proud mother of four children, Ella Valden, eight years; Lucy Verona, five years; Elvira Jane, three years, and Arla Evelyn, sixteen months old. A few years ago I conceived the idea of the savings bank as being a good thing in favor of thrift and a menace against extravagance. I adopted the following plan in our home, as we are located about eight miles from the nearest bank.

1. I provide my children with a suitable place to keep their money—a little bank or purse.

2. I do not permit them to spend their money for trifles.

3. When anything is necessary for the welfare of the children my husband and I buy it out of our savings.

4. When amount is realized sufficient to draw interest, deposit same in bank for them.

We have become a nation of spendthrifts. Twelve millions of our people are in absolute poverty. Many millions more are barely "keeping the wolf from the door." Our children must be taught not only to make money but to save it. Switzerland leads the world in frugality now, and if I am correctly informed, our country ranks as the fifteenth.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all.

Mrs. ESTELLA DAHMER.

Mrs. Dahmer. Your four rules are admirable, but why not add a fifth one—that of teaching your children, girls and boys, how to spend money. It is a good plan to give the child an allowance and out of this expect him, or her, to buy some of the little things they actually need. The chances are good that the child will be a living example of "a fool and his money" and spend the entire allowance for something foolish and be obliged to get along the rest of the week, or month, on thoughts of what he might have bought had he stopped to consider before making his first purchase. The lesson will seem bitter, to the child, but in the end it invariably teaches them the worth of money.—Ed.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have long been a reader of the sisters' letters though I have never written before. Soon after coming West I subscribed for the paper from the good old "Pine Tree State." I enjoy the whole of the paper and have found many recipes and suggestions that have been a help to me.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

ECONOMY

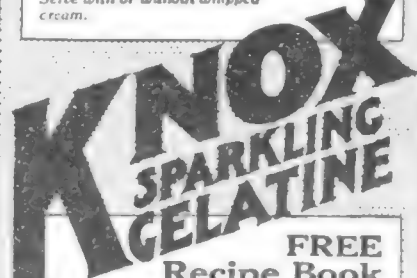
Each package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine will make enough jelly to serve twenty people, or it is so easily measured that one can make an individual dish.

Mrs. Charles B. Knox, President

KNOX ORANGE JELLY

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 4 cup cold water five minutes, and dissolve in 2 cups boiling water. Add 1 cup of sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add 1 cup orange juice and 2 tablespoons lemon juice and strain through cheese cloth into molds first dipped in cold water, and chill.

NOTE—If desired, add fresh or canned fruit or chopped nuts when making. Serve with or without whipped cream.



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CORN-MEAL FISH BALLS.—Two cups corn-meal mush, one cup shredded codfish, one egg, and one tablespoon of butter. Soak the fish to remove salt and pick into small pieces (unless you use the shredded kind that comes prepared) and mix with the mush, egg and butter and make into balls. Roll them in corn-meal and fry in hot lard until brown.

THELMA KING, House, N. Mex. BAKED HAM.—Place a thick slice of ham, any one and one half or two inches, in pan and sprinkle a thin layer of brown sugar and a little ground clove over the top. Put two thirds of a cup of water in the pan and bake one hour in a medium oven.—Ed.

WELSH RABBIT.—Melt two tablespoons butter and add one tablespoon flour, one half teaspoon mustard, and a little salt. Mix all together well and add one cup milk. When thoroughly heated add one cup cheese, cut in small pieces. Just before taking from fire, add one egg, well beaten. Serve hot on toast or crackers.—Ed.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one and one half cups flour, one egg, three heaping teaspoons of cocoa, one third cup butter, one cup sour milk and one teaspoon soda. Use vanilla flavoring if desired.—Ed.

SWEET CREAM CAKE.—Break two eggs into a cup and fill cup with sweet cream. Beat well with egg beater. Add one cup sugar and beat again. Then add one and one half cups sifted flour to which has been added one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar and one half teaspoon salt and a little vanilla. Beat well and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.—Ed.

MACAROON CREAM AND PEACHES.—When dissolved, strain, cool and add one cup of pound-macaroons, one teaspoon of vanilla and stir until it begins to thicken, then add whites beaten stiff and dry. Put in a mold to harden, and serve with whipped cream, slices of peaches and macaroons.

COCONUT COOKIES.—(Requested).—One and one half cups sugar, one scant cup butter, one half cup milk, two eggs, one teaspoon baking powder, one cup coconut, one half teaspoon vanilla and flour to roll.

MISS HILMA HANSON, Marshalltown, Iowa.

MISS HANSON. Yes, indeed, send any and all recipes you think would be helpful to the sisters.—Ed. HORSERADISH.—Mix together thoroughly one small tablespoon of melted butter, or if preferred, olive oil, and one of mixed mustard, two of horseradish, one of vinegar, and a dessertspoon of vinegar and a little salt.

PEANUT BREAD.—One cup chopped, browned peanuts, one half cup sugar, two and one half cups flour, two rounded teaspoons baking powder, one egg, well beaten, one cup or enough sweet milk to make a stiff dough. Pinch of salt. Bake forty minutes.

Mrs. P. S. HENDRY, Loxley, "Fair Acres," Ala. DEVILED EGGS.—Boil six eggs hard, remove shells, cut the eggs in halves and remove yolks, and fill whites with a mixture made by chopping two large pickles with one medium-sized onion, one teaspoon melted butter, one tablespoon vinegar, salt and pepper and the yolks of the eggs. Place on lettuce leaves and serve.

Mrs. R. W. WILLIAMS, Llano, Texas. CHICKEN IN JACKETS.—Bake eight large potatoes in the oven until well done, cut off one end and scoop out the insides without breaking the jacket, and put in a bowl. Season with salt and pepper, add a large lump of butter, yolks of two eggs, one cup and a half of minced white of chicken, and four or five tablespoons of thick cream. Mix well, fill jackets and put in a bake pan and bake ten or fifteen minutes. Cover top with hard-boiled eggs and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

FANNIE W. TIDD, New York, N. Y. LEMON SHERBET.—One pound of granulated sugar, one teaspoon Granulated Sparkling Gelatine, one quart water and one cup lemon juice. Boil water and sugar together twenty minutes; add the gelatine, softened in one quarter cup cold water; strain and when cold add one cup lemon juice; freeze.

MISS FRANCES VORZEKA, Lyons, Texas. TOMATO JELLY.—One can of tomatoes or in season use eight medium-sized tomatoes. Dissolve one quarter box of Granulated Sparkling Gelatine in one half cup cold water. Pass tomatoes through sieve to remove seeds. Season with pepper and salt and pour over gelatine, while hot, juice of one lemon. Pour in mold and set away to cool. When firm, garnish with lettuce leaves or parsley and serve with mayonnaise dressing. Individual molds may be used.—Ed.

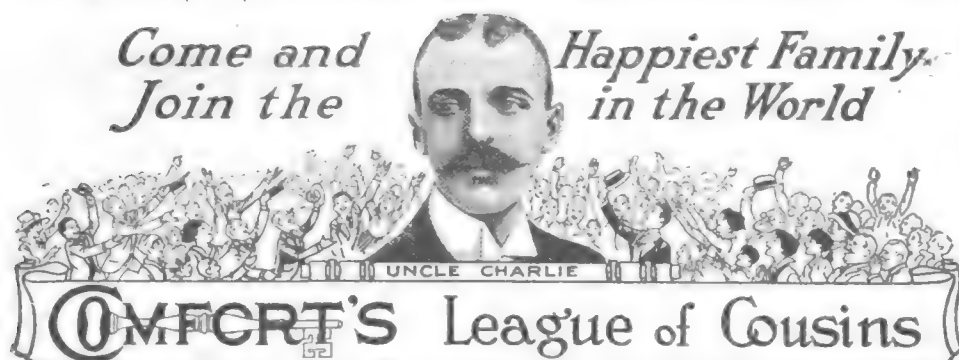
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To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League.
NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

THERE is a great howl in this country about free speech. It is the most precious possession we have and is guaranteed by the constitution; but the American people do not believe in free speech, and for that matter scarcely a living soul believes in free speech. When people talk about free speech it just means this and nothing more: They believe that their ideas and their views should be aired from the house-tops the world over, but if anyone starts to talk and give vent to ideas that conflict with theirs, they'll throw bricks at his head and shut him up.

There are scores of subjects I would like to discuss in the columns of COMFORT, but if I were to thrust out all the things I am fairly aching to touch upon, I would lose Mr. Gannett half his subscription list in a month. If a man wants to give vent to opinions that conflict with generally accepted ideas about politics, religion and economics, he has to cut loose and start a newspaper of his own, and draw around him those who are in sympathy with those views. There are scores of papers in this country devoted to exploiting this or that particular "ism," and this or that particular brand of religion, and all have their little axes out for the other fellow whose "ism" or religious views differs from theirs. The adherents of these various "isms," clans, bugs and sects, want me to endorse and air their views and knock the stuffing out of all the other fellows. They are all great for free speech, as long as you don't hit any of their pet beliefs. Place however, an impious finger on their idols and they behave like painted savages.

We ought to be able to talk freely about the war in this country, but it can't be done, at least not in a household publication. No one unless he is an ignorant nut who does not know that he is alive, and whose brain has turned to soup is really neutral as far as this war in Europe is concerned. The man who says he doesn't care which side wins writes himself down as a boob and a saphend. No real man ever was or ever can be neutral where right or wrong are in conflict.

There are a lot of people in Europe who don't know what they are fighting for, because they have been content to accept the opinions of others without investigating or have been willfully misinformed and kept in ignorance of the true issues at stake. The masses on both sides fervently believe that their cause is the right one and that the other fellow was the aggressor and not they. That is the tragedy of it all, the inability to get the truth to those who have been willfully deceived, and willfully lied to, so that kings may continue their rule of despotism and poor boobies may shed their blood in order that parasites and loafers may live in idleness. If I were president of this great country I would call a Congress of all the neutral nations, and I would ask the warring nations to send their ablest men to lay before the Congress their side in this great world struggle. I would have a supreme court of nations and I would give every combatant a chance to be heard, a chance to put his cards on the table, and I would let the court decide just who it was that deliberately started this hellish murderfest. The findings of the court should be placed in the hands of every nation, especially the warring nations. The blame should be placed squarely where it belongs and the nation or nations that are at fault should be ostracized, cut off entirely from the family of nations for a certain number of years. You will say it is wrong to punish a whole nation for the sins of its rulers, but as each nation fervently believes that its rulers are in the right, and that the cause of those exploiting parasites is their cause, then they are equally guilty with their rulers, and must be ostracized and punished until they come to their senses. They should be dead to all the rest of the world until they have done penance for their crimes. We punish murderous individuals, we should punish murderous nations. America should be the champion of mankind, the guardian of liberty. President Wilson has voiced some very beautiful sentiments about our duty to mankind, how we should be ever ready to uphold right, righteousness and democracy the world over. All our presidents and presidential candidates, politicians and statesmen get these fine sounding phrases off their chests, especially around election time and the mobs howl with delight, but all this talk is the veriest buncombe. There is not an atom of sincerity at the back of it. Of course our big men would like to do all sorts of fine things, at least a few of them would, but at the best a president has never more than half the nation behind him, and not more than a quarter of that half will be ready to back him up in any worth-while world policy. To become the champions of mankind would mean having one nation with but a single thought, a hundred million people whose hearts throbbed as one, and that kind of nation we haven't got. With a nation of that kind at his back, instead of millions of howling, shrieking, cursing critics, the president could do wonders. But to do anything fine and big we must have people with big, world-wide ideas, and where pray shall we find them? When the women who toured the country recently on behalf of one of the presidential candidates, got home, they were a much more sober and wiser bunch than when they started. They found even in a great city like Minneapolis, people were almost entirely interested in local politics, and in the majority of places they visited, they said that all the election excitement, or ninety per cent of it, centered around the election of a pound master; some local dough-head whose business it is to gather in stray dogs, hogs and other ferocious wild animals of that type. If our capital were in the middle of the country instead of the edge of it, in Omaha instead of Washington, we might be able to begin to talk nationally, and think nationally instead of to think in terms of hog, and dog pounds. The women said it was practically impossible to find anybody who could think and talk along national lines. Now if you can't talk and think nationally, it is utterly impossible to think and talk internationally. For all internationalism is based on nationalism. The first must precede the second, and if nationalism is not sustained by force of arms if necessary, there can be no internationalism, and without internationalism there can be no world brotherhood, no hope of placing the interests of humanity above the interests of the individual and the state.

So you see our chance of doing something big for our warring brothers and our weaker brothers is mighty small. You can't reason, argue or talk with men whose passions are at the murder point, and neither can you with nations. Some far-seeing men realize this and have started a World League to Enforce Peace. That will mean that every nation that has a grudge against another will have to come into court and air its grudge and grievances before it will be allowed to go and kick the other fellow's lights out, and the League of Peace is determined that any nation that starts fighting contrary to its wishes and mandates will find all the other nations of the world arrayed against it and ready to jump on its back. Uncle Sam ought to be the chief judge in that Supreme Court of Humanity and he ought to have a hundred million people at the back of him ready and willing to do the bidding of that court. This world is still full of inhuman savages, too full of the love of conquest and bloodshed, too full of king, emperor, kaiser, czar and mikado lovers and monarchy idolaters, to be swayed in its acts by such altruistic and idealistic institutions as the Hague Peace Tribunal. If that Hague Peace Tribunal had had behind it a league of all the democratic nations of the world, a fighting as well as gab and talk league, the international agreements made by that league would have been kept, and there would have been no war. Andrew Carnegie made one very sensible remark when he said there were certain nations in the world that intended to have peace even if they had to fight for it. Now just as soon as we can get more nations who are ready to fight for peace than are ready to indulge in war for war's sake and the territory that conquest brings, we shall have world peace, and not until then. If there is any benighted idiot, male or female in this wide world who thinks that peace is to be got in any other way, especially by the cowardly process of backing down and eating crow, and pussy footing around, simpering platitudes and turning the other cheek to be smitten, and lifting the other coat tail to be kicked, and bleating like silly geese, "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier" or "my girl to be a mother," or flapping geese wings and chortling "He kept us out of war," and other yawns of pin head, vacuous, craven, impractical, dog pound minds, they are woefully mistaken. This is a world of iron and steel, a world of brute, beast force. It is a world of blood, murder and lawlessness. Look at our own record of nearly a thousand murders a month if you want proof of this. Force controls and the only thing that can dominate force is superior force. We have the material in this country to provide the superior force, but it would need a national spirit, a national organization, military, social, industrial and spiritual, to make that force (righteous in conception, altruistic and idealistic in spirit) conquer all the forces of evil and bring peace to a stricken world. All good men and women who love God and pattern their lives after His Son, the Christ, want peace and brotherhood. But to get these precious things, as the world is constituted today, they must first demonstrate they are ready if need be to fight for them.

Last month we celebrated Washington's birthday. Washington admonished us to observe faith and justice. We should heed his advice and be ready to support with all the strength at our command, the cause of justice the world over, and that would mean we can never be neutral when right and wrong are in conflict. As one writer puts it "Justice is not a mere negation, it is a positive, affirmative force and involves active duties as well as passive rights." James M. Beck, one of the greatest publicists of this generation, a man who has written a book which gives the keenest analytical study of the causes of this great war that has yet been published, has recently been on the battle fronts of Europe. In a recent speech he made some statements so forceful, illuminating and interesting that I feel it my duty to bring them to your attention. He says it would serve no useful purpose at this time to analyze the attitude of the different groups of nations toward this country at the present hour. It is enough to say that one group of nations has for his country an intense feeling of resentment and hatred, other groups of nations feel that "with humanity on the cross, America has contented itself like the Roman soldiers with parting the raiment of the crucified."

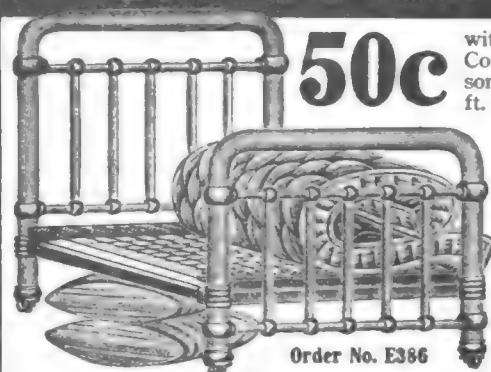
"The lesser neutral powers have a sense of bitter disillusion and disappointment in the feeling that they look to this greatest of neutral powers for leadership to protect the interests of neutrals and looked in vain. The world is not likely to forget that we of all nations willingly or unwillingly have found enormous prosperity in the misery and suffering of other nations. To every thinking American the possibilities of this situation ought to fill us with apprehension, but our country through its traditions of isolationism (provincial means narrow, local, dog poundy) that only a minority in America pays any attention to the gathering clouds which though they be at the present moment no bigger than a man's hand, may yet one day overcast the heavens. The man who believes that this will be the last war is an incurable optimist. On the contrary it is in my judgment only the beginning of a series of titanic conflicts. Over ravaged fields, newly made graves and desolated homes, the belligerent powers are likely at least for half a century to gaze at each other with irreconcilable hatred. In my judgment therefore, the world is likely to be a seething of international hatred for some decades to come, and it will be difficult and perhaps impossible for the United States to escape in the future from the entanglements of this world crisis. In this portentous period to come America will have need of the wisest and greatest unity of action. . . . This is the time when America should put aside all minor difficulties and endeavor to act in this world conflict with reasonable unity of action? And yet instead of such unity our country is drifting into a menacing spirit of disunion in the strife between sections and classes."

President Wilson made a statement recently that probably few of you noticed or heeded. He said, and for once he was a true prophet, that this was the last great war in which the United States could remain neutral. That means that when the next great war comes along we shall be in it and if we are in it and don't want to be spanked into a pulp and wiped off the face of the earth, we had better prepare ourselves for the storm and be ready to meet it and repel it. The military forces of the world from now on (and nearly everyone is agreed on this point) will be divided into two great groups, and there is little doubt that circumstances which we shall be powerless to control, will for the sake of our own preservation, ultimately force us into one or other of these groups, for no nation is powerful enough in these days to stand alone.

There are two great ideas fighting for mastery in this world today, the democratic, republican idea, as opposed to the monarchical, autocratic, medieval idea of government by accidents of birth, otherwise kings, sacreligious fanatics who claim to rule by divine right, and who claim too to be responsible to God alone for their actions. England had a king who made such claims, and the people promptly cut off his head. That was nearly three hundred years ago. Today whatever democracy we enjoy we owe to that act of the British people, under the leadership of the great Commoner, Oliver Cromwell. A hundred years or so later, the French people cut off the head of Louis the Sixteenth, another divine right parasite. That made France a liberty loving, democratic nation forever. Unfortunately other European nations lacked the revolutionary spirit shown by Britain and France, and permitted their arrogant rulers to put the divine right bluff over on them, and they are standing for that kind of rot and dying to maintain that kind of sacreligious piffle at this very moment, hundreds of years after other nations had canned that kind of bunk. And understand this, until all nations the world over can their kings liberty and freedom won't be worth a song unless you are ready to fight for them. If the divinely appointed monarchies win in this world struggle, good by to the United States and all it stands for. If the democratic idea triumphs we can have a Court of Nations and a league to enforce peace. Benjamin Lie Wheeler, one of our most prominent men, writing in the Evening Mail recently said: "The League to Enforce Peace offers so far as I can see the only practical plan for lessening the chances of war in the future. The plan however will be vain even with the support of our national government except as we stand strong enough to command a hearing. The plain straightforward path to follow should be a national plan for universal training. If we are known to have at our command seven or eight million men who have received initial training and know where their places in the ranks are and where there is grease for their gun locks, our opinions and desires regarding peace will be in vain a hearing, otherwise our efforts will be in vain."

The ideas of Mr. Beck and Mr. Wheeler are

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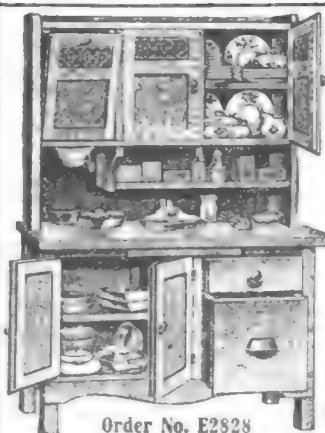
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The ideas of Mr. Beck and Mr. Wheeler are

those that prevail among progressive, far-seeing leaders of thought the country over. We must then be ready to support justice, not as an abstract principle, but as an active force the world over. Instead of trying to divide the garment of the crucified we must bind up their wounds. We must bring peace to a warring world, and build up the homes war has shattered, and provide money and material to do the job. That will lessen old world hatred of us and that will give us a chance to try and lessen the deadly hatred that exists between those who have been destroying each other. Then if we gather as many nations as we possibly can around us, as many as are ready and willing to back up with force, if necessary, the League to Enforce Peace the dreadful prospect of future terrible wars will in all probability be happily averted. A course of this kind means life, vitality and honor to this nation. Any other course as Mr. Beck rightly says means spiritual death. To accomplish this does not mean the shedding of blood, but the shedding of narrow, foolish, selfish, childish, craven, provincial, hog pound, dog pound ideas. We must think nationally. We must have a vision, something at present the vast masses of our people have not got; and where there is no vision, the people perish. America must live, it must not perish and you who read this must breathe new life into the "veins of this nation." Consecrate yourselves to your country's service. Remember, no man can be free in this world and no man has a right to be free until he has fitted himself to fight efficiently for his freedom, and if he fits himself to fight he will never have to fight. Christ is called the Prince of Peace, I prefer to call Him The Prince of Righteousness. A slave can have peace, but only the strong can have justice and righteousness.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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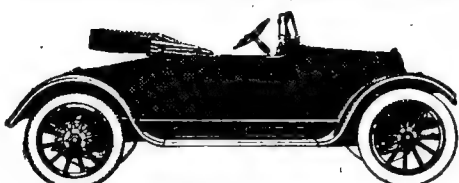
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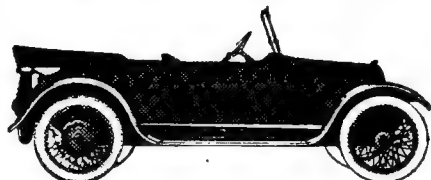
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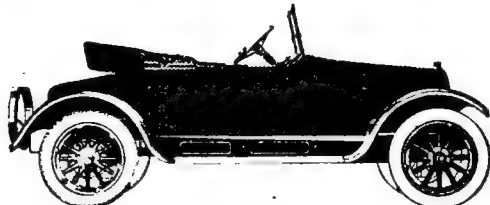
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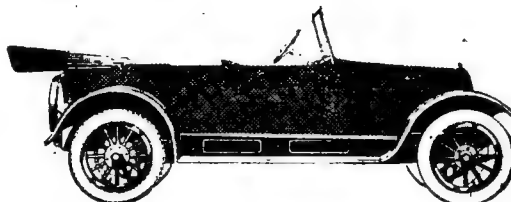
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By Mary Harrod Northend

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IT is the wise woman who, when wishing to try out a venture in flower raising confines her efforts to one kind, realizing that anything that is worth while takes plenty of time to perfect. She must, in order to make it a success, study its habit, the special soil it needs, and the right situation, as well as the best kind for profitable flowering. All of this takes time but it saves in the end. It can be done in odd minutes, while attending to household cares. In this way she keeps herself so well informed that when the season opens she does not have to waste time in useless experiments.

It was a farmer's wife, who succeeded in making a comfortable income by raising sweet peas and this is how she did it. Always fond of outdoor life, and raising flowers she made up her mind that when they moved on to the farm, she would, if possible have a little plot of land that she could call her own. Here she would try out her venture, that is if she could interest her husband to dig up the soil and in odd minutes do the hard work for her.

At the foot of the lane, not far from the kitchen door, was a bit of rocky land, where the sun lay most of the day. It was only ten by fifteen feet but large enough for the first venture. In the late fall, before the hard frost had set in, she had it dug over to a depth of five feet. Over this was spread a thick layer of barnyard manure, although some men or sheep manure would have answered the purpose as well. In order to have early blossoms, in the late winter just before the opening of the spring, she purchased several dozen paper pots. In each one of these she planted some of the seeds, that had been previously soaked to expose embryo. Different varieties were planted, each color by itself, after which the pots were marked in order that they should not be mixed. Any soil she knew was suitable for this growth although a little fertilizer mixed in helps out. They should be set in sunny windows and kept watered, using once a week a diluted liquid manure. It will not be long before tiny green shoots will be seen and by the time the ground is ready for planting they will be several inches in height.

The time of planting varies, with the season. An early spring allows it the middle of March. Trenches should be made about six inches apart. They should be dug to a depth of two and a half feet, and two feet in width. A layer of manure should be placed at the bottom, and thoroughly sprayed with the garden hose in order to settle it. The remainder of the depth can be filled in with equal parts of loam, wood earth and old manure, which should be carefully pressed down. It is now ready to be worked on.

Seeds should be very carefully chosen, purchased from some reliable firm, and for the best results they should not be carried over from season to season. In order to save confusion, and mixing of colors, each one of the trenches should be planted with one variety only.

The seeds should be soaked, or they may need chipping, more especially the darker colored flowers which have extremely thick shells. Furrows, six inches deep, should be made, all along the row, into each one four or five seeds should be planted and covered with two inches of soil. This should be pressed firmly down using for this purpose a two-inch strip of board fastened into a handle. Fine lime should then be sprinkled over the surface, this is a preventive from cutworms which are the sweet peas' worst enemies.

Along each row, plant strong posts ten feet apart, and fasten to them a five foot wire netting. Many people use brush, and string, but it is not as good or as serviceable, for the brush gets torn up and the string rots and becomes broken, requiring constant mending. Then, too, posts may be a little more expensive but when once firmly planted, more especially if they are cedar posts, will last for years.

A separate bed adjoining the main bed was dug over for the paper pots. It was much smaller, being only six feet long and four in width. The manner of planting was much the same as that of the seed—and they can, if you like, be set out at intervals from the middle of March until the first of May, so that there will be a succession of bloom before the main bed has commenced to flower. The plants should be set out five or six inches apart as space counts for strong growth. The value of paper pots is shown, in the fact that they do not have to be disturbed. The exterior melting away giving the plant more chance to come in contact with the soil.

When the plants are once up, they require very

little care, except an occasional stirring of the soil so that it shall not become caked around them, and they should be abundantly watered twice every week, every other time with liquid manure. If the plants do not become as vigorous as one wishes, a small quantity of nitrate of soda should be dug in on either side of the trench six inches away from the vine and great care should be taken that it does not touch them.

The enemies which one has to combat in the growing of sweet peas are aphids and mildew. As the remedy for the former use tobacco emulsion, and for the latter, a dusting of soot before flowering and once a month afterwards. They are easy to grow, take little time and care, and provide a wealth and variety of fragrant blossoms all summer long.

If you wish more vigorous plants when they are about three inches high, the tops should be pinched, put in order to have the lateral growth stronger, and if extra large flowers are desired, an additional watering with liquid manure should be given. This is made by dissolving sheep or cow manure with water.

The sweet pea is as a German doctor writes, "A thankful flower," and is thankful for even a slight attention. They should never be allowed to go to seed, and to keep it at its best the vine should be thoroughly gone over every morning, for in this way only can they be made to blossom continuously for months. The neglect of this duty brings about less bloom, and unhealthy plants.

If you wish to be successful, the flowers should be taken into the house and placed in water in a cool, dark room. If they are sold when they are picked they soon wither, the long stems absorb the water, and keep the blossoms fresh and strong for a very much longer time than if they had been picked and sent away at once.

If they are to be sent any distance they should be treated in this manner, after which they are packed in damp cotton-wool, covered with waxed paper, and put in a box for transportation. Careful attention to these facts never fails to insure their reaching the customer in as perfect a condition as they were when first bought. Treated in this way they are able to be sent long distances, reaching their destination safely.

Twelve years ago, Little was thought of this particular flower. It was considered stiff and inconspicuous. Through careful experiments in developing types to get color variation, they are now "gorgeous," and the color scheme runs through most of the tints of the rainbow. They show a wonderful diversity with the possible exception of deep scarlet, yellows, and pure blues.

A great development in sweet peas have been made possible by cross fertilization. This is especially manifested in the Spencer or Giant Orchid flowering species. The blossoms of this type often measure two inches across, showing huge standards and very large wings, twice the size of the old kind variety. This particular sweet pea comes in many varieties, ranging from white down through orange, scarlet and salmon to blue, purple and maroon. They come in packages varying in cost from five to twenty cents, but are cheaper if bought by the quarter of pound.

For commercial purposes they are very valuable as they are profuse bloomers, and shy seeders, both of which facts are important to flower raisers.

Many of the old varieties cannot be improved upon. The amateur grower, realizes the importance of his previous study when he picks up the catalogues and is not confused by the terms "Grandiflora," "Twin," etc. He has learned what these mean, and whether they are suitable for his purpose or not.

Every grower has to learn from experience as to what kind he prefers, but for white there is nothing better than the King White, the Dorothy Eckford and Nora Tawin. For blue, Flora Nor and Captain of the Blues; for lavender, After Glow, Lady Grisell Hamilton and Frank Dobby. For cream pink, Dobby's Cream and Mrs. Hugh Dixon. For striped and flaked red, use the American Spencer. In addition to these the Dorothy Tenant, the Blanche Ferry, and the Royal Rose are good bloomers, and stand the test, as well as some of the newer varieties.

Some colors are better sellers than others. White is much called for for funerals, as well as lavender. For weddings, pink, and pink and white are the most fashionable, while for birthday parties, pink are most frequently desired.

These rules were carefully carried out by the farmer's wife with such success, that today she is planting a quarter of an acre. The first year of her venture, she cleared only fifty dollars; last year, she had become so well known, through ten years' experience, she cleared over five hundred dollars. The only requisite for making an equally successful venture would have to be knowledge of market, no lowering of standard, and eternal vigilance.

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

at once to her side, a spasm of agony convulsed her beautiful features.

"Oh, Mrs. Weld!" she moaned.
"Hush, child!" said the woman, bending over her and laying a gentle hand upon her head. "It will all come right, so just shut your eyes and try to go to sleep. I am going to stay with you tonight, and nobody else shall come near you. Don't talk before the servants," she added, in a swift whisper close to her ear.

An expression of intense relief swept over the fair sufferer's face at this friendly assurance, and lifting a grateful look to the housekeeper's face, she settled herself contentedly upon her pillow.
Dr. Arthur then drew Mrs. Weld to the opposite side of the room, where he gave her directions for the night and what to do in case the fainting should return—which, however, he said he did not anticipate, as the action of the heart had become normal and the circulation more natural.

A little later he took his leave, after which the housemaids were dismissed and Edith was alone with her friend.

When the door closed after them the girl stretched forth her hands in a gesture of helpless appeal to the woman.

"Oh, Mrs. Weld," she wailed, "must I be bound to that wretch during the remainder of my life? I cannot live and bear such a fate! Oh, what a shameful mockery it was! I felt, all the time, as if I were committing a sacrilege, and yet I never dreamed that I was being used so treacherously!"

The housekeeper sat down beside the excited girl, whose eyes were burning with a feverish light, and who showed symptoms of returning hysteria.

She removed her spectacles, and taking both of those trembling hands in hers, looked steadily into the troubled eyes.

"My child," she said, in a gentle, soothing tone, "you must not talk about it tonight—you must

not even think about it. I have told you that it will all come out right; no man could hold you to such a marriage—no court would hold you bound when once it is understood how fraudulently you had been drawn into it."

"But who is going to be able to prove that it was fraudulent?" questioned Edith with increasing anxiety. "Apparently I went to the altar with that man of my own free will; with all the semblance of sincerity I took those marriage vows upon me and then received the congratulations of all those guests as if I were a real wife. Oh, it was terrible! terrible! terrible!" and her voice arose almost to a shriek of agony as she concluded.

"Hush! not another word! Edith look at me!" commanded Mrs. Weld with gentle but impressive authority.

The young girl, awed to silence in spite of her grief and nervous excitement, looked wonderingly up into those magnetic eyes which almost seemed to betray a dual nature.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Weld, you do not seem at all like yourself," she gasped. "What—who are you?"

"I am your friend, my dear," was the soothing response, "and I am going to prove it, first by forbidding you to refer to this subject again until after you have had a nice, long sleep. Trust me and obey me, dear; I am going to stand by you as long as you need a friend, and I promise you that you shall never be a slave to the man who has so wronged you tonight. Now put it all out of your mind. I do not want to give you an opiate if I can avoid it, for you would not be so well tomorrow after taking it; but I shall have to if you keep up this excitement."

She continued to hold the girl's trembling hands in a strong, protecting clasp, while she still gazed steadily into her eyes, until, as if overcome by a will stronger than her own—her physical strength being well-nigh exhausted—the white lids gradually drooped, the rigid form relaxed, the lines smoothed themselves out of her brow, and she was soon sleeping quietly and restfully.



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When her regular breathing assured the watcher beside her that oblivion had sealed her senses for the time, she bent over her, touched her lips softly to her forehead, and murmured: "Dear heart, they shall never hold you to that wicked ceremony—to that unholy bond! If the law will not cancel it, if they have sprung the trap upon you so cunningly that the court cannot free you, they shall at least leave you in peace and virtually free, and you shall never want for a friend as long as—Gertrude Weld lives," she concluded, a peculiar smile wreathing her lips.

While this strange woman sat in that third-story room and watched her sleeping patient, the hours sped by on rapid wings to the merry dancers below, very few of whom concerned themselves about, or even knew of, the tragic ending of the marriage which they had witnessed earlier in the evening.

But oh, how heavily these hours dragged to one among that smiling throng!

Anna Goddard could scarcely control her impatience for her guests to be gone—for the terrible face to end.

When she saw signs of the ball breaking up she sent an imperative message to her husband to join her, for she knew that it would cause unpleasant remarks if the master of the house should fail to put in an appearance to "speed the parting guest."

But she almost wished, when he came to her side, that she had not sent for him, for he seemed like one who had lost his hold upon every hope in the world, and looked so coldly upon her that she would rather have had him plunge a dagger into her heart.

But the weary evening was over at length—the last guest from outside was gone—the last visitor in the house had retired.

Her husband also had watched his opportunity when she was looking another way, and had slipped out of the room and up-stairs to escape having any complaints or questions from her.

And so Anna Goddard stood alone in her elegant drawing room, a most miserable woman, in spite of the luxury that surrounded her.

Finally, with a weary sigh, the unhappy woman went slowly up-stairs, feeling as if, in spite of the smiles and compliments which she had that evening received, she had not a real friend in the world.

Going to her dressing-case, she began to remove her jewels.

The house was very still—so still that it almost seemed deserted, and this feeling only served to add to the sense of loneliness and desolation that was oppressing her.

Her face was full of pain, her beautiful lips quivered with suppressed emotion as she gathered up her costly treasures in both hands and stood looking at them a moment, thinking bitterly how much money they represented, and yet of how little real value they were to her as an essential element in her life.

She moved toward her casket to put her gems carefully away.

She stood looking down into the box for a minute, then, as if impelled by some irresistible impulse, she laid the priceless stones all in a heap upon the table, when, taking hold of a loop, which had escaped the housekeeper's notice, she lifted the cushion from its place, thus revealing the papers which had been concealed beneath it.

She seized the uppermost one with an eager hand.

"I believe I will destroy it," she mused, "I am afraid there is something more in his desire to possess it than he is willing to admit, for he is so determined to get possession of it."

She half unfolded the document as if to examine it, when a sudden shock went quivering through her frame and a look of amazement over spread her face.

"What can this mean?" she exclaimed, in a tone of alarm, as she dashed it upon the floor and seized another.

This also proved disappointing.
"It was here the last time I looked! I am sure I left it on top of the others!" she muttered, with white lips, as, with trembling hands and heaving bosom, she overturned everything in search of the missing document.

But the most rigid examination failed to reveal it, and, with a cry of mingled agony and anger, she sank weak and trembling upon the nearest chair.

"It is gone!" she whispered, hoarsely; "some one has stolen it!"

She sat there looking utterly helpless and wretched for a few moments.

Then her eyes began to blaze and her lips to twitch spasmodically.

"He has done this!" she cried, starting to her feet once more. "That was why he was absent so long from the ballroom tonight!"

Seizing the papers she had removed from the box, she hastily replaced them, also the cushion, restoring the jewels to their places, after which she shut and locked the casket, taking care to remove the key from its lock.

This done, she hurried from the room, looking more like a beautiful fiend than a woman.

CHAPTER XVII.

"WOULD YOU DARE BE FALSE TO ME, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?"

With her exquisite robe trailing unheeded after her, Anna Goddard swept swiftly down the hall and rapped imperatively upon the door of her husband's room.

There was no answer from within.

She tried the handle. The door would not yield—it was locked on the inside.

"Gerald, are you in bed?" his wife inquired, putting her lips to the crack and speaking low.

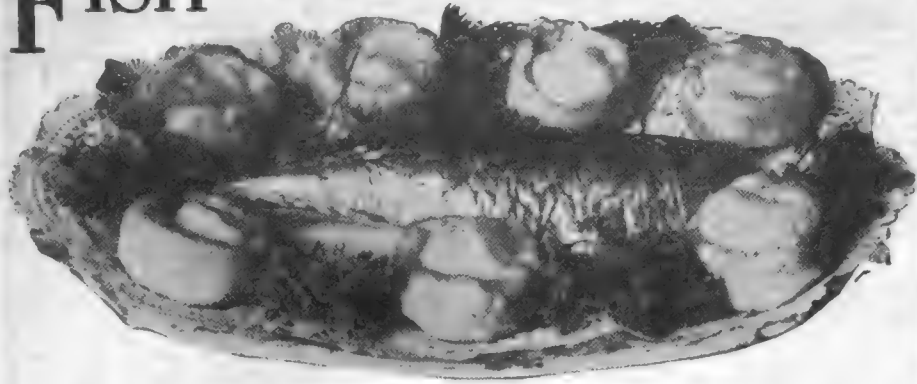
"What do you wish, Anna?" the man questioned.

"I wish to see you—I must speak with you, even if you have retired," she returned, imperatively.

There was a slight movement within the room, then the door was thrown open, and Gerald God-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

FISH—HOW TO SELECT & COOK IT



BAKED SALMON WITH POTATO CASES

By Ella Gordon

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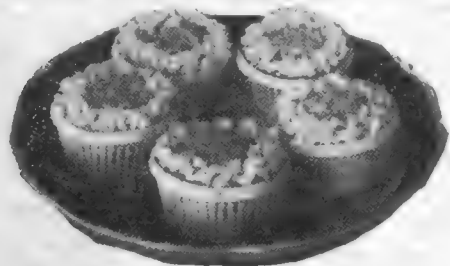
FISH is becoming more and more a valued article of diet, its digestibility more appreciated. The price of meat has advanced till the sensible housewife looks about for a partial substitute and finds it in fish. Its large proportion of nitrogenous material makes it an especially valuable food for those upon whom there are great demands for nervous energy.

Fat fish such as halibut, mackerel, salmon, shad, etc., head the list in nourishment, and should be cooked by baking or broiling.

Small fish such as caught in fresh waters, and the lean of white fish are suitable for frying because they are not oily. Fish should be salted with great care, as the nourishing part is greatly reduced by improper salting.

Fish requires to be eaten when strictly fresh to make a perfect food. Direct contact with ice draws out the juices, therefore fish should be laid in a pan if it is to go on the ice. Dull, sunken eyes indicate that the fish has been kept too long. When washing fish, do it quickly in salted water, not letting it stand wet, but dry with a cloth. The odor is one of the best tests of freshness of fish.

When baking a fish whole, do not remove head and tail, but clean and leave on. Split from the gills down so to remove entrails and scrape clean.



SCALLOPED FISH.

When preparing whole fish to broil, split down the back, clean, wash and wipe dry.

Fillets of fish are thick pieces free from bone. Fish forcemeat is fish finely chopped and pressed through a fine wire sieve before being cooked.

To boil fish, wrap in cheese-cloth, cover with boiling water, and when the fish begins to boil, set it back where it will just simmer. Cook four pounds about thirty minutes.

Steaming is far better than boiling fish as none of the juices are lost. It takes a little longer to steam fish than to boil.

To broil, wash and wipe, lay on well-greased broiler and turn every five minutes over a clear fire. Do not hold too near heat as the oils catch fire and the fish will not cook evenly. Salt and spread well with softened butter.

To fry fish, wash and wipe very dry. Dip in beaten egg seasoned with salt and pepper; then roll in flour, meal or bread crumbs. Use deep fat very hot, as the fish cooks the fat rapidly.

Eat bread and potatoes with fish, and use plenty of butter with the kinds of fish that lack fat. Lemon juice makes a wholesome condiment, and is especially desirable with oysters, clams and lobster.

Baked Salmon with Potato Cases

First read above directions for baking. Clean fish by lightly washing in cold water and wipe dry. Stuff and sew together. Cut gashes three inches apart on both sides and insert strips of salt pork. Rub with cream and salt. Dredge with flour and bake in a hot oven without water. When the flour begins to brown, baste frequently. Remove to a hot platter and surround with potato cases filled with drawn butter sauce flavored with lemon.



SALT CODFISH BALLS.

STUFFING.—To one cup of cracker crumbs, add salt and pepper, a teaspoon of scraped onion, chopped parsley, two teaspoons of chopped sour pickle, four tablespoons of melted butter and one beaten egg.

POTATO CASES.—Pare white potatoes and boil in salted water and drain. Dry by shaking around in kettle on hot part of stove. Put potatoes through masher and season with salt, pepper, butter and enough hot milk or cream

so the potato can be handled. To every three cupsful, add two eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, when potato is partly cooled. Add the yolks first then beat in the whites. Shape first into balls, then flatten top and bottom and scoop out the centers to hold sauce. Put on a pan in a hot oven and bake a golden brown. Fill with sauce just before serving.

DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE.—Melt four tablespoons of butter in a saucepan and add two tablespoons



SARDINES WITH RICE CAKES.

of dry flour. Stir till smooth and hot, then add two cups of boiling water very gradually, stirring all the time. Cook ten minutes slowly, then add as much more butter, salt and pepper and remove from fire. Garnish with parsley.

Baked Finnan-Haddie

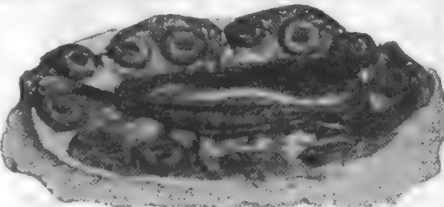
Wash and cover with cold water, letting it stand fifteen minutes flesh side down. Rinse. Put in baking pan (agate preferable), cover with rich milk and bake fifteen to twenty-five minutes, depending on thickness. As the fish takes up the milk, baste occasionally to prevent drying. When done, remove the bone and skin and fold once and lay on platter. Add to the milk in pan enough more to make sufficient gravy. Season with salt and thicken with flour first mixed with a little cold water. Cook five minutes, add butter and pour over fish. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg. Any kind of smoked fish can be cooked this way.

Salt Codfish Balls

Shred one cup of raw salt codfish and put in a saucepan with three cups of raw potato cut in half inch squares. Just cover with boiling water. Stew slowly till potato is tender but not mushy. Drain thoroughly and mash with a fork. Add salt and pepper and two tablespoons of butter and beat with fork till light, and lastly add one well-beaten egg and beat again. Shape in balls and fry in deep fat till brown. Garnish with lettuce leaves.

Scalloped Fish

An appetizing way to use left-overs of fish. Shred cold fish; have ready buttered bread



BAKED FINNAN HADDIE.

crumbs and white sauce and fill shallow cups in alternate layers: first the fish, then sauce and crumbs. Garnish with parsley.

WHITE SAUCE.—Melt three tablespoons of butter but do not brown, and stir in three tablespoons of dry flour making a smooth paste. Add salt and cayenne pepper and one and one half cups of hot milk. Cook eight minutes slowly, stirring constantly.

Sardines with Rice Cakes

Hard boil six eggs and with a fork mash the yolks. Bone one and one half the amount of sardines and mix with egg yolks. Finely chop the egg whites, add four tablespoons of chopped pickles, two tablespoons of lemon juice, one tablespoon of table sauce, pepper and salt. With a fork toss all together till thoroughly mixed with the sardines and yolks. Heap in the center of serving plate and surround with hot rice cakes.

RICE CAKES.—Two cups of boiled rice salted. Add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and then the well-beaten whites and beat together. Drop on well-greased biscuit tin and bake till brown in a hot oven.

Potted Fish

Eight medium-sized herrings or mackerel skinned and split in halves. Mix together a scant half cup of salt, less than one eighth of a teaspoon of cayenne pepper and half a cup of whole spices. In a small stone jar put a layer of fish, then a layer of salt and spices, and repeat till all is used. Cover with moderately strong vinegar. Bake so none of the liquid will evaporate, and the best way is to tie over the top a thick cloth and cover that with bread dough. Bake five hours in moderate oven. This keeps a long time and is a delicious relish.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

I left Maine, my home state, in November, 1915, and came directly to California, attending the Exposition the last seven days and wishing I had seven weeks to attend. I enjoyed every minute of it, and especially the California and Canadian exhibits as I am country born and bred and am interested in everything that goes with farming.

Though I have been in California over a year I have spent all the time in the city, but hope to go to the country soon and I would like to hear from sisters living in the country, on ranches, or in small towns of California, Nevada, Arizona, Texas or New Mexico; or in fact, anywhere in the Western or Southwestern part of the United States. Particularly would I like to hear from sisters who, like myself, are lovers of country life and animals, especially horses. So sisters and cousins, please write.

As so many of the sisters give descriptions of themselves, I will too. I am five feet four inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds; medium brown hair, gray eyes; age, too old to tell, but less than thirty.

I enjoy the discussions on Woman Suffrage and though I, myself, have voted, I believe women should have the right. Why not? Many women own property and they have to pay taxes, so why shouldn't they vote?

Although California is very different from my home state, I like out here and hope to see much more of the West and Southwest. I am a working girl so cannot travel only as I work and earn enough to go from place to place.

I would like to hear from sisters living near the groves of "Big Trees" of California or in mining sections of the West.

This Christmas was not very real to me, as it was so different from Christmas weather in Maine. We had a little white frost and the Californians thought it terribly cold.

At this writing I am in Los Angeles but expect soon to be at the address given below, and if not, the letters the sisters write will be forwarded to me.

Address,
Miss NELLIE GOODALL, El Centro, R. E. 4, Cal.

LANING, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

Here comes your noisy little Tar Heel friend with some more of her nonsense. May I come in? I'll promise not to mention Paul, Peter or Politics and be just as good as I can. I'll tell you something if you won't use it for a wet blanket, 'cause it's against the "Cheerful Law" to give wet blankets. Floor bright, you won't? Well, I've had to have my leg amputated! There—some of the sympathetic sisters have forgotten already and are coming with long faces and words of pity two miles long. Pray spare both and substitute encouragement, if you please.

I was taken sick July 25, 1916, and suffered more than anyone can ever realize, without actual experience, for three months. Papa planned all about to carry me to the hospital when I should be strong enough but each day left me worse till at last we all realized that we must face the inevitable and I, at least, faced it cheerfully. There was nothing left to do but to submit to the operation and now I am well and strong and can use an artificial leg in about two months, then I'll be most as good as new, won't I?

We know now how to appreciate this life with its beauties and pleasures until we have been denied them a while. Then, and only then, can we realize that life is too short to spend in grumbling, rebellion and unthankfulness. I'm afraid my misfortune hasn't cured me of a cheerful disposition. I'm wondering if it will ever be cured in me. Mamma says not. Surely if I go through life on one leg and wear a smile that comes from the heart, the world can wear one for me.

Since writing to dear old COMFORT I've been deluged with letters from nearly every state in the union. Some were cheerfully written and some were not but on the whole I think they are a pretty good bunch of hopefulness and if I've failed to answer any, please inform me. I tried to answer all but may have made a mistake and left one out. I received a nice letter from a boy in jail. Did I answer? Indeed I did, and I'm not ashamed of it, either. If ever anyone needs encouragement and confidence it is the boy or girl who is going wrong. Suppose that was your boy,

mothers? How would you feel to know that he was behind the prison bars, shut out from the world, deserted by friends (?) and with never a kind word or smile of encouragement to tell him that even if he had wandered from the paths of virtue and righteousness, while there's life there's hope. He is some mother's boy and her heart may be aching for him as your heart would ache for your boy. He may be guilty—I can't say that he isn't—but once he was innocent and pure, and if God in His mercy can forgive the deepest sinner, however low he may have sunk into perdition, what are we to judge a fellow being? I fear we all judge wrongly and too often. We are all just human and there's too much bad in the best of us. When a friend is in trouble and disgrace, let's lend a helping hand and let him know that someone cares whether he makes good or not. There are none of us immune from the hand of fate and who knows but what, some day, we may need a little encouragement and the aid of a friendly push, but, alas, the push is too often in the downward direction. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

Here is a little poem (no author's name was given) that I clipped from a magazine and it rings so true:

"Who gives this world a noble thought,
And writs it out in prose or hymn,
May furnish for some lowly soul
A stepping stone on which to climb.
For I believe each child of earth,
However darkly stained by sin,
Still holds the hope that higher worth,
Somewhere, somewhere, he yet may win.
Then send abroad your noblest thoughts,
Nor idly wait some higher call,
Give to humanity and God your best,
Nor deem that gift too small."

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson, of course you may visit me in my dream ranch when it gets to be a reality. I am none the less determined to be a stock raiser, but papa doesn't want me to give up a literary education now so I suppose "my ranch" will have to wait a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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Home Dressmaking & Fashion Forecasts for Spring

Fashion Hints by Geneva Gladding



Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

1770—Waist. A Picturesque Model. 1769—Skirt. The sleeve may be finished with the ruffle at elbow length. Challie, organdie, nun's veiling, batiste and lawn are all suitable for this style. Waist, 1770, cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Skirt, 1769, cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires seven and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a medium size, without folds. Two separate patterns 10c for each pattern.



1950—Ladies' Shirt-waist. This model will be nice for the new silks and flannels, and is also good for madras, linen, chambray and taffeta.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires two and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1782—A Simple Frock for the little miss. This style is nice for linen, chambray, gingham and percale. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes: six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.



1778—Child's Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This is a splendid model for serge, percale, voile, gabardine, galatea, albatross, lawn, gingham and chambray.

Cut in four sizes: two, four, six and eight years.

MIDDY blouses have lost none of their popularity, and are shown in every material from cotton to silk and satin.

Coat dresses and one piece frocks are nice for growing girls as well as for their older sisters, and surely there is no style more youthful and becoming especially for slender figures.

Even at this early date the shops are beginning to show spring fabrics, and the wise woman will soon be busy with her cotton frocks.

For sport wear there is a new cotton gabardine that promises to wear and wash well. It comes in a variety of colorings and patterns, and is especially nice for separate skirts.

Some changes are announced for the new sweaters.

We will have odd stripe and check combinations and zigzag stripes.

The old style sweater to be slipped over the head will be most fashionable.

The new sport coats will be cut extremely full. Some lovely models are made of shantung, trimmed with silk jersey. There will also be many leather trimmed garments.

One sees coats and dresses with loose panels lined with contrasting material.

Yoke effects are shown on many of the new waist models. Surplice styles so becoming to most figures are good for separate waists.

Tunic skirts are in good style and are well adapted for the remodeling of a last season's gown.

One could have a pretty blouse of lawn with trimming bands and peplum of a contrasting color, and a new two-piece skirt of cheviot for general wear.

For a dainty afternoon dress, the one-piece models in simple styles are best, both as to grace and finish as well as because the simple frocks are easily made.

There are lovely new silk sport blouses, in long tunic style and smart shirt-waists with attractive decorative as well as useful pockets.

On spring coats one may find collars so arranged that they may be rolled high or low to suit one's taste.

Dark blue seems to be the most popular color and gray and beige are in good style.

Georgette crepe, chiffon cloth and marquisette are nice for daytime dresses.



It requires, with double skirt, four and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size; with single skirt, it requires three and three eighths yards.

1920—Ladies' One-piece Yoke Dress, with or without folds. This attractive model may be developed in serge, taffeta, gabardine, faille, broadcloth, satin or velvet.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1817—A New and Attractive Shirt-waist. This model is splendid for the new lingerie materials, silks and other waistings now in vogue.

Cut in eight sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1617—Junior Dress, with or without bolero, and with two styles of sleeve. The model is nice for batiste, lawn, crepe, tulle, silk, voile, nun's veiling, net or chiffon.

Cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and two yards for the bolero, for a 14-year size.

1306—Ladies' "Middy Apron" to be slipped over the head, or closed at the back. This style is nice for gingham, jean, chambray, lawn, saten, or alpaca. A generous pocket is added to the front. The fullness at the waist may be free or held in place by a belt.

Cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1921—Ladies' House Dress with sleeve, in wrist or elbow length. Serge, taffeta, gabardine, voile, linen, drill, gingham, chambray, seersucker and percale are all nice for this style of garment.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1806—A Natty Suit for Mother's Boy. Serge, cheviot, velvet, velveteen, galatea, linen, corduroy, flannel and gingham are lovely for this style. The trousers are mannish with their straight edge.

Cut in four sizes: three, four, five and six years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1951—Girls' Slip with empire waist. Cambric, muslin, lawn, batiste and crepe are nice for this model. The slip may be finished in skirt form or in envelope chemise style.

Cut in six sizes: four, six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 10-year size.

1941—A comfortable, easy-to-make house dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. This



style is simple, attractive and comfortable. The fullness at the waistline is to be confined by a belt or to be gathered, with a casing underneath. Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1941—Girls' Dress, with or without peplum. This style will be nice for checked or plaid suiting and may be made with sleeves in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes: eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for the dress with peplum, and without peplum four and one half yards for a 10-year size.



1820—A Most Attractive House or Home Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Striped seersucker, checked gingham, or a neat pattern of percale would make this up nicely for a morning dress. It could also be developed for business or street wear in taffeta, gabardine, poplin, voile or serge.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires seven and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.



9419—Infant's Short Clothes Outfit. Composed of a yoke dress to be finished with long or short sleeves. A simple double-breasted coat with round collar and bishop sleeve, a cap in Dutch style, a nightdress, a petticoat with added waist, a feed-

Q. Summer, Showing Advance Styles



Pluk seems to be a favorite color for lingerie, and when embroidered in white or self color is very pretty.

ing apron, drawers, rompers and a play dress. The pattern is cut in one size. It requires: Yoke dress, two yards; coat, two and one quarter yards; bonnet, three quarters yard; night-dress, two yards; petticoat, one and three eighths yard; ruffie, three eighths yard; feeding apron, five eighths yard; drawers, three quarters yard; rompers, one and three quarters yard; under-waist, three eighths yard; play dress, three yards; each of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

1794—Juniors' Dress. This model could be finished without the peplum, and may have a sleeve in wrist or elbow length, as preferred. The skirt is a five-gored model. The dress is nice for linen, poplin, repp, tub silk, taffeta, gabardine and serge.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires five and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

1805—A Simple, Practical Apron Model. Percale, drill, line, lawn and alpaca would be nice for this. The apron is easy to develop and very comfortable.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1072—Juniors' Dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. The blouse is finished with deep box plaits in back and front, and the usual smart pocket trimming. The skirt is a three-piece model.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires four and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

1798—A Comfortable and convenient garment. This style forms an ideal combination of corset cover and drawers when gathered at the waist and finished as illustrated. It may also serve as an envelope chemise, and without the envelope extension it becomes a chemise in regulation style.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1772—A Simple, Attractive Dress for home and porch. Percale, linen, gingham, chambray, voile, challie and cashmere are all nice for this style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1760—An Attractive Negligee. This smart style is lovely for any of the pretty inexpensive crepes, lawns, organdies or voiles. It is also nice for silk, batiste and all lingerie fabrics. The sleeve is cut in one with the body of the waist.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

1502—Ladies' "Over All" Apron. This style covers the dress so well and practically, it may serve in place of a work or house dress. The skirt has five sections, slightly gored. Gingham, percale, drill, chambray, galatea or lawn are all equally serviceable for this design.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1788—A Comfortable Morning Dress. This model may be finished with a sleeve in wrist length or with a bell sleeve at elbow length. The dress is in one piece, with the fullness confined at the waistline under the belt.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1923—A Charmingly Attractive Frock for Mother's Girl. Comfortably, serviceable pockets trim the front. The skirt is a gored model.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1908—A Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style follows the lines of a semi-princess "grown-up" model. A new collar in Quaker style forms a pretty neck finish.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size.

1797—A Simple Dress for Mother's Girl. All wash fabrics are nice for this, for the dress is easy to launder, and is easy to make. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The dress may be developed in serge, cashmere, poplin, repp, check or plaid suiting.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

1964—Girls' One-piece Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style is made to slip over the head, and is easy to develop. It is good for serge, gabardine, galatea, gingham, seersucker, and nice for linen, taffeta, velvet and corduroy.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires four yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

1909—A Charming Dress for Mother's Girl. Galatea, gingham, serge, linen or percale, may be used for this model. It is also good for velvet, corduroy, taffeta, mixed suitings, cashmere or gabardine. If preferred, a belt may be used as shown in the small view in place of the tabs. The sleeve may be in wrist or short length. The pattern provides a chemisette for high neck finish.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size eight requires three yards of 44-inch material.

1928—Ladies' Skirt. The front is trimmed with jaunty pockets. The skirt is cut with graceful and becoming fullness.

Cut in seven sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It requires five and three eighths yards of 27-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1963—A New and Pleasing Apron Model. This model is comfortable with its semi-fitting lines and trim shape. The skirt is cut in pointed outline at its upper edge, where it joins a gathered waist front.

Cut in four sizes; 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires five and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. House Sack. Crepe, lawn, dannel, dannellette, satin, challie, cashmere, taffeta and China silk could be used for this model. The fullness at the waistline may be gathered or left unconfined.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1954—A Popular Style. Ladies' One-piece Dress. Serge, gabardine, satin, velvet and taffeta are good for this. The model has simple lines and is easy to develop.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires seven and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1960—Ladies' Maternity Skirt, in raised waist-line. Serge, gabardine, velvet, satin, mixed suiting, corduroy, broadcloth and all wash fabrics are nice for this model. The fronts and back are slightly gathered. The side sections are plaited.

Cut in seven sizes; 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 30-inch size.

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Questions Answered

F. F. L., Kansas.—To cover a mould, cut a circle of material a bit more than three eighths inch larger all around than the outline of the mould. Push a little



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bit of surgeon's cotton through the hole in the center of the mould and stretch it evenly over the face of the mould. Gather at least one eighth inch from the edge on the circle of material, place over the mould and draw up the thread. Be sure to keep the thread at an even distance from the edge of the mould and with the gathers even, the finished edges will be smooth. Sew back and forth across underside of the button to strengthen it and then it is ready for sewing on.

AMATEUR DRESSMAKER, Indiana.—Perhaps this is what you wanted to know, anyway, I hope it will help you, and others.

A—Fittings are made by cutting material one and one half inch wide, and folding it lengthwise, then basting to secure the edges. Folds are made by cutting bias bands and basting them together so one side will be longer by one quarter inch than the other. The longer side is then turned down over the skirt, and the fold is basted and then stitched to the garment. As this style of trimming will not launder well, it is not wise to use it on wash materials. A flat fold is made by cutting material of any desired width, basting the material down one quarter inch on each side and sewing it to the garment. In turning folds and hems always use a marker. Trimmings of cording in fancy shapings may be made of silk or other material, by overcasting with a bias strip of material over a cord of any desired size. Shirred bands are made by sewing a small cord into either side of a bias band that has been turned in on both sides. Some artistic forms may be made by drawing up the cords that are run through these bands. Decorative motifs may be made with the simple Ragot stitch. Baste bias bands of material or narrow ribbon over any design on paper or muslin, join the bands with the stitching, and clip the basting to remove from the paper or muslin. To cut a true bias band or fold, fold your material on a true bias, that is cornerwise, so that the selvedge falls on a line even with the cut edges. The fold is the bias, cut through the fold, and measure the stripes desired, so as to have them of even width. It is well to mark the width with chalk or pencil every few inches, and then rule a line to connect the markings. Now join the ends of the material together, so that the ruled lines meet. Press the seam open, and then begin to cut on the ruled lines, round and round. You will have a long bias strip. Straps may be made in the same way.

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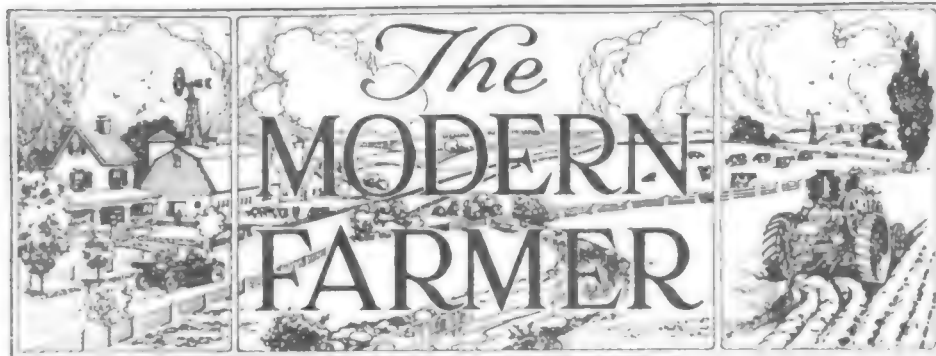
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Garden Time Again

WITH the approach of spring we begin to make our garden plans. The first thing in line is the hotbed, a feature of early gardening too often neglected. Every one in the North who has land enough to grow a good-sized garden should have a hotbed. The hotbed should be placed on the south side of a building or on a sheltered slope with a southern exposure. The land beneath it should be well drained. It may be built upon the top of the ground or a pit may be dug in the earth for the manure and a frame built over the pit.

How to Make the Hotbed

As soon as a location has been selected the manure should be made ready. Fresh horse manure should be used. If the pit has not been dug in the fall the manure should be piled up on the spot where the hotbed is to stand. The heating of the manure will help to draw out what frost remains in the ground. If the manure is dry water should be added. As soon as the manure begins to heat it should be forked over. This should be done every few days for three weeks, being careful each time to see that the manure is thoroughly mixed and uniformly treated.

When it has gotten to steaming well it should be pushed back the width of the pile and a foot of earth removed from the spot on which the pile stood. This will form the pit. A box two feet deep, made of boards nailed to stakes driven into the ground, should be built around this pit and the steaming manure shoveled in and tramped down solidly. When finished the manure should be two feet deep. On top of this at least four inches of the top soil taken from the pit should be placed. The remainder of the soil should be banked up around the outside of the bed.

The bed should be made any desired length and of a width to fit the sash to be used. Old windows answer well for this purpose. If the frame is built three feet wide a muslin cover may be used instead of glass though the latter is to be preferred. The frame should be higher in the rear than at the front, so that the glass covers will slope toward the south.

Planting the Hotbed

The seeds should not be sown in the bed until the violent heat which follows placing the manure in the bed has subsided. It is usually safe to let the bed stand a week before planting. It therefore takes about a month from the time that the hotbed is begun until the seeds are placed in the soil.

Many people fail with hotbeds because they do not take proper care of the plants. On cold nights the heat should be saved by covering the sash with blankets or gunny sacks. On warm days the sash should be raised or taken off entirely to let out the surplus heat. A constant effort must be made to keep the temperature as nearly uniform as possible.

Hotbed plants should be watered heavily but not too frequently. This is best done on the mornings of bright days so that the plants themselves will be dry when they go to bed at night.

Hotbed plants need thinning, weeding and cultivating in exactly the same way as those grown in the open ground.

Study Your Garden

The garden spot should be selected with special care. No rules can be given that apply to all needs. However, no one wants a wet or poorly drained garden. Stiff, sticky clays are poor garden lands. A north slope is undesirable. A light, rich, well-drained sandy soil with a southern or southeastern slope will come as near supplying ideal garden conditions as any, however. On limited areas, in villages and towns or even on farms, some portions of the garden may be shaded by buildings or trees. It is important to know what plants do best in the open and what ones succeed in the shade.

WHAT TO PLANT IN THE OPEN.—Plants whose success depends upon leaf growth must be grown in the open. Tomatoes, peppers, egg plants, melons, cucumbers and squashes must be grown in the open. Their fruit is produced rapidly and hence must have an abundance of leaf growth to manufacture the food that is stored in the fruit. On the other hand, slow maturing plants often do better in the shade.

WHAT TO PLANT IN THE SHADE.—Cabbage and lettuce will stand a little shade. Peas do best in it. A good rule to remember when deciding what to plant in the shade, is this: *Plant in the shade those plants which when grown under natural conditions shade themselves.* The big leaves of cabbage and lettuce and the vines of peas all tend to shade each other, hence will do well if planted in the shade. It is well to remember, however, that such plants cannot be planted so thickly in the shade or too much light will be cut off.

Have You Ordered Your Garden Seeds?

Remember what we have said through these columns about ordering garden seeds early from reliable seedsmen. Don't wait until the last minute and don't buy seeds of doubtful origin or old seeds that may have been kept over from last year or even before that time. Be sure to get fresh seeds that will grow at first planting if you want a good garden. Get your seeds early and test samples of them in the house before planting. You can't plant over and expect results. Many folks blame the weather when they have to plant over. In nine cases out of ten, however, the fault is not with the weather but with the seeds.

Try Out Something New This Spring

Have you ever tried endive or egg plant or mango peppers or peanuts or chowies or collards or swiss chard or everbearing strawberries or any one of half a hundred other things we might mention? If not, try one or two new plants this year. You may like them.

Making the Home Beautiful

Are you going to "fix up" around the house a little this spring? If so, here are a few suggestions which you may find helpful.

BARBERRY FOR HEDGES.—For hedges there is nothing better than barberry, of which there are three principal varieties,—the common, the purple leaf and Thumberg's. The latter is the most beautiful and bears numerous red berries which stay on the bushes all winter.

SPIREA FOR CLUSTERS.—Spirea, or bridal wreath as it is often called, is one of the best shrubs to use in clusters for filling in corners or concealing unsightly places. There are several varieties of this plant of which the Van Houten is the most beautiful.

CLEMATIS OR WISTARIA FOR TRELLISES.—The wistaria is a beautiful climbing vine bearing great clusters of purple or white flowers. It is hardy anywhere. The Japanese clematis is a most beautiful vine as is also the purple variety. Both are particularly well adapted to screens and trellises.

A FEW OTHER SUGGESTIONS.—Beautiful, hardy shrubs are the red flowering almond, the variegated althea, the pink dutzia, the golden forsythia and the tamarix. Unusual and attractive vines are the matrimony vine and the perennial sweet pea. Pompano dahlias, panama lilies, greenback cannas, platanus peonies and eldora lilies are new, unusual and attractive flowers. They bear close acquaintance.

Now is the Time to Prune

Have you pruned your fruit trees and your shrubbery yet? Or did you do it last fall? If not, now is the time to prune before the buds start.

Many people think pruning every four or five years is all that their orchard needs. This is a great mistake. Orchard trees as well as small fruits need pruning every year. It takes less time and gets better results, besides small fruits must have the old canes removed.

HOW TO REMOVE BIG LIMBS.—To remove a big limb that is giving a poor shape to the tree or that has grown so large that there is danger of splitting down, make three cuts as follows: First saw about half way through the limb from the under side about a foot from the tree (or until the saw begins to "pinch"). Then cut down from the top a few inches farther away from the tree. The under side cut will prevent the limb from splitting down and injuring the tree. This will leave a stub about a foot long which can be removed by cutting close to the tree.

TREATING THE WOUNDS.—After the limb has been removed the edges of the wound should be smoothed with a sharp knife so that the bark will readily grow over the wound. All wounds of one inch or more in diameter should be painted over with white lead or asphaltum. This prevents the entrance of molds and bacteria which cause decay.

LET IN THE SUNLIGHT.—Everybody has noticed that the nicest apples usually grow on the topmost branches. This is because they get more sunlight and the free circulation of air prevents the growth of injurious pests. In pruning it is well to remember this fact and open up the head of the tree so that sunlight and air can get in. This is sure to result in a better quality of fruit.

CUT OUT SMALL BRANCHES.—The tree always produces more branches than it can use in the production of high class fruit. These unnecessary branches should be cut away when they are small. A sharp knife is best to use on those that can be easily reached. For those out of reach pruning shears attached to a pole should be used. Always cut as close to the tree or limb as possible and be sure to make a smooth cut.

PRUNING SMALL FRUITS.—The rule is to prune liberally. A few strong canes or bushes produce more and better fruit than many crowded and inferior ones. As soon as a cane has borne fruit cut it away and give the new ones a chance. In raspberries and blackberries the old canes die anyway and must be removed, but with currants and gooseberries one should use his judgment and preserve only the best of the old canes. In these the young shoots do not produce fruit the first year. One can always tell the fruit producing canes by looking for the little "fruit spurs" that shoot out from the branch. Young canes are smooth and bear no fruit spurs. Old ones may produce a lot of spurs but very poor fruit.

PRUNING ORNAMENTAL SHRUBBERY.—Most people are afraid to prune ornamental shrubbery as much as it needs. Liberal pruning produces thick, dense heads which in most shrubs is the effect desired. One scarcely ever makes the mistake of "cutting back" too much. Use the knife and cut out all old canes. They are only in the way. If pruning has been long neglected it is often better to cut clear back to the ground and let an entirely new growth spring up from the roots. This does not set the shrubbery back so much as one would at first think. The strong root system and the abundance of food material forces rapid growth of the new shoots and after the first year only an expert would notice that the shrubs had been cut back at all. The new heads may then be controlled by pruning to suit.

DON'T FORGET CULTIVATION, HOWEVER.—Cultivation is as necessary to the success of small shrubs as it is to the growth of corn. After every spring pruning dig up around the roots to let the air in. Apply well rotted barnyard manure and work thoroughly into the soil. This will force the new growth. The heavier the pruning the more the necessity for careful cultivation and a liberal supply of manure.

Starting with Sheep

With wool selling for thirty cents a pound and up the past season it is little wonder that farmers are talking of going into the sheep business the coming season and many of them are going to be disappointed if they do. Not every man is cut out for a shepherd. It takes the quiet, patient attention of a kindly, well-balanced man to successfully handle sheep. Some men are especially adapted for the horse business and others for dairying or swine raising. We have noticed that always the successful beerman or poultryman has a special temperament and adaptability for the business which he follows and it would be impossible to make such men change jobs and have them succeed equally well after the change.

The business of sheep breeding and feeding is best learned from first handling a few sheep and then increasing the flock as experience is gained. Failure in the past has come from certain well understood mistakes and these we shall in a few words point out here. They may be set down as follows: 1. Starting with scrub ewes

and a scrub ram. It would be far better to start with five right ewes than a flock of wrong ones and the sheep to pick are those best adapted for the district in which they are to be raised. 2. Starting to keep sheep with the idea that they are intended for the business of weed and brush extermination. If a sheep is to act as a scavenger upon the farm good mutton and wool need not be expected. It is true that sheep will clean off weeds and brush if starved to do so; but the profit comes from generous feeding for a maximum production of wool or meat. Better keep goats for the weed and brush clearing business. 3. Wintering ewes on Timothy hay, straw and old weathered corn fodder, without succulent or laxative feed or grain. Sheep to do well should have clover or alfalfa hay, roots or silage and grain such as whole oats and shelled corn with wheat bran added. Thousands of sheep die every winter and spring from impaction and liver trouble due to coarse bulky somewhat innutritious fodder. 4. Allowing sheep too little exercise and keeping them cooped up in hot, dirty, damp stables. Sheep need lots of exercise every day and must have dry, ventilated stables. Indeed they will do well with a shed open to the south, provided it is well bedded and kept dry and the sheep are not allowed to become wet or face cold, driving winds or snow. 5. Failure to adequately feed sheep just before and through the mating season that a big percentage of strong lambs may be obtained. It pays to feed at the time indicated and not to overtax the ram. 6. Feeding ewes and young lambs upon old, bare-bitten, worm-infected permanent pastures. Here the sheep contract worms and they are the bane of the business.

Start with a few high grade ewes and mate them with a pure bred ram of the breed used for the grading-up process, avoiding the errors we have outlined, and success will come in time. Experience will add a host of smaller but highly important things to the category we have printed here.

Sugar Beets

Owing to the high price of sugar last year was an exceptionally good one for the farmer who is engaged in growing sugar beets. In the Middle West the price was about six dollars per ton delivered on the track. Since beets produce under favorable conditions from 15 to 20 tons per acre this has made a very good return from the land. There is every probability that equally high prices will prevail for the next two or three years. It is our purpose to give our readers some directions that may prove helpful to them in the culture of this crop.

CROP SOLD BEFORE PLANTED.—One advantage in the growing of sugar beets is that the crop is usually grown on contract,—that is, it is sold before planted. In this way the farmer knows exactly what his crop will bring. He can then give it extra care and cultivation with a full knowledge of exactly what the increased crop due to his extra efforts will bring. With most other crops an extra good yield over a large territory means a low price with perhaps little or no gain per acre, but with beets a good yield is certain to bring a high return for each acre cultivated. The contract fixes the price and the number of acres to be grown.

MAKE CONTRACTS EARLY.—Most contracts for the culture of sugar beets are made in the winter or early spring. It is important for the farmer to begin to think about this matter early in order to properly plan his work. For many, sugar beets will be a new crop. With all new crops the labor problem is the most important, particularly one requiring so large an amount of labor as do sugar beets. It is very important for the farmer to know exactly how many acres of sugar beets he is to grow in order that he may not only plan for this but also for the labor on the rest of his farm. The introduction of this one crop may necessitate to a very large degree the reorganization of the balance of his farm. This is very important and must not be overlooked. The making of sugar beet contracts early in the season therefore becomes of prime importance.

WHAT IT COSTS TO GROW BEETS.—Since there is a large amount of labor involved it costs a good deal per acre to grow sugar beets,—not less than \$25 or \$30, depending upon soil, machinery and the price of labor. Even at this rate five or six tons per acre will pay the labor cost, leaving the balance for profit. With a good crop the profit will then amount to from \$50 to \$75 per acre.

HOW TO GROW BEETS.—Sugar beets require fertile, well-drained, moist land. They do best in sandy loam and poorest on heavy clays. The ground should be heavily fertilized as for tobacco or potatoes by plowing under a heavy crop of clover or a rich coating of barnyard manure. The ground should be plowed deep,—not less than eight or ten inches, in order to loosen up the soil and to allow the large roots to penetrate it easily. It should be thoroughly pulverized and put in fine shape for seeding. About corn planting time the beets should be planted with a beet-seed drill made especially for the purpose. The rows should be at least sixteen inches apart to permit of easy cultivation with the horse.

BENCHING AND THINNING.—When the plants come up they must be thinned. This is best done with the hoe. The hoe is used to cut out all between the bunches which are placed eight or ten inches apart. Here three or four plants are left, or enough to insure at least one strong beet in each bunch. Now comes the hardest part of sugar beet culture,—thinning. This of course must be done by hand leaving the strongest plant in each bunch.

CULTIVATING AND HARVESTING.—The cultivating is done with a horse cultivator though it is occasionally necessary to use the hoe to destroy the weeds and loosen up the dirt. In harvesting the beets are first lifted with a puller and then pulled and topped by hand. After topping they are thrown in piles and then hauled direct to the cars to be loaded. A good quality of beets properly topped will test 15 per cent of sugar and one ton will therefore produce 300 pounds of this sweet. An acre of sugar beets may yield as much as three tons of the manufactured product.

Some Uncommon Farm Crops

Spelts

This grain is but little known on American farms. It somewhat resembles both wheat and barley and yields as well or better, particularly in dry seasons. It was introduced into this country from Russia by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. It is cultivated and harvested in the same manner as other grains. As a feed for beef cattle it is fully the equal of barley and oats and almost as good as corn. This grain will doubtless be more extensively grown in this country when its merits become more widely known.

Seradella

Seradella might well be called the "sandy soil clover." It is a small plant and produces its seeds in pods. It is particularly well adapted to sandy soils and can be used with profit as a green manuring crop for plowing under and adding nitrogen to the soil since it "catches" and grows on sand where red clover refuses to grow. This crop also does well on sour soils where clover refuses to grow because of a lack of lime; in fact seradella does not like lime. Cut and cured as hay it makes a most excellent feed.

Soy Beans

Soy beans, though well known in the South, are comparatively unknown throughout the northern half of the United States. The soy bean was introduced into this country from Japan. The beans are very small, sending up vigorous stalks and making a heavy growth of vines. They do especially well on light sandy soils and are particularly adapted to building up the fertility of these soils since they are rich in nitrogen. They belong to the legume family and hence take their nitrogen direct from the air. Cut and cured as



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hay they make an excellent feed for cattle and sheep. Their seeds are richer in nitrogen than those of any other grain. They are also heavy in oil. The ground beans are among the very best and highest priced oil and protein carrying feeds. Efforts are now being made to grow these beans as a substitute for flaxseed in the manufacture of oil for paints. Soy bean cake, obtained after the oil is removed, is the equal of linseed meal as a stock food.

The Fescues

Though the fescues are widely scattered they are little known because of their peculiar habits of growth; hence the seed is seldom called for by farmers. There are four principal varieties of this grass,—the various leaved fescue, the sheep's fescue, the meadow fescue and the creeping fescue. All of these are short in stature and form a thick bottom grass. For this reason they are particularly adapted to use in the making of lawns and permanent pasture. They should never be sown alone but mixed with other grasses. They all start very early in the spring and therefore produce early pastures and lawns.

Sanfoin

Sanfoin is a splendid crop for hilly and stony land. It will grow and do well where other crops fail to produce because of the thinness of the soil layer. Sanfoin is a kind of clover and somewhat resembles alfalfa. It withstands drought well and the older plants are little affected by cold weather. The young plants are easily winter killed. It produces from one to two tons of high feeding value hay per acre. It is easier to cure thin red clover hay and when once seeded the same piece may be cut like alfalfa for several

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Managing an Incubator

IN the January number of COMFORT, I called attention to the importance of having strong, healthy birds in the breeding pens, and explained why a cellar or a north room should be chosen if the incubator has to be located in a dwelling house, as is usually the case when only one or two machines are being used. This month we will consider the important points in running the machine itself, and caring for the babies after they are hatched.

First of all, remember that the incubator must stand perfectly even. Nothing but the use of a carpenter's level can determine this point. Next, the machine must not stand under or near a window or door, or any opening which is likely to cause a draft. If the machine has been used before, thoroughly dust and disinfect it, no matter how well it was cleaned after last season's work. An accumulation of dust or a tiny cobweb in the heater may cause a lot of trouble and loss by causing the lamp to smoke.

Be sure that the lamp is in perfect order; no dents or cracked edges on the burner; hinges and snap in good condition, and every part perfectly clean. Put in a new wick which exactly fits the slot, for if the wick is the slightest bit narrow, air will creep up the edges, and probably cause the flame to flicker or smoke; and if it is too wide it won't turn up and down evenly.

Light the lamp, and allow the machine to warm up for several hours, then scrub and spray the entire inside of the egg chamber with hot water and some good germ killer. I have, at different times, used carbolic acid, mercuric chloride, peroxide, and several of the tar preparations. It really does not matter so much so long as enough is used.

Of course, the egg tray should be taken out of the machine and scrubbed top and bottom, and put near the kitchen stove, or out into the sun and air to dry. Leave the door of the machine open about half an inch above the lamp burning, until all the moisture is dried out; then close up and allow the heat to reach 102 degrees, at which point regulate the automatic heat control according to the instructions sent out with the machine, and run it for a day or two before putting in the eggs, to assure yourself that the thermostat is working properly and that the tin disk over the heat escape closes down evenly when the lamp is removed for filling, and that it rises to the correct height after the lamp is replaced.

It is well to test the efficiency of the different parts which constitute the automatic control several times. After the machine has been running some hours with a moderate flame, the disk one sixteenth of an inch above the escape pipe, and the thermometer registering 102, open the door of the machine until the thermometer drops to 99; then close it. The disk should have shut down closely when the temperature went down, and if the thermostat and all the parts are working properly, the disk should again rise one sixteenth of an inch above the escape, and the thermometer again register 102 degrees within a few minutes after closing the door.

Should the disk swing to one side, or fail to rise with the change in temperature, study the maker's directions very carefully, and try to decide what is wrong. If the book of instructions gives no directions for remedying such difficulties, examine the wire which attaches the disk to the regulating arm and the disk itself. The slightest bend in the wire or kink in the disk is liable to cause the trouble, and must be carefully corrected. If neither wire nor disk are at fault, unscrew the connecting rod which runs through the machine and connects the thermostat with the regulating arm, draw it up three or four inches, and let it drop back. If it sticks, even in a slight degree, or fails to fall truly and evenly into place, it has got bent, and must be straightened, for if it rubs or binds, it will prevent its answering the automatic action of the thermostat.

You know, I suppose, that the thermostat is composed of such sensitive metal that it immediately expands or contracts with variation of heat in the egg chamber. This expansion or contraction affects the connecting rod, and the rod in turn influences the regulating arm, at the end of which the disk which controls the escape of heat is suspended.

I have given this short, rough explanation of the connecting influence of the different parts which constitute the automatic heat control in all modern incubators for the benefit of the men and women who may be running an incubator for the first time, and who have no knowledge of such matters, for the directions sent out with some incubators just tell how to connect the parts, and give no explanation of cause and effect to guide the poor amateur if anything goes wrong.

When the machine is running evenly, and you are sure that everything is properly adjusted, the trays can be filled with eggs and the hatch started. When the cold trays and eggs go into the machine, the temperature will run down, and the disk close tightly over the escape. Don't turn up the lamp, or be anxious if the heat does not seem to be recovering. One hundred and fifty or two hundred eggs may take from ten to twelve hours to heat through, so if you put the full trays in at night, the heat will not regain the 102 mark on the thermometer until the following morning. Of course, fewer eggs will not take so long to heat, but still you need not worry, for if the machine was running properly before the eggs were put into it, and the lamp has not been interfered with in any way, the thermostat will respond to the increasing heat, as the eggs warm, and as it expands, the connecting rod will have tightened on the regulating arm, and the disk would be lifted from the top of the escape at the right time to hold the temperature in the machine at 102. If the lamp flame had been turned up at the time when the eggs were put into the machine, the heat might have increased during the long hours of the night beyond the controlling power of the thermostat. For it must be clearly understood that if the heat in the egg chamber of the ordinary machine gets above 110, the automatic control is lost, and there is great danger of the thermostat getting cracked and ruined. This is a point which is frequently not understood.

People don't realize the limitations of the automatic control in an incubator. The thermostat cannot maintain the temperature in the egg chamber beyond a variation of ten or fifteen degrees at the most. It is for this reason that it is

so much safer to locate incubators in a cellar or north room, where the outdoor changes in temperature are not felt so rapidly as they would be in a south room, and why the attendant should always clean and trim the lamp in the morning, so making it possible to watch that it does not run up after first lighting, and why it is advisable to use a moderate flame when heating up and regulating the machine; for with the machine set with a moderate flame, it is possible to turn it up slightly on an unusually cold night, or down for the occasional hot day in early spring which so often upsets our calculations.

During the last few years, the agricultural colleges and experiment stations have been giving more and more study to the subject of moisture in incubation, until now it is generally conceded that it is quite as important as heat, and that a lack of sufficient moisture during the early days of incubation is frequently the cause of weakly, slow growing chicks. When one understands the process of development from the germ to the embryo chick and subsequent growth till it reaches the stage where it breaks through the shell, there can be little doubt that we should give full attention to this point.

The white of a newly laid egg is largely composed of water, which keeps it in a liquid state. The shell of the egg being porous, allows this water to evaporate, and the white to become thick and sticky; if the egg is kept for any considerable time, in dry air, it will all evaporate.

When the germ of the egg is quickened into life by the heat of the incubator or under the hen, tiny veins run out into the white and absorb the water and certain nutriment which is converted into the blood of the embryo and nourishes it during the building of its structure and the formation of its organs.

When an egg is put into an incubator situated in a dry room and heated up to 102 or 103 degrees, the air in the machine must necessarily be dry, and the watery contingent of the white evaporates so rapidly that the embryo lacks blood nutriment, with the result that when hatched it has weak internal organs, and can never become a really vigorous and profitable bird—like an egg producer or a breeder. For this reason the amount of moisture in the egg chamber is most important. Too much is as detrimental as too little.

Now we come to the question as to what is the correct amount and how to gauge it. When a good hygrometer is used in the incubator, the attendant has only to read what it registers, just as he reads the thermometer to know the amount of heat which is present.

During the first week, the hygrometer should register 75 degrees; the thermometer 102 to 102½. Second week; hygrometer, 70; thermometer 102½ to 103.

During the third week we have a changed condition of affairs. The small systems of blood vessels of the first week have vastly increased, so that by the fourteenth day the white of the egg is full of veins in which the blood is rapidly circulating and the chick's body is growing fast. Bear in mind that the first ten days are devoted to development, and in that short time the chick is fully formed in all its parts. During this period the quantity of blood circulation is comparatively small.

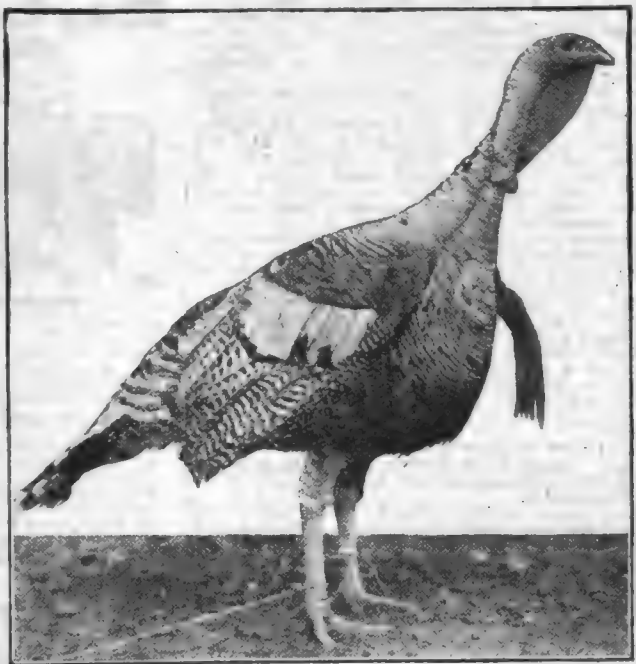
Then come the ten days of growth, or increase in size of body and its parts, when great quantities of blood are rushing through the numerous blood vessels, carrying the building material. It is during this latter period that the water (after being used in the blood circulation) should be allowed to escape freely from the egg with consequent rapid enlargement of the air cell. Therefore, during the last week of incubation I would remove the water pans or wet sand from the egg chamber and let the humidity decrease even to 50 degrees, or possibly 40 in some cases. Simply removing the extra supply of water usually answers the purpose.

The moisture supply must be renewed on the nineteenth day for another distinct purpose. If the air surrounding the hatching eggs is dry, the chicks are likely to have a hard time breaking through the tough inner linings of the eggs. When this parchment like lining is dry, it is exceedingly difficult to tear it, and its strong bands may hold a vigorous chick a prisoner even after it has broken the outer shell clear around.

Keeping the air of the egg chamber moist renders the inner linings of the egg shell easy for the chick to burst through.

The greatest danger from overheating comes during the first few days of incubation. It is well to hold the temperature at the level of tops of the eggs under 103 F. for the first week. I like to keep it at 102.

During the third week the animal heat exerts home influence, and 103 will be about right at the upper part of the egg.



A PRIZE WINNER.

While the chicks are hatching from the eggs, 104 may be registered at the level of the tops of the eggs. In some parts of our country, where incubators are operated at altitudes of several thousand feet, the temperatures may be run a degree higher than I have indicated. At these altitudes where the air is usually very dry, the matter of extra moisture supply becomes a very important item in successful incubation.

Ventilation is Vital

During the early stages of embryo development in the egg, very little air is needed, because there is very little blood to be oxidized. During the second week there is increased blood circulation, and therefore need of some ventilation, so that the fresh air shall supply enough oxygen. All through the third week there must be abundant air supply, because at this period there is a very great circulation of the red blood, which must be continually using oxygen from the air. The pure air passes through the shell of the egg to the blood vessels that ramify all over the inner lining of the egg. Carbon dioxide and moisture pass out through the shell.

If an egg chamber is poorly ventilated, the eggs should be aired once daily for a few minutes at a time, from the fourth to the twelfth day, and twice daily during the last week of incubation.

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F1

He That Loseth His Life

By Maud Mary Brown

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IT was the most violent of all the nights of that record-breaking month of November. By eleven o'clock only those whose business demanded it were abroad. Trolleys, in diabolical haste to finish their run, scooted over glistening rails; taxicabs skidded drunkenly, and infrequent pedestrians bent to the storm and scurried for shelter.

Only The Girl, walking eastward from the Pennsylvania Terminal, was deliberate, and her leisure obviously was prompted by uncertainty. Her pretty clothes were insufficient protection from the elements and already they looked sodden and bedraggled.

Occasional steps sounded behind her, and when they passed on to be lost in the noises of the night, she breathed relief.

Presently there came steps that lagged as they reached her side. It was what she had been dreading and she shrank as a voice sounded at her elbow.

"I beg your pardon," The Man began. "It is a misfortune to be without an umbrella on a night like this. Perhaps you will come under mine."

He held his umbrella over her shrinking form and fell into step beside her.

"I am looking for a policeman," she explained, conquering her fear. "I wish to be directed to an address."

"We shall find one a little farther on," The Man replied. "but perhaps I can help you."

His interest had been trapped by a closer vision of The Girl. She was bewilderingly pretty in her anxiety. The loose ends of her dark hair fell into adorable tendrils about her face; her eyes—he could see them as they passed under a light—were like perfectly-matched sapphires; her voice and her simple mourning garments bespoke race and distinction.

"Where did you want to go?" he asked after a brief silence.

"To West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street," she replied after a slight hesitation.

"So far? Then I'll call a taxicab."

"Oh no," protested The Girl nervously. "Then the subway will be best. We will board the first cross-town car."

"Couldn't I walk?" she entreated; "you see, I have no money. I came North to visit my cousin and she did not meet me, though I sent her a telegram after the wreck. I happened to have just enough for that in my coat pocket."

"The wreck?"

She nodded wearily. "The train that I came up on. I lost everything; a fire started, you see." She shuddered at the memory.

"What hard luck! I'm glad now that my car skidded back there and did something to a wheel so that I was compelled to walk; otherwise, I should not have come across you. Here is our officer; should you like to ask him any questions before we set out to find your cousin?"

She shook her head as the officer saluted her companion.

"Now then, we're going to signal the first vacant taxicab. You've been under a strain too long to make it wise for you to jostle up-town in a subway train."

"You're very good; I'll get some money from Cousin Elkins to pay you. I hate New York!" she added fiercely.

The Man hailed a cab and after handing her in, he followed, and they sped northward. The Girl peering out into the city's night. The Man watching her, silent.

"Here we are," he said cheerfully when at last the car swung in to the curb.

"Wait!" he ordered the driver as they crossed the walk together.

The slumbering hall boy roused himself at The Man's sharp questions.

"Miss Elkins?" he blinked; "why, Miss Elkins moved out two weeks ago, sir; she's gone to California or somewhere. The day boy'll know."

The color receded from The Girl's cheeks.

"Come," urged The Man gently. "There is no use lingering here. We will plan in the car." Dazed, she followed him to the waiting cab.

"I am afraid," he began, when they were under way, "that a hotel is out of the question in the condition you're in; besides, you have no luggage."

"The Young Woman's Christian Association?" The Girl suggested, her eyes on her dripping garments.

"It's past midnight; I am afraid—"

"But what can a girl in my position do?" she asked wildly.

"Of course there are the police stations with their matrons, but they are not for your kind. Here is my suggestion and you may take it or leave it: Come to my apartment where you can be comfortable for the few hours that are left of the night. When my man comes in the morning, he will press your clothing. In the meantime, you can decide what to do. But of course you will go home."

"I have no home; my father died two weeks ago."

"I am sorry. Will you come?"

The Girl hesitated.

"I am afraid," she shuddered. "The wreck! The creeping fire! They haunt me."

Gently The Man led her to a couch, half-supporting her as he rearranged the cushions. Then he lowered her, unresisting, among them, and sat down on the edge of the couch, stroking her slender hands.

"It is all right—quite all right," he soothed. "You are here with me—safe."

"What is it, Hermione?" Barry Randall had just claimed a dance with his widowed sister-in-law at the Dents' ball.

"I have been watching you. At first I thought it was the flame-colored chiffons, but it goes deeper than that. You are shockingly radiant."

"I've wanted to tell you for a week, Barry, but I was waiting for Andrew's letter saying that Diana might come."

"Diana?"

"Leigh—the little distant cousin whom I rounded up on a run-down estate the last time I was South. Andrew is her brother—the oldest of a dozen. I should think. They are orphans and these boys and a pack of noisy dogs have been Diana's only companions. They adore her. If anything should happen to her up here, I think Andrew would come up with his rusty gun to enquire why."

Randall laughed lightly. "You speak as though this is a lion's den. What on earth could happen to her?"

"Things do, you know; broken hearts and things like that."

Randall's face softened and he gave her a swift, warm glance. He had never forgiven his brother for his failure to make Hermione happy.

"She is an adorable child, Barry. But, please, I'm afraid it's hands off for you. Your past hasn't exactly qualified you as woman's tutee angel. I wouldn't wish her pulses to be accelerated by you, you inconstant wretch! There is Gilbert Garth looking for me. I don't like that man."

"Who does? When may I see you, sister?"

"Soon, please. Diana comes early next week. Come and help me plan festivities for her."

Diana Leigh reached New York in the twilight of a winter's day and as she drove up-town with Mrs. Randall, she was absorbed by the crowds, the lights, the brilliant windows.

"How good you are!" she breathed, enraptured. "I wonder," Mrs. Randall returned, her eyes on the girl's lovely face.

"Of course you are. I didn't begin to appreciate it till I saw all this. Andrew disliked giving his consent to my coming. I am sure. Do you know, Cousin Hermione, sometimes I suspect a sad chapter in his life."

Hermione smiled at Diana's seriousness.

"Well, I'm here, anyway," the girl chattered on. "I'm here and loving it."

Barry Randall was at the house when the two reached home.

"How like you to be on hand with a welcome?" Hermione said. "Diana, this is my husband's brother; he will claim you for a cousin, but the decision rests with you."

"Then I adopt him instantly," laughed Diana, extending her slim, brown hand.

During the hour which followed, Hermione felt surprise at Diana's poise. That she was a gentlewoman went without saying, but it scarcely seemed probable that her life could have schooled her in the give-and-take of drawing-room repartee, yet she tossed and parried with ease, though her color rose in the game.

"May he come again soon?" she asked as Randall rose to leave.

"Barry runs in and out as his fickle fancy dictates," Hermione replied.

She followed him to the hall, her eyes demanding his verdict.

"She is adorable, sister. Don't let success spoil her; she is certain to have it."

Diana was at the fire when Hermione rejoined her.

"Tired, honey?"

"Not tired, but very much bewildered, Cousin Hermione. I do like Cousin Barry."

"All women do," was Mrs. Randall's reply; "and men, too," she added quickly.

Followed days filled with shopping, fittings, hair dressers and manures, interspersed with informal luncheons and teas. Like a wise campaigner, Mrs. Randall was doing some preliminary skirmishing before definitely launching Diana upon the social wave.

It all wearied Diana a trifle. It was so different from her accustomed life and she was not quite sure that she cared for the delirium.

Very soon came the night of her formal how to New York. In all its brilliant past the Randall house had not appeared to better advantage, nor had its mistress.

As for Diana, she was unconsciously alluring, holding eyes weary and sated with beauty. Her heavy dull gold hair made a nimbus for her pliant face; her brown eyes with their topaz lights asked disconcerting questions; her diaphanous white frock upon which Hermione had spent so much thought, suited her unspoiled beauty.

"She is taking well," Randall assured Mrs. Randall. "But why," he added swiftly, "does she evade me? And she no longer calls me 'cousin'; how have I failed her?"

"Why, I don't know, Barry; she has been rather silent lately. I wonder if she has probed the sham of our lives; if she sees beneath our masks. We are a rather contemptible lot of pleasure-seekers, you know. Should you care, Barry?"

"I care like the devil to have her think well of me. I am having a dance with her soon."

Dancing, Diana was at her best. "There's nothing of the reluctant-foot business about you tonight, is there?" Randall bantered as they swung to the rhythm of the music.

"Not reluctant, but terribly awkward. I fear. I wish they would stop thinking up new steps till I get caught up."

Diana's remoteness as she coolly thanked him for the gorgeous flowers he had sent her puzzled him and made him rather silent.

"Who is the man who is greeting Cousin Hermione?" Diana suddenly asked.

"That," Randall replied briefly, "is Gilbert Garth, one of the most eligible bachelors in the city."

"So that is Gilbert Garth! And you don't like him; one can tell from your voice. Will you whirl me back to my cousin now, please? Here we are. Thank you, and—good night."

Randall accepted his dismissal, turning away as Garth was presented to Diana, but he was in time to take note of the spark that shot into the man's colorless eyes. Then he went home.

"May I call this afternoon?" Garth was bending over Diana's golden head as the notes of the last dance died.

"Do! But I shall be stupid. I am not yet trained to your city pace."

The last guest gone, Diana would have lingered to chat, but Mrs. Randall drove her off to bed without ceremony.

"What would Andrew say to these hours?" she demanded.

"He'd growl!" laughed Diana. "I am sure he would like Gilbert Garth, however. He is going to call this afternoon. Cousin Hermione, I like him tremendously; he is so different from the others—the acquisitive, intriguing others."

"Run along, dear."

Holding her soft draperies about her, Diana slowly mounted the staircase. She was very restless, and dawn crept in at the windows before she slept. Her last waking thoughts were for Andrew and Gilbert Garth. Between the two there seemed to be some mysterious association. Her first dream thoughts were for Barry Randall.

During the days which preceded her debut, Diana had made many friends. It was a favorable season for intimate friendships. The great

war had aroused the facile sympathy of society and gayeries were curtailed while unaccustomed fingers fashioned garments for the men in the trenches.

For this purpose Diana spent two mornings a week with the girls of the younger set, listening, pondering, learning.

By no means ignorant of the abstract wickedness in life, she had never dreamed that it could touch her intimately, but according to these girls, many of the men with whom they all danced freely were unequivocally bad, and the morals of some of the women were not above reproach.

"How revolting!" The words had slipped out after she had heard a tale about a man with whom she had flirted at a *dansant* the day previous.

"A woman has to take life as she finds it, my dear," a young philosopher offered. "One can't go about with a missionary spirit—not in our set."

They laughed—all but Diana. She felt a spiritual revulsion for it all. Life's canvas was shifting before her bewildered eyes, and experience was toning in repellent colors.

Unconsciously she tried to adjust her ideals without sacrificing them entirely and in those days she altered subtly. Her face took on a searching expression new to it and her eyes, hitherto so wide and frank, narrowed slightly, as though the sensitive retina had been injured.

She began to speculate about every one with whom she was thrown. She recalled how, at first, her boyish interest in life had been misinterpreted, resulting in mild familiarities which had won her flashing rebuke. She flushed at the remembrance. Had they thought her light? It was then that she became remote. But it added to her desirability. Men relish the challenge.

More than any of the others, she wondered about Barry Randall. Then, on gossip's tongue, came a garbled and exaggerated chapter from his past. She never called him "Cousin Barry" after that.

It was, perhaps, not strange that she looked forward to Gilbert Garth's return to the city with interest, for here was a man, they all admitted it, who had kept his moral head. People derided him and disliked him, but to the mind of the girl, that spoke ill of his judges.

When on the night of the ball, she looked into his colorless eyes for the first time, she forced her heart to warm to him and her eyes away from Randall's retreating back. Here, at last, was a man like Andrew!

Diana awoke after her ball to find Hermione smiling down at her.

"Why, it's late!" she cried, starting up. "I hear Felice running my bath. Wait, dear, till I've plunged."

Later, over coffee, "Did I please you?" she asked naively.

"I haven't seen such a flutter over a debutante in years," smiled Hermione.

"I shall write that to Andrew. I loved it last night. And to think that for days I've been loathing New York!"

"Loathing it, Diana?"

"All of it. I made faces at Felice directly her back was turned. She embarrassed me so! And those warm, perfumed baths after my accustomed cold plunges! I hated the constant thought of my body. And I hated the people, too—all but you, with their scandals and their license. But I've stopped. All I ask now is happiness. That isn't much for a girl to demand, is it?"

"It is more than most of us get, my dear."

"Did I tell you that Gilbert Garth is coming to see me today? I like him, Cousin Hermione. Do you?"

Hermione was momentarily disconcerted by this abrupt demand.

"I see that you don't," Diana resumed. "Well, I do. I am thankful that I do not need the spice of sin to season my portion of life."

"Don't talk nonsense, dear. The quality of goodness never detracted from a man's popularity yet. Barry will be proud for tea, too."

Diana was suddenly silent.

"What has Barry done, Diana? He notices your avoidance of him."

"He hasn't done anything to me."

"You don't want to lose sight of the fact, Diana, that Barry is a man with a quality of honor that can be depended upon in a crisis."

Diana shrugged her pretty shoulders and Mrs. Randall, not altogether easy in her mind, left her to her reflections.

From their first meeting it was obvious that Garth loved Diana, but when, after a whirlwind courtship, the girl told her cousin of her betrothal, Hermione felt a distinct shock.

It seemed absurd to regret seeing her young cousin established as the wife of one of New York's rich men. She told Barry Randall so.

"I know," he replied. "Instinct warns me against him. No one admires him. He has no intimates in college and he has none now. There's always a reason for a man being so curiously alone."

"I have fancied that you cared for Diana," Mrs. Randall said gently.

"I do. But she is too far above me, sister. I'd blot out the past, if I could, with half my years, and take my chance at winning her. If men, when they are rushing headlong into folly, could appreciate how they are going to feel about it when they really love some good woman, they would slacken their pace."

Randall strode to a window and looked into the darkening street. Presently he turned and came back to the fire, his hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"At any rate, from now on, sister, it's the straight and narrow for me. I'll be one jewel in Diana's crown," he added, laughing in impudent denial of his emotion.

"Then, coming now," he went on, "do you think she is happy, Hermione?"

"Happy? Yes. But I doubt if she loves him. If you ask me, I think she is blinded by his virtue."

Most girls in Diana's position would have been happy. Plans were drawn for a magnificent town house. Garth already had a country place in Westchester.

Lent came at last with a slackening of society's riotous whirl. Diana was to be married shortly after Easter.

Toward the end of Lent, Garth gave a small tea for Diana in his rooms. She naturally felt a strong desire to see his quarters, and when she and Hermione, the first by several minutes to arrive, were admitted, she felt a startled surprise at the sumptuousness of her surroundings.

"Do you like it?" Garth queried, smiling.

"Why, yes, I think I like it, but your gorgeousness rather overcomes me. Have you, by any chance, a ghost about the premises? I seem to sense one."

"We're too ultra-modern here for that," he laughed, watching with satisfaction Hermione's departure into the next room on a little tour of inspection.

Then, bending, he drew Diana to him in a more unrestrained embrace than he had ever given her. "Wonder-girl!" he breathed.

She drew back, hands braced against his shoulders. "Please," she begged.

He drew her close again and Diana shrank under his hot kisses. She fought silently for release, but it was not till he had his fill of the sweetness of her lips that he let her go.

Diana trembled with unexplainable anger and before she had quite time to control herself the guests began to arrive.

Randall came later. Garth had balked at asking him, but Diana had insisted.

"He isn't really one of the family," she explained.

"He isn't the kind of man I want you to know," maintained Garth.

"I believe he is perfectly honorable," Diana defended, her loyalty fired.

Garth's eyes sharpened unpleasantly. "My wife must not defend the voluptuaries of New York," he warned. But he invited Randall.

Barry noticed Diana's pallor the moment he entered the room. "Not quite fit?" he asked upon reaching her side.



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"This room is torrid and Garth's flowers are deadly. Let me take you out of the crush for a moment."

As they strolled into an adjoining room, Diana felt Garth's eyes upon her but she was curiously indifferent.

Randall had no sooner placed her in an easy chair when Garth's man summoned him to another room to answer a telephone call.

Alone, Diana rose and walked to the door which gave to the hall, drawn by some psychic urge.

Down near the entrance she saw her fiancé, and with him was a woman above whom Garth towered menacingly. There was something sinister in the scene and while Diana watched from among the concealing shadows, she saw Garth open the door and heard his incisive voice.

"Get out!" he said.

Gropingly the woman obeyed, and in the next instant Garth had rejoined his guests.

"The ghost!" were the words on Diana's lips almost spoken aloud.

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Toughey's Travels and Adventures Abroad

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

of adobe wall. A deep silence reigned; no one had the spirit to speak. The door finally yielded; they passed through it and instantly received the most delightful surprise of their lives. They stood in a long pergola covered with climbing roses and lined with rows of jars filled with blooming flowers. The opposite end let out on a stretch of lawn shaded with fruit trees and bordered by flower beds. Just to the left of the pergola and facing the lawn was the house. From its wide, brick-paved porch or mirador, as the Mexicans call it, one could look beyond the lawn and flowers to dark masses of fig trees, which with a second pergola at right angles to the first, screened from view the gardener's shack and that part of the grounds planted in vegetables.

"This is Heaven," exclaimed Toughey. "The only one you will find in Mexico," declared Mrs. Deering, thinking of a Mexican town's unscented meat shops, bakeries and markets; the indifference of its people with regard to contagious diseases; their ignorance of many sanitary measures insisted upon by an American community.

The children were equally wild over the extreme beauty of the place.

"I thought you would like it," said Mrs. Fenner, pleased that they should so unreservedly commend her selection of their summer home, and blissfully ignorant of their first impressions.

At the back of the mirador an archway led to a small patio set about with potted plants after the Mexican fashion, from which a door, properly the front entrance, opened directly into another street. A gate in the garden gave them a third outlet. Some of the rooms, of which there were many, opened into the patio others on the mirador, and a few into the garden. An American bathroom with hot and cold water seemed the best feature of the house, though time revealed that the hot water was more or less a fiction.

"Let's lock all the doors and gates, lose the keys and live here forever," proposed Toughey. Mrs. Deering smiled. After all it was delightful to begin this way. The place with its attractive combination of Spanish beauty and American comfort and taste was the work of its owner, an American woman whose husband had made a good sale of some mining property. Mrs. Fenner admitted, however, that since the wife's gratification of her ideas and fancies there had not been so much money in hand and that her proposition to rent the house for the Deerings had been eagerly accepted. As the servants went with the house they presently made the acquaintance of Chana, the cook; Juana, the canarista or housegirl; Pablo, the mow or houseman; Francisco, the gardener and lastly Camelarita, the diminutive kitchen helper. With such a staff of retainers, Toughey and the children were more than ever eager to relieve their mother of the duties of housekeeping, and incidentally to learn to speak Spanish. Under this plan Mrs. Deering proceeded to a leisurely survey of the books in the library, the music on the piano and the unusual variety of flowers in the garden.

For several days there was a noticeable irregularity of meals. Mrs. Deering's coffee was inexplicably halted in the mornings; the midday meal arrived with a lateness hitherto unknown in the household, while marienda, the Mexican substitute of chocolate and cakes for afternoon tea and designed to be served in the garden about five o'clock, came only with the dark and altogether squeezed out supper.

"Mamma," declared Toughey firmly, "that old saw about being a Roman in Rome is all right to talk about but it doesn't work."

"You mean to say you are going to oppose the Mexican custom," laughed her mother.

"I certainly do. I don't propose to have today's dinner day after tomorrow. Hereafter this household is to be run after American methods."

"I'd like to bet on you Toughey, but I am afraid I'd lose my money."

"You'll see," said Toughey with a slight lift of her pointed chin.

It now came out that Mrs. Fenner, with benevolent intention, had given the girls a great deal of advice, based upon the idea that it is well for strangers to follow the customs of the people among whom they have come to live. None of the women of Durango, Mexican or foreign, went to market. They sent their servants who did all the buying. "The cook starts for market right after breakfast and gets back a quarter of an hour before an early dinner hour," explained Toughey.

There followed, upon her resolution, a tremendous effort, backed by American pluck and energy and persistence to anticipate, circumvent and reform Mexican customs. But alas, with such partial success that at the end of the summer Toughey admitted that, except when she and the children remained in the kitchen and with their own hands hurried affairs, they were never able to overcome the strangling Mexican idea that "Mamma" (tomorrow) or the day after was the best time for doing anything.

Of the market place the Deerings never tired. Through it flowed the life of the people, and there one could buy anything from a saddle to a poll parrot. The poorest peon with perhaps but a centavo could become a purchaser, for melons were sold by the slice, cabbages in small wedges, beans by the handful. So great is the poverty of the lowest classes that many a time Toughey bought a single egg at her doorway, offered by some wretched peon and representing his sole marketable possession. It was not unusual for beggars suffering with smallpox to ask alms on the plea of illness. "And you know they are speaking the truth," Toughey would remark significantly.

At the Plaza, where they frequently went in the evening to hear the band play, the wealthy class was more in evidence, but it never was possible to get entirely away from the misery of the people which seemed present even in the plaintive music of the country. The social center of every Mexican town. It was at the Plaza that the Deerings met many of the American residents of the town and pursued their acquaintance with those who had called. It was here, too, that courtship among the youthful part of the population took place. The process was quite simple, consisting in the beginning of an interchange of languishing glances while the men and girls promenaded around the Plaza in lines facing each other. A bolder step was the offer of a flower. A red one signified love, a white one the desire for a betrothal, whereas a yellow flower declared that love on the part of the donor had ceased. These customs afforded the Deering family considerable entertainment, especially when they were directed toward Toughey and Nan, who was now fourteen and from the Mexican point of view, in the marriage market. Toughey would laugh, go home and write to Roger Hewett, now testing in the business world his natural ability and the practical value of his college training.

As the summer advanced the Deerings yielded more and more to the enervating effects of the climate, but the charm of their surroundings and a certain romantic quality in the life they led, held to the end. One day some cards were brought to Mrs. Deering and when she and Toughey entered their beautiful sala (parlor) where they received visitors they found themselves greeted by the portly Mexican lady whose effects had caused such a stir among the customs officials at the border. With her were two velvet-eyed daughters about Toughey's age. Educated in the states these girls proved interesting types evidencing in their lives the influence of American standards and customs. Their acquaintance with Toughey gradually ripened into a kind of intimacy and when their mother extended Toughey an invitation to visit them at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Second Inauguration of President Wilson

By Edna Mary Colman

As this issue goes to press before the inauguration our description is limited strictly to such features as have been definitely planned and arranged for. They will be carried out exactly according to program unless rendered impracticable by stormy weather or prevented by some untoward event. It has been intimated that the most of the public features would be omitted in case of hostilities growing out of our critical relations with Germany.—EDITOR.

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WOODROW WILSON is the first Democrat since Andrew Jackson to succeed himself as President of the United States. This being the second occasion of the kind in the last eighty-five years the Democrats gave lavish expression to their national elation, by arranging that the ceremonies attend-



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ing President Wilson's inauguration should be as unique and impressive as possible.

Because of the President and Vice-president not being inducted into office for the first time, the festivities lack the element of novelty that always attends the installation of a new Chief Executive and the introducing of a new family to the presidential mansion, especially as when they are strangers to the general public and the residents of the Capital city. However the inaugural committee has worked for weeks in revising features and elaborating the details to make this the most original and magnificent spectacle of its kind that has reigned the throngs that gather in ever increasing numbers to witness each successive inauguration, for this inaugural will go down in history distinguished for



Photo Copyright by G. V. Buck
PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON—YOU WOULD KNOW THEM ANYWHERE.

its innovations. Fate and circumstance have aided in the novelty producing, for this is the fourth time that the fourth of March, inauguration day has fallen upon Sunday, which puts the formal ceremony on Monday, the fifth, though the President will take the oath of office privately at the White House on Sunday.

The presidential party with Gen. Scott as marshal will leave the White House promptly at eleven o'clock instead of at ten as has been the custom heretofore, for Congress will not be in session and therefore the President will not have to spend the last hour of his old administration in his private office in the Senate side of the Capitol signing belated bills and resolu-

tions passed in the closing hours of Congress.

The President will be escorted by a picked troop of the 2nd U. S. Cavalry instead of the New Jersey militia regiment of last inauguration. The President made this choice, taking United States Troops in preference to the militia from his own state because his selection of an escort this time was made while he belonged to the Federal Government instead of being a State official or a private citizen.

Vice President Marshall's carriage, drawn by four horses, is to be escorted by the Black Horse Cavalry Troop of Culver Military Institute and the Culver Cadets. Inaugural Chairman Robert N. Harper, whose carriage will come next, with Col. W. W. Harts, the President's aide, and members of the Senate and House Inaugural Committee, will have an escort of mounted hunters.

The great event of the day will be the ceremony at the Capitol conducted much the same as on previous like occasions in recent years. In this case the oath is to be administered by Chief Justice White. Vice President Marshall again takes the oath and delivers his address in the Senate Chamber in the presence of all of the dignitaries and officials of the government and foreign representatives and then the assembly with the President goes to the east portico where the oath is administered to the head of the nation to be followed immediately by the inaugural address. Upon this occasion it is planned to permit the general public to draw near and to see and hear the President give his address at close range instead of having to view this part of the program over the heads and shoulders of the great concourse of military that has heretofore filled all of the space around the stand. The President decided that the military should give place to the people—a radical departure from the methods of bygone days and another niche in his record of precedent smashing. (In the event of present strained relations with Germany becoming more acute it may be deemed prudent to interpose the military as a precaution for the personal safety of the President.—EDITOR.)

Contrary to ancient precepts, both Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Marshall are to ride in the carriages with their respective husbands. True Mrs. Taft rode with her husband on the return journey from the Capitol, but never before has the wife of a Vice President taken part thus in the triumphant procession. Mrs. Marshall, as everyone knows is the Vice President's campaign partner, for she has traveled with him on all of his campaign tours, as well as every time he has stumped his state and the old wisecracks claim that Mrs. Marshall's tact and knack of winning the friendship of the rural women put many a ballot in the box for her husband.

In planning the arrangement of this parade, the committee sought to work it out as a beautifully balanced picture that would hold its place for all time in the memory of those who should see it.

To insure its harmonious blending inaugural Chairman Harper secured the services of an artist on parades, pageants, etc., and every unit and division was a carefully considered and determined from several standpoints so that the whole procession should be perfect from an artistic point of view. Hence the vast display of military that usually predominates in these events was cut down so that the two grand divisions, the military and civic, will bear more evenly balanced proportions. In the military will be seen as usual detachments representing all branches of the army and navy and so placed as to give the spectators a continuous passing picture of the types of the fighting forces of the United States.

In the civic division, also, political clubs, patriotic societies and associations representing various arts, crafts and industries of the nation were shifted about in the planning until just their most appropriate setting was artistically adjusted.

Of all of the notable innovations, that have made their appearance in this pageant the most striking and significantly impressive is the presence of a regular woman's section comprised of several thousand women of all persuasions, sects and beliefs, for it was the boast of Mrs. Boggs, the chairman of this section and the first woman

ever to be appointed upon an inaugural committee, that all women's organizations were welcome, politics and partisanship being submerged in patriotic efforts to demonstrate what women could do. Her escort in similarity to that of Col. Harper is to be an equestrian squadron of Virginia Horsewomen, about three hundred of them dressed in red velvet riding jackets, black velvet skirts and black silk beavers. These women are to precede the automobile with Mrs. James H. Boggs and her officers, and following her will come the District of Columbia Girl Scouts, with their captains in the khaki uniforms and carrying banners describing their activities. To the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46.)

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PLANS NORTH POLE DASH.—Captain Roald Amundsen has written a friend at Seattle that he will come to Seattle this summer and construct a one-hundred-ton schooner for a dash to the North Pole.

FIRST ICELAND BOAT ARRIVES.—The Gull Foss, a steamer of 880 tons, owned by the Icelandic Steamship Co., and flying the Danish flag, arrived at New York harbor recently, with a cargo of herring. This little steamer is said to be the first to come from that country since the time of Lief the Lucky. The prevailing high prices for foods of all sorts have brought great prosperity to the island.

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Short Cuts in Housecleaning

By Mary Hamilton Talbott

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THE best way to clean house is to do it gradually through the year. Eliminate dirt as you go along. Never allow things to accumulate but clear them out every month. If this has not been your plan, however, start now and get rid of the impedimenta. You might begin with that shelf of old medicines. Get rid of empty cans and bottles; the half emptied cartons of breakfast foods, crackers and the like on the pantry shelf. Take stock of the clothes and pass on all the outgrown garments and all those which you do not see immediate possibilities for using. Dispose of everything that is only littering up your house. Your work will be cut in two if you get the trash out of the way and you may have the satisfaction, too, of knowing you are providing moths, mice, roaches, and various household pests with fewer breeding places.

There are so many little bits of repair work about the house which can be done to freshen it, and a good time to do it is before one gets busy with the heavier work. If a tile in the bathroom or fireplace is loose, or there is a hole in the wall, mix some plaster of Paris with water, set the tiling or fill in the hole, smooth off the paste with a knife, and in the case of the wall try and match a piece of wall paper over it. You will have taken away much of the shabbiness which such things invariably cause. Perhaps you have a room that you would like to repaper because the paper looks so soiled, but you feel that it must be put off another year because of the expense. Try cleaning the paper yourself with this mixture: A quart of flour, a tablespoonful of bottle bluing, a tablespoonful of alcohol, a level tablespoonful of powdered alum, and enough water to make a stiff batter like bread sponge. Bake it fifteen minutes in an ungreased pan. Pour onto a bread board all that will come out of the pan without any of the brown crust, mix into it finely rolled crackers until it is too stiff to stick to the paper, and using a small piece at a time rub the paper with it—keeping the large lump folded in a damp cloth to prevent drying out too quickly. If you want to clean your painted kitchen walls fill the wash boiler and let the water in it boil until the room is filled with steam, then with a clean cloth wipe down the walls, and you will find them as clean as if you had given yourself a backache trying to scrub them.

Everyone who can possibly do it should have a vacuum cleaner as a help at this time, even if it must be engaged by the hour. It is not only a great strength saver, but saves wear and tear on the house and its furnishings. The rugs are cleaner and they are much less worn than when they are hung over the clothesline and beaten, as so many people still think it necessary to do. One such cleaning by a careless man will often prove more injurious than a year of regular usage. The mattresses, pillows, draperies, books, clothing, can all have the dirt sucked out of them by the appliances which come with a vacuum cleaner. Even a vacuum carpet sweeper, costing very little, will clean your rugs, carpets and floors better than a broom. You will be able, too, to accomplish your work in half the time and you will not be so tired. A vacuum cleaner run by electric power is most desirable for anyone who has electricity in the house, as it can be connected instantly with the light fixture in any room which you wish to clean, but for those who do not have electric lights there are several makes of hand-operated vacuum cleaners which do excellent work.

Manufacturers are vying with each other to make housecleaning easier for the progressive woman. Look at your hands after you have been wringing out a scrub cloth. Of course they are knotted and swollen; besides your work is not as well done as if you had used a scrub cloth wringer, for you cannot use as hot water or as strong sud with your hands. Get a mop with an adjustable scrubber and scraper and even the small boy will be glad to help you. A very moderate priced helper is a brush for washing windows which does away with danger; it is round, has long, soft bristles, and a rubber binding to protect the glass from an inadvertent blow, while the handle is so curved that all parts of the pane may be washed from the inside of the raised sash. And there is no use in thinking that radiators can be really cleaned with an ordinary brush; the work is better done and in half the time with a brush made specially for the purpose. It is about an inch wide, slightly curved and fitted with soft bristles of graduated lengths, and no crack or crevice can be missed.

A whisk broom will not remove the dust in upholstered furniture satisfactorily; if one brushes hard enough to get down into the folds and small places around the buttons the fabric is invariably roughened. By investing fifty

cents you can procure a brush that is made for just this work. At one end of the handle is a sharp-pointed tuft of stiff bristles which easily removes dust from around and under the upholstery buttons, and at the other end is a soft brush which takes it from the folds and will not injure the finest damask. Whatever you do, don't use an old-fashioned back-breaking dustpan, but get one with a long handle; the cover on the pan can be adjusted with the foot and all the work can be done without strain.

White enamel paint requires as careful handling as highly polished furniture and many a woman ruins hers by scrubbing it with soap and water; this fogs it. Use kerosene; one cupful to a gallon of water will remove every bit of dirt and leave it as glossy as when first put on the woodwork. Few people appreciate the cleaning quality of kerosene and there is in many homes an absurd prejudice against using it; yet it is far ahead of soap and water in its cleansing powers. Nothing will more quickly clean the metal trimmings of the bathroom than this oil mixed with whiting. It is also very effective in removing mildew from books which have been closed up in a damp place. Remember kerosene when you come to cleaning your gas stove, it will cut the dirt with but little effort.

Of course everybody washes their face curtains when they take them down in the spring—and the wise housewife will leave them down until fall, for it seems foolish to re-hang clean curtains only to have them flap against dusty screens. If you want to do this with little labor to yourself and at a great saving to the life of the curtains use a suction washer, which consists of a funnel-shaped cone made of heavy tin, a strong wooden handle and an inside mechanism with an automatic suction valve. There is a lever attached to the handle which is so arranged as to swing the plunger to any part of the tub, or the plunger may be used without the lever. A clamp fits this device to any tub and the soil is removed from the finest fabrics in a short time without injury by the compressed air and suction which forces the water through the clothes. This washer can be used successfully for washing rag rugs and many heavy things which would take much labor without this valuable aid.

A difficult part of housecleaning work is the lifting of heavy mattresses, owing to the awkwardness that makes handling difficult. Your task will be easier if you will sew heavy webbing across the ends of the mattress making a handle of the same at the four corners. This removes the strain from the corners of the ticking which soon wears out if the handles are simply sewed to the corners. An excellent cleaner for mattresses and pillows is a paste made of cornmeal and gasoline. Remember that no heat, not even a lighted lamp or candle, must come near them until the gasoline is thoroughly evaporated. This cleaning should be done outdoors and the mattresses left out until thoroughly dry and aired.

You will save yourself an endless litter of dirty cloths if you use sponges—the close, solid kind, costing ten cents each, keeping one for soapy water and one for rinsing. And do not think dustless dusters an extravagance. They are a most wonderful labor saver, and they make a cleaner place than the old-time cloth for dusting. Dustless mops for the floor save many a backache, reaching as they do the farthestmost corners under the radiators, heavy bookcases and tables for elusive dust which otherwise the housewife would have to get down on her knees to find. These mops range in price from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half. With the vegetable oil which is used on them, they mean clean and bright floors with a minimum of work. These mops can be washed, when dirty, in hot water and washing soda and no woman with a bare floor should be without one.

I heard a woman say recently, "If housecleaning could just get one somewhere besides just cleaning, it would be more interesting, the more digging for dirt is so tiresome." Make your housecleaning yield a little something toward the completion of the home. Rearrange the furniture, adjust the color scheme; if something is a trifle out of harmony, cover it, dye it, bleach it. Make this season count in more ways than one. The influence will be noticeable even on the children; every member of the house will take an interest in your work and let them have a voice in the rearrangement of furnishings. You may be sure the man of the house will not "take to the tall timber" when you mention housecleaning time if you consult him about things and have on a pretty frock in the evening when he comes home; he will be buying you all sorts of labor-savers when he knows how they help you. Whenever a man works he demands the best kind of tools, for modern efficiency methods show him the necessity for them. So should every housewife have the best obtainable equipment.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

again and see if I don't succeed this time. My father owns two hundred and sixty-five acres of land, eighty of which we ourselves farm, renting the other two places. So you see I am a country girl and can do most all kinds of housework, though I do believe I love to read better than anything. And flowers, oh, don't you think the homes with their green lawns and flowers are beautiful? It seems to me more honey and happy to be surrounded by flowers. I plant flowers all over our place wherever they will grow, and build bird houses for the birds to come and live in. I am eighteen years old, weigh about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, five feet five inches in height, dark brown hair and eyes and a dark clear complexion, and am a deaf lip reader. But I don't mind. I have lots of fun, and take long auto rides that's such sport.

It's pitiful to think of the invalids who can never leave their beds of pain. I would be pleased to hear from anyone, especially those who are deaf, but from any and all I would be glad to hear. With love to all, Your niece, ANNA PETERSEN. (League No. 41,985.)

Here is a little girl who builds houses for the birds she loves and yet is doomed never to hear their song. She can see her little feathered friends, but she cannot hear them express their gratitude by those glorious trills of melody that no human song bird can equal. I wonder how many of you have followed the example of Anna Petersen? I recently received a letter from a friend of mine who lives in Fort Wayne, and who drives the Elmer between that city and Chicago. In his home in the suburbs of the city in which he resides, he has turned his garden into a bird paradise, and he is having the time of his life and so are the birds, who come to visit him from the four corners of Ireland. He has a beautiful fountain where they drink, bathe and sport, and he has built wonderfully artistic bird houses, which have all the modern conveniences, like millionaire apartment houses. All the lucky birds who live in this bird oasis, tell their bird friends of their good luck, and any time there is a bird meeting in any section of the globe the name of William Jungles is greeted with three cheers, I mean three chirps. Brother Jungles tells me that strange, beautiful birds, that have not been seen in his section of the country for an age, now take up their residence in his bird hotels during the entire summer. He says it is wonderfully interesting and fascinating to watch the antics of his feathered friends in the modern Garden of Eden he has provided for them. For him they save their sweetest songs, and when he scatters feed around they swarm about him as though he were one of their own kind. The bird house idea is spreading like wildfire all over the land. Even the boys in the cities are erecting bird houses in their back yards,

when they have any—and it's about time. Bird life is rapidly becoming extinct, and think what a dreary world this would be without the birds, those graceful, happy, wonderful little creatures, who do so much to brighten the countryside. Of course there are bad birds as well as good birds, just as there are bad humans as well as good humans, but birds as a class are one of man's very best friends. There is a terrific warfare always going on for supremacy on this planet. That fight isn't between the Central Powers and the Allies or Uncle Sam and Japan, but between mankind and the insect pests which are forever striving to eat him out of house and home and drive him off the planet. In this terrific contest, which is rapidly becoming acute, the birds are our best friends, and without their aid we would have lost the fight long ago and been starved out of existence. A bird can eat its own weight in insects in a very brief period. Scientists are not guessing when they tell us this, for they have been simply astounded when they have opened the stomachs of birds and discovered whole armies of insects safely tucked away in birdy's capacious bug digester. Start your bird houses right away, and see what pleasure and delight they will bring you. It does not take much ingenuity or skill to build them, and they will repay your efforts a thousandfold. Anna dear, I am sorry that you are deaf, but how much luckier to be deaf than blind. Maybe that's poor consolation, but still it is a consolation. People often pity and sympathize with me, but when I think of the many who are incapable of using either hand or brain I consider myself very lucky. Anna doubtless does the same. Send her lots of letters. It is such as she who will appreciate them and the kind thought they will contain.

SAN DIEGO, 820 8th St., CAL.

DEAF UNCLE CHARLIE: I have recently returned from Mexico and San Blas. While there it was against the war rules to send out any private items of news in regard to methods of how the soldiers and officers conducted it. But I am now in U. S. A. again and will write you facts that came under my own observation while living over two years in Tepic, Mexico. On the morning of March 12th last, within two blocks of my house lived an English gentleman, who carried on a repair shop and had one small gasoline motor engine to furnish him with power to do such work as came in to his shop from time to time. He often had automobiles to repair. On this morning in question, at about six o'clock, creeds (cook woman) as is the custom there, went out to market with a small basket to buy some meat and vegetables for the day's meals, and left the front doors unlocked. The proprietor of the house and his woman housekeeper had not arisen, it being Sunday. Twelve of Carranza's soldiers entered the house at this open door and closed it behind them, while the creeds was at the market, and cut

the throat of the Englishman from ear to ear, and stabbed his body in fifteen places, and then stuffed sawdust in the housekeeper's throat and mouth, after they had cut her throat. Then when the creeds returned they also cut her throat and stuffed sawdust in her mouth. Then they looted the boxes and trunks in the house, carrying away much of the personal effects. A little nephew of the housekeeper called about half hour after the murders had been committed, to see his auntie. He discovered the bloody bodies lying about on the floors, and rushed out to the neighbors to tell them what he had seen. Neighbors went in and found the dead and then gave the alarm and went to the governor and told him of it. He sent some officers to the house and found it all true. Then he set them at work to ferret out the murderers, and to the dealers in the town who usually bought all stolen goods. Soon the officers had the information required, they had the dealers go with them and locate each man who was implicated in this affair and arrested all of them and placed them in the penitentiary for examination. One of the guilty parties was captain of the company the men were members of at that time. The governor placed all of them under rigid examination, and all confessed their part in the murders. Some were put through the third degree when refusing testimony, which in that country is trying a man's thumbs to a sling and raising his body above the floor, till he tells the truth, and other methods. The governor published that a public execution would be celebrated in five days after the murders were committed, and in front of the church and public plaza. On Friday of the same week, six of the condemned soldiers were marched handcuffed to the place announced, where hundreds of the people had gathered, filling the house tops and all places to look at the execution. At that time I was near to them and saw the six shot dead. The bullets still remain in the blocks of stone. On the following day the captain was shot at the same place and the other five in the penitentiary. So all were executed. I saw the dried up bodies of road robbers hanging by the necks on trees for weeks, to fall down of themselves, the flesh carried away by buzzards and vultures, but no person was permitted to take them down. I will answer all the cousins' letters who wish to know more about Mexico. I remain your COMFORT cousin and nephew, Wm. H. BURGESS.

Bill, I'm glad to know that Villa didn't get you. You must be about the only American living that he did not get. I think you have been wise to get out of Mexico. I've never been in hell, but I should imagine that hell must be a pleasant place compared with Mexico. I know I would rather take a chance in the latter than the former. After reading your letter William, I've come to the conclusion that there is hope for Mexico. I'm sorry you did not give me that governor's name. I would have liked to have written him a letter thanking him for the prompt way in which he punished the fiends who murdered the Englishman and his housekeeper. If that murder had taken place in the United States, there are no murderers would have been caught, and if they had been caught, never brought to trial. If one of our typical fool juries didn't acquit them, it is dollars to doughnuts some shyster lawyer would have got them off scot free on a technicality. I want to take my hat off to the governor of Tepic Territory, Mexico. I don't know the gentleman's name, but if I had I certainly would write and congratulate him on the drastic and speedy way in which he avenged the death of that man and his housekeeper. I suppose if it had been an American instead of an Englishman he would not have bothered. Every Mexican has a wholesome dread of John Bull, who protects his citizens no matter where they go, and a whole hearted contempt for Uncle Sam, who permits his citizens to be murdered by the thousands abroad, and the tens of thousands at home. Oh, I forgot Uncle Sam is a great hand at boxing the ears of little Hayti. Nicaragua, when they start cutting up Americans, but the old gentleman sings mighty small when Mexico or any of the big powers go on a rampage and murder, slay and drown those born under the Stars and Stripes—citizens it is the old gentleman's business to protect. Well we can't blame Uncle Sam when we have a navy only half manned, an army of three men and a dog, a national guard largely composed of department store clerks and office boys, many of whom, though brave and patriotic, don't know a gun from a hole in the ground. With such defenses as these the old gentleman can't throw many bluffs without making himself ridiculous. But that's not the point just now. What I want to get hold of is the Governor of Tepic, Mexico. That man would be a godsend to the United States. If we were to turn him loose on our criminal horde, instead of a thousand murders a month we should not have one murder in ten years. I admire a man of action, a man who gets right on the job at the drop of the hat, a man who sizes up a situation instantly and gets busy right on the jump. A man of that kind may make an occasional mistake, but he does succeed in putting the fear of God into the hearts of the lawless, and he does get results, and the right kind of results, and that is something the dithering, paltering, giggling, pussy footing, side stepping, undecided, scared to act man, never does. In Britain they had a nice, respectable old gentleman for premier, named Asquith, a dithering gentleman who for two years has been telling the British people to "wait and see." The British people took Asquith's advice, they have waited and seen, and seen little but misfortune and bad luck. Now they have got a little man of action named Lloyd George, who has the ability to get things done, and if he does not get results it will be because the old "wait and see" gentleman waited so darned long that it was too late to get any results. It is a long time since I wrote an article about Mexico and for obvious reasons. This country is divided into two camps on the Mexican question, and each side violently asserts that the other fellows' ideas of solving the Mexican problem are all wrong. On the one hand we have those who think we should go in and clean the place up and do for it what we did for Cuba and the Philippines, while the others want to "wait and see," want it left to its own devices (spell it d—vices please Mr. Printer). A perfectly good case can be made out for either side. We would not want anyone butting into our affairs if we had an internal squabble, as we had in 1863. But there is a difference. The world knew that after that little war was straightened out, orderly government would resume its sway, as we had demonstrated our capacity for self government, which is something the Mexican people have never done and are not likely to do with the crude human material they have down there. Don't forget that of Mexico's fifteen million people, thirteen million are wholly or partly Indian. In the city if you have a riotous neighbor that disturbs your peace of mind and breaks down your health by his objectionable, uncivilized methods of living, you call in the police or the Board of Health, and that gentleman is forced to keep the peace, and is not left to do as he pleases and become a festering social sore. If Mexico cannot clean up and behave herself, cannot select some man able to restore peace, law and order, somebody will simply have to go in there and do for the Mexicans what they are incapable for the present at least, of doing for themselves. We cannot have eighteen hundred miles of our border continually menaced by raiding hordes of cutthroats, and the world cannot afford to have one of its richest and most productive sections converted into a barren waste by political brigands whose one and only ambition is to grab the few bits of loot the other brigands have not yet appropriated. I believe Carranza is a good man and sincere, though many say he is not. His whiskers make him look wise, patriarchal and venerable, and whiskers wisely used have a distinct psychological value in impressing the ignorant. I wish to God Carranza could bring order out of chaos and bring peace and prosperity to his unhappy country. I do not however believe he can do it, nor do I believe any other Mexican can do it, unless Uncle Sam is right at his back to help him do the job with men and money, and guns if necessary, and the Yankee schoolmaster is also on the job, getting in her fine, enlightening work, just as she is doing in the Philippines. We Europeans make but a sorry spectacle in our attempts to govern ourselves along democratic lines, so what can we



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expect of Mexico which is about eighty-five per cent Indian? I only wish Mexico would invite us to send some of our best men to help them try and straighten out their tangled affairs. But they are not headed and proud, and too ignorant to act broadly and wisely. Then too, so many tens of thousands have tasted the sweets of brigandage and adventure that few of them would care to go back to the old prosaic ways of toiling hard for a living. They find fascinating sport in outraging women and swiping other people's property. Anyway the governor of Tepic has got the right idea of handling murderous Mexicans and I wish to heaven Congress would hire him to come up here and try his efficient hand at handling murderous Americans. We have the highest murder record on the face of the earth. The brand of Cain is on the nation's brow. Let us get the governor of Tepic to come up here and remove it. God knows it is time it was removed.

PLAINVILLE, R. R., Box 30, CONN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a little farmer girl, four feet seven inches tall, blue eyes, light hair, and thirteen years old, and in the eighth grade in school.

My father owns a good sized farm with an eight roomed house and a large barn. And say, I forgot we got two black dogs, one Dr. Orlo and the other his wife Lizzie anyway that's what we call them.

I have got three sisters and one brother.

I have not done my housework yet. I have got a little history, a little grammar and a little literature and I hope I have not made so many mistakes and said so many funny things as some of the cousins do.

Many children and "stuck ups" live up around here and say Uncle Charlie have the people who live got any shoestrings (or whatever you call them) tied around their foreheads? Honestly it seems

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

That Freckled Nose

THE time of freckles is approaching, when we can scarcely poke our noses out of doors without old Sol turning his burning glass upon us and producing a sprinkling of objectionable brown spots which we later sigh over before our mirrors.

Of course all my girls will be writing me: "Oh, what shall I do for freckles?" as I am taking Time by the forelock and telling all of you right now, girls, that the best way to get rid of freckles is not to have them! Freckles are really very hard to remove, for they are spots of pigment beneath the skin, and the skin has to be peeled off to dispose of them. After that is done, the new skin is sensitive and, of course, apt to freckle easily, so with one crop just



DO NOT SIT ON THE BATHING BEACH BAREHEADED.

out of the way, another may follow close on its heels.

You want to start in the early spring to prevent any freckles appearing. To do this, you must protect the skin from the glaring sun or intense heat. Never wear a narrow-brimmed hat or go bareheaded in the summer-time. Neither is a lace hat any protection, for the sun beats right through. Therefore, if you value a freckleless nose, choose large hats. If you go motoring, and a big hat is not feasible, wear a motoring bonnet with a visor or front brim, and a large chiffon veil.

At all times rub all the cold cream your skin will absorb into your face before going outdoors (and it will take a lot, if well rubbed in). Wipe softly with a pad of absorbent cotton, then dust generously with powder, and go over skin softly again with a fresh cotton pad. By the way, keep a bag or glass jar of cotton pads on your dresser.

If you swim, there is little hope of escaping freckles, although some of the wide-brimmed bathing hats which fit close down around the head and shade face and neck, help a little. Be careful to use quantities of cold cream and powder before going into the water and immediately after coming out.

The moment a freckle appears, mix some glycerine and lemon juice, half and half, and bathe the entire face with it, at night, letting it dry in. Keep up every night until the outer skin begins to peel off in little flakes. Then stop and rub in cold cream.

For severe freckles, rub lemon juice into a tablespoonful of dry mustard, then add a teaspoonful of oil of sweet almonds. Use a new mucilage brush or small paint brush and dab the paste on each freckle at night. The skin will soon begin to feel warm, then wash off face and rub in some cold cream. Keep up for a few days, and the skin will peel off exactly as if you had been sunburned. If you leave the paste on too long it will raise blisters or leave a scar. Be careful, also, not to get it in or near the eyes, and wash it off very thoroughly before using the cold cream.

If you have been exposed to a very hot sun, and fear your skin has suffered damage, a good idea, the moment you reach home, is to get a pitcher or bowl of very hot water and four Turkish wash-cloths. Put all the four cloths in the hot water. Lie down, wring out one cloth and fold over upper part of face to tip of nose, pressing down clear to nose. Wring out a second cloth, and fold over lower part of face just below nostrils. As soon as these begin to cool, replace with the wet cloths and put the first ones to soak again. Keep getting fresh hot water as fast as it cools at all. Keep this up for fifteen to twenty minutes, and it will usually prevent sunburn, tan or freckles from the over exposure you have just suffered. This treatment must, of course, be taken the moment you come in from being in the sun.

Answers to Questions

B. B. S.—You can gain in weight by eating the kinds of foods that produce fat—potatoes, boiled or baked but not fried, rice, macaroni, white bread and butter, cereals with plenty of cream and by drinking milk. Eat only at meals, and chew your food thoroughly. Get lots of outdoor exercise, and plenty of sleep, and of course always have fresh air in your room at night. See that the eliminative functions of the body are in order daily; you can help this by following the advice I am constantly giving—to drink eight to ten glasses of water daily. In the last issue of *COMFORT* I gave directions to one of our Pretty Girls about caring for her nails—follow those directions, and you will be surprised at how good-looking your nails will become.

Marie.—For the bad case of dandruff, shampoo the head at once, first going over the entire scalp with olive oil the night before and trying the head up in a towel to avoid soiling the bed-clothes. When you shampoo the next day, following the directions given so many times in these columns, the oil will help to rid the scalp of dandruff. Thereafter, you must not only be careful to wash it once in three weeks, but you must brush the hair gently every night before going to bed, one hundred strokes, and you must on no account go to bed with it done up. Either let it hang loose, or braid it very loosely indeed. Do not put water on the hair when brushing it, ever. Look to your general health, for if you are under weight and not very strong, your hair is being affected by your general condition. Make up your mind to get plenty of sleep, to eat sensible foods, to drink quantities of water, and to cut out coffee and tea—not more than one cup a day, should you drink for the time being.

Mrs. W. W. T.—The Vaucaire bust tonic is harmless. The formula is as follows:

To Develop the Bust

Liquid extract of galega (goat's rue), ten grams; lacto-phosphate of lime, ten grams; tincture of fenel, ten grams; simple syrup, one hundred grams. Be sure that you use a reliable druggist, so that the galega is perfectly fresh. The amount to use is two soup-spoonfuls in water before every meal. I think a better plan is to exercise—any arm exercises—and to look to the general health. Gentle massage will do a great deal for the bust. Rub around and around, following the outline of the bust, and being very careful not to press too firmly.

Pansy.—You could afford to weigh fifteen or twenty pounds more, since you are five feet eight and one-half inches tall, yet, if your bones are small, your present weight of one hundred and thirty is not very bad. As to your slim bust, if you are only sixteen, that will probably fill out. You can assist it to do so by exercising daily—all the arm exercises so frequently given in these columns. There are pulley exercises which fasten to the wall which are excellent to develop the chest and arms—which, in turn, produces a larger bust. Swimming or rowing or tennis or other active outdoor sports help to develop the upper part of the figure, besides being excellent for the general health. The milk diet would add pounds to your weight and without doubt increase your bust measurement, as well, in three or four weeks. The pores of the skin on the nose are full of white matter because your skin is evidently sluggish and is not sufficiently stimulated to throw off the secretions. Be sure to take a complete body bath daily, and rub the skin briskly—the face with a soft towel, the rest of the body with the ordinary Turkish bath towel. This incites the little pores to do their duty. Invest, also, in a complexion brush, camel's hair—and use it to scrub the face every night. That is all your facial skin needs.

V. S.—I do not quite understand how you have been using the peroxide. You say you put it on "one night and a cloth wet." Do you mean you wet a cloth with it and laid it over the skin? Just dampen the hairy spot with the peroxide one night, and with ammonia the next night. You say your skin is turning yellow—perhaps you have been using too much peroxide, though that would ordinarily bleach the skin. Probably the reason for the yellowness of the skin lies in what you have been eating—perhaps too many sweets, too much butter or fat meat. Cut down a little on sweets for a time, take the juice of half a lemon in a glass of cool water half an hour before breakfast, and eat grapefruit or oranges every morning for breakfast. Then drink plenty of water, and take some of the exercises for the bowels which I have given in these columns. I think you will find the yellow skin promptly disappear.

Mrs. C. T. S.—I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to answer letters by mail, or I should have been glad to write you. If you are only five feet two inches high, one hundred and ninety-five pounds is almost seventy pounds too much. You have some work ahead of you! The first thing you should do is to alter your diet, for nothing in the world can reduce you while you are eating any foods that produce fat. Therefore you must cut out sweet things, starchy things, fat things; this means that you must not eat potatoes, rice, macaroni, cereals, cream, milk, butter, bacon, salt pork, or other fat meat, gravy, puddings, cakes, candies, preserves, etc. You think, I presume, that this sounds dreadfully hard, but it isn't, for there are plenty of foods that you can eat. For instance, for breakfast you can eat a grapefruit or an orange, some soft-boiled eggs or some salt fish (broil a mackerel, for instance, but not creamed codfish, because you must avoid the foods which are cooked with cream sauces). You can eat, for dinner, lean meat of any kind, spinach, string beans, peas, onions, lettuce, asparagus, tomatoes, cabbage (either boiled or as cold slaw), cauliflower, etc. You must put scarcely any butter in your vegetables. Avoid soups, and do not drink at your meals. You can eat, for dessert, sliced or shredded pineapple, sliced oranges, grapes, melons, any of the berries (without cream or sugar), but nothing sweet. If you will stick to this diet (cutting out breads for a few weeks, you will find, on weighing at the end of that time, that you have lost several pounds). You must not eat between meals, and should eat only three times a day and at regular hours. The Epsom salts reducing paste can be used in addition. To make this, take half a pound of Epsom salts and dissolve in a pint of rain-water. Shave one and a half bars of white kitchen soap and cut to a quart of boiling water on the stove. Let stand over the flame until entirely dissolved. Then, partially cool, and beat in the Epsom salts solution. Massage into the portions of the body you desire to reduce, at night, and let dry in. In the morning, wash off with tepid water, then dash on cold water. You should take exercise every day in a number of ways over night. Drink exercises in your nightgown or kimono, then at least half an hour outdoors every day.

Mrs. F. R.—See answer to Mrs. C. T. S. about personal letters. I am glad you are taking the milk diet. You are drinking the right amount, and while it does, of course, make you feel "full," that is the way to produce results. For your height, five feet four, one hundred and thirty-five pounds would not be too much to weigh. Stick to the diet, and let me know how you get along.

Miss E. Z.—The way to fill out your neck is to build up your entire body, for you weigh forty-five pounds too little! Start right in building up, and soon your neck will take care of itself. If you would go on the milk diet, according to the directions so



A FACE BATH OF GLYCERINE AND LEMON JUICE WILL GET RID OF NEW FRECKLES.

often printed in these columns, you could add from one to three pounds in weight each week. The reason you get constipated and "stuck at your stomach" when you are drinking milk is, first, because you are probably taking it along with solid food, and, second, because your stomach is out of order and needs to be "stuck" before it gets well. Just drop all solid food for a time. (I would be willing to wager that you have been eating lots of ham and salt pork and other salt meats very little fruit, and plenty of constipating vegetables like potatoes.) Drink a glass and a half of milk (cool, not cold) every hour for eight times a day, chewing each mouthful before swallowing, the object of this being to mix the saliva with it and so help digest it before it reaches the stomach. Drink two glasses of hot water on rising and fifteen minutes later eat half a dozen prunes that have been soaked in a tumbler of water over night. Drink the prune juice also. Twenty minutes later begin your milk. Between your last "dose" at night and going to bed drink two glasses of hot water, at the same time putting the prunes to soak. If your bowels do not move freely, take a little laxative pill (you can buy a small bottle from your druggist for thirty-five or fifty cents) at night, and if you take the prunes as directed, the water, and "chew" the milk, I do not think you will have any trouble. For two days before you start on the milk diet, drink eight to ten glasses of water a day, and eat no meat or potatoes; eat, instead, fruit, such as oranges or grapefruit, vegetables such as string beans, peas, asparagus, onions, spinach and take soup. Stop all coffee and tea, and drink nothing with your meals those two days. Take a laxative

pill the night before you begin on the milk diet. I shall be interested to know how rapidly you gain. When you are through with the milk diet, be careful of your food. You should eat fat-building foods—for breakfast, cereals and cream, fresh fruit, soft-boiled eggs. You can eat baked apples or baked pears instead of fresh fruits; or you can always eat raw apples. For your dinner you can get eat baked or boiled potatoes, any vegetables you want, especially those fixed with a creamed sauce, and you can eat any roasted or broiled fresh meat, although pork and veal are hard to digest. Fish is good for you, eggs in any form so long as they are not hard. Eat plenty of bread, cream, or anything that will take cream, and do not drink tea or coffee. In addition, remember to drink eight to ten glasses of water a day, between meals but not at the table. Chew every particle of food until it is fluid before swallowing.

Miss S. McG.—The peroxide and ammonia treatment for superfluous hair is good—dampen one day with peroxide, the next with ammonia. It takes quite a long time, but the peroxide bleaches the hair and the ammonia, in time, kills the roots and the hair will dry up and fall out.

Paden City.—My, but you have a lot of problems, haven't you? But some of them I should not worry about. You say you have used soda in the water with which you shampooed your hair, and it has turned it that yellowish and eyes are black, and you are chagrined! Well, stop using the soda and brush the hair religiously every night for one hundred strokes to encourage the little cells to do their work well. In time your hair will probably acquire a little darker color. Do not attempt to dye it—you would be just as discouraged over that result as you are over having taken somebody's advice as to how to make it fluffy. To remove pimples, you must see that the bowels move very freely at least once a day. Make a habit of attempting this every morning before breakfast or half an hour afterward, and every night just before going to bed. Never fail to try, and in time you will form a habit. Stop eating sweets, candies, cakes, pies and rich desserts and gravies. Eat plenty of fruits and drink eight to ten glasses of water a day. The way to get rid of a pimple is through the stomach! To make the eyelashes long, keep the body in good condition so the blood is rich and the hair is well nourished. Then anoint the lids—just the very edge—at night, with warm olive oil. To make your cheeks red, do the same things I tell you for getting rid of pimples. Add to the diet a few minutes night and morning in your bedroom, and get at least a half-hour's walk each day, just as brisk as can be, and, besides, play tennis, basket ball, swim, row, or do any other athletic thing that is possible. Sleep with your window thrown as high as it will go. You can't change the size of your eyes, my dear, but you can make them clear and healthy looking by following the advice I give you. Another substance on them seem larger. Your liver spot is probably the result of eating too many sweets, too much fat meat. It will yield to the same treatment as the pimples. See my breakfast suggestions to "V. S." The Persians call eyebrows which meet, "the bridge of love," considering them most beautiful, but if you do not like yours, get a pair of tweezers at the druggist, and pull them out carefully one by one (catch with the tweezers close to the roots). They will come back and you have to do this over again every little while. "A clear smooth complexion?" You get this by the same route which disposes of pimples and liver spots! Take a body bath daily, of course, and rub the skin well. Use soapy water on the face only at night, and always rinse it off many times. In the daytime, use tepid water, and dash cold water on at least to close the pores. You can keep small bags, about two inches by three, half filled with rolled oats, and made of cheese-cloth, on your dresser, and use one of these as a washcloth in the daytime, taking a fresh one every day. Dip it quickly in the water, then wash the face with it. Use a little powder, a little perfume, and on the face put the skin dry but do not rub. This cleanses as well as soap, and does not roughen the skin but leaves it white and smooth. You want your hair to be curly "in front"? Well, you might do it up on kid curlers at night. But plain hair is very fashionable at present, and if you shampoo your hair once in two or three weeks and brush it every night as I have directed, it will soon look nicely worn plain. As for freckles, here is a formula to use, which is simple and cheap, as you request: Three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and three of glycerine. Shake together, and every night dampen freckles with it, letting it dry on.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Trees That Kill, Trees That Rain and Trees That Produce Bread and Butter

By C. L. Chapman

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AN Australian naturalist has recently found some interesting facts concerning the really marvelous eccentricities of different trees in distant lands: In the West Indies, the Canary Islands, in Arabia, and in the Island of Madagascar.

On one of the Canary Islands there is a tree which dispels from its branches actual rain to such an extent that a cistern placed at its base is never unfilled. This tree grows on one of the driest islands, through which no water ever flows. The branches of the tree are a cloud that changes into moisture frequently and sheds clear water.

In Arabia there is the insane or historical tree, so named from the fact that all who eat of its seeds are affected as if they had taken an overdose of laughing gas. It is not a large tree, seldom growing over six feet high. The seeds have a sweet, sickish taste and a decidedly unpleasant odor. As soon, however, as they have been pounded up and swallowed the user shows an extreme hilarity along with wild dancing, singing, and utter extravagance of language and motion. It is claimed that no other drug in the world has a similar effect.

In contrast with this silly tree is the ferocious man-eating tree of Madagascar. It is from seven to ten feet high and something like a grape fruit in shape, with rough, ugly tendrils stretching out in all directions. The trunk is black and hard as stone.

At the top of the tree are six palpi, six feet high, that rear straight up and twine and hurl about incessantly. There is a cup also at the top which contains a clear, appetizing fluid. But alas for him who drinks it! He becomes peculiarly crazed and unable to get down. Then it is that the whirling palpi twine themselves slowly but surely about the helpless man until life is gone. This species of tree is naturally avoided as a deadly serpent would be, and the natives consider that it is actually alive and possessed of an evil and terrible spirit.

In South America there is a most convenient milk-producing tree which the natives take advantage for the feeding of their children. By boring a hole in its trunk a clear sweet cream emerges which is both healthful and delicious.

In the same class with this practical tree is one in Africa which produces an excellent butter and another one in Ceylon which gives forth bread. This bread is in the form of a fruit—which when baked, is cut and eaten like our own bread. It has a somewhat similar taste.

A little different in variety of product, but just as useful is a tree in the West Indies, the bark of which resembles an exquisite filmy lace. It can be stretched out and is worn by native women of fashion and position.

In Guinea there is another tree which yields a peculiar kind of fruit—a huge fruit resembling cannon balls in size and shape and which makes a trembling noise when it pops. Perhaps the most productive of all trees is the carabana tree, similar to the palm which flourishes along the Rio Grande. When it is young it produces vinegar, while the roots have a taste somewhat like sarsaparilla. The trunk gives out a fiber and also a flower. The branches give forth bits which when roasted can be used as coffee. The wood of the tree is serviceable to make musical instruments. Lastly there is a wax extracted from it that is used to make candles.



Exquisite Beauty Easy to Attain

By Miss Valeska Suratt

The Charming Actress Whose Self-Made Beauty has Become World Famous

BEAUTY never before thought possible is within the reach of thousands of women who will take the trouble to use the formulas I give here. It is necessary for the user to mix the formulas herself—in this way she is certain of results and knows she is obtaining the proper materials.

Wrinkles

A difference of ten years in appearance may be produced in a short time with pleasing results, on deep wrinkles, furrows, light wrinkles, crow's feet, and lines of age, giving a girlish freshness, even in women of middle age and past. Get two ounces of epsol from your druggist; it will cost about fifty cents. Mix with half pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine. It will not grow hair.



A Lily-Pure Complexion

Instead of spending months using cosmetics trying to beautify your skin, use the following formula, and every freckle, red spot, blemish and muddiness will soon give way to pinky-whiteness and purity that rival the petals of a rose. Get one ounce of zintone from your druggist, it will cost about fifty cents—mix with a pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and apply as a cream.

To Obtain Beautiful Hair

I am proud to say I am known as the only woman on the American stage who wears no switches, puffs, wool rolls or other make-shifts. You may have a wealth of hair, too, if you will get one ounce of beta-quinol from your druggist, costing not more than fifty cents, and mix it with eight ounces of alcohol and eight ounces of water or with a pint of bay rum instead of the water and alcohol. It forces hair to grow in a remarkable way, stops hair from falling.



Healthy Scalp Necessary

While using the hair grower mentioned, you should use also a shampoo made up of a teaspoonful of eggol dissolved in half a cup of water. You can get eggol at any good drug store for twenty-five cents. It is a wonder in eradicating dandruff and cleansing the scalp from every particle of scurf. This lets the roots breathe and gives them renewed life.

Treatment of Superfluous Hair

There is nothing which will remove superfluous hair so perfectly, so magically as sulfo solution. It can be obtained at drug stores for one dollar. It simply dissolves the hair, never irritates, reddens, spots or injures the skin. It can be used on tenderest skin, no matter how stiff or soft the hair growth on any part of the body. Many women have "down" on their faces or arms. Removed with this solution the difference in appearance will be startling.

For Blackheads

You can get rid of blackheads in a few minutes by sprinkling some norexol on a sponge made wet with hot water and rubbing the face with it. It is the only real blackhead remover I ever used. Norexol will cost you fifty cents at the drug store.



Unusual Face Powder

There is much complaint about face powders being much too chalky. That is why I had a powder made after my own formula, called "Valeska Suratt Face Powder." It is the utmost in powder loveliness, exquisite in fineness and smoothness, delicate in scent, free from chalkiness, and practically invisible. It is now obtainable in drug and department stores for fifty cents in white, flesh and brunette tints.

Armpit Perspiration

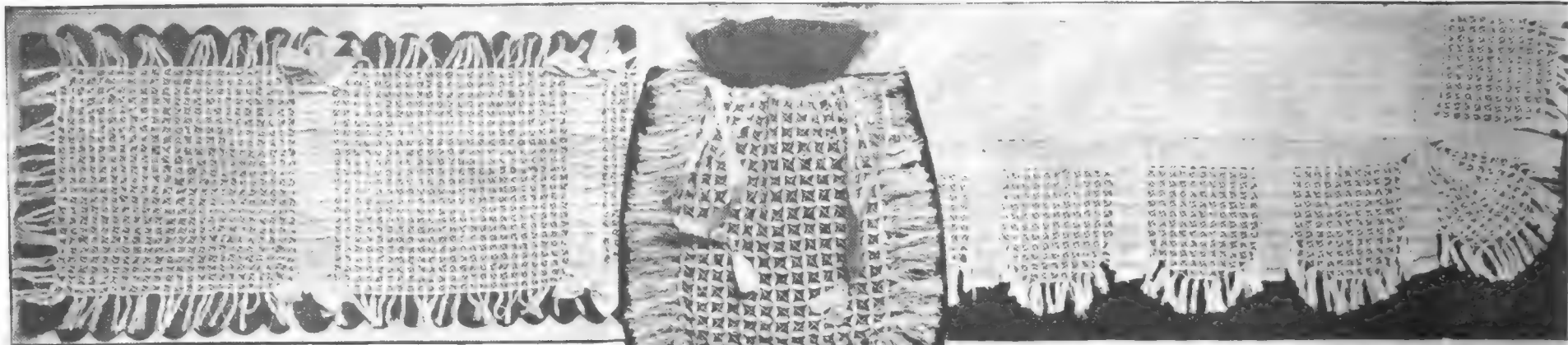
You can at once relieve that excessive and unnatural armpit perspiration by the simple use of hydrolized talc. You can obtain this at any drug store for fifty cents. It will at once remove all odor of perspiration and other body odors and prevent the soppy condition under the arms. It will save you from embarrassment and save your garments as well.

A Beautiful "Movie" Pillow-Top

There has been such a tremendous demand for the elegant "Valeska Suratt Pillow-Tops", beautifully done in orange and purple, with my large photo and signature in the center—that I have made special arrangements to have my friends supplied with these at the special price of fifty cents each. Send the price to "Secretary to Valeska Suratt", 441 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, and the pillow-top will be mailed to you at once.

Miss Suratt has instructed her secretary to obtain for you any article mentioned above and necessary for making up any of her beauty formulas, if for any reason you have any difficulty or delay in getting them from any drug or department store. In such case simply send your name and address with the price to "Secretary to Valeska Suratt", Suite 441 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, mentioning the articles you want.

New Ideas for the Household in Tatting



DRESSER SCARF OF THREE WOVEN SQUARES.
By Alma Little. Fig. 1.

LINEN BUREAU COVER EDGED WITH WOVEN SQUARES.
By Mrs. E. S. Foster. Fig. 2.

Handwork for Household Linens

OUR columns this month are devoted especially to various sorts of handwork for decorating articles for household use.

Table Linen

It is very satisfactory to make dainty covers for any table as dark wood shows up so prettily under lace or eyelet work.

The set for a dining table sent in by Mrs. Winsor is of sheeting linen and looks very choice and pretty even if not elaborately embroidered. This was designed especially for use during the summer months, to save laundry. The large doily practically covers the top of the table and instead of being finished with the usual scallop, has a simple filet edge made as follows.

Filet Edging

Single crochet closely into the linen, being careful to keep the circles as true as possible.

2nd row.—Ch. 6, 1 d. c. in 3rd st., ch. 3, 1 d. c. in next 3rd st., join by slip st. at end of row. Be sure to make an even number of spaces in each first row.

3rd row.—Ch. 6, 1 d. c. on d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. on next, repeat, join.

4th row.—Ch. 6, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. sl. st. over 2 spaces, ch. 6, 1 d. c. ch. 3, 1 d. c., sl. st. over 2 spaces, repeat.

5th row.—8 s. c. in each of the spaces which form the squares on the edge and 3 s. c. in of the spaces between.

Irish Lace Centerpiece

BY MRS. NUTTING.

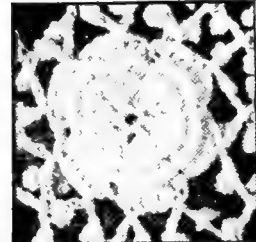
Single crochet closely around the edge of linen center, join.

1st row.—Ch. 6, sl. st. into third stitch to form picot, ch. 6, picot, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in 4th single from starting point, this make 1 p., ch. Repeat around, making last ch. meet first ch., now sl. st. to center of first ch. between 2 p., s. Join each row and sl. st. in this way. Make 7 more rows of p., chs.

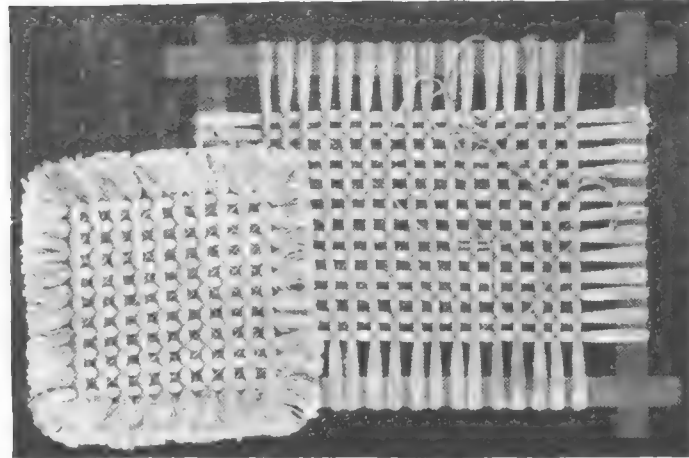
Make 15 or more roses or a rose for every 6 picot chs.

8th row.—Sl. st. to center p. ch., ch. 6, 1 p. ch. 2, 1 sl. st. in center of petal of rose, ch. 6, 1 p., ch. 3, join next p., ch. to center of next petal. Now 4 p. chs. Join next two chs. to second rose, 4 p. chs., repeat.

Make one row of p. chs. around the roses, then complete the roses by working p. chs. back and forth joining to the chains already worked around the roses. Next one row of chains completely around doily, but making each chain a little larger by working ch. 4 between the 2 p's in each ch.



ROSE USED IN IRISH LACE CENTERPIECE.



WOODEN FRAME WITH COTTON WOUND ON IT AND COMPLETED MAT.

Follow this with one row ch. 9, 1 s. c. between picots. Last row, 4 d. c., 1 p., 4 d. c., 1 p., 4 d. c. under each chain 9.

Directions for Roses

Ch. 5, join in ring.
1st round.—Ch. 5, 1 d. c. in ring, ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c., sl. st. to first ch. 5, making 6 spaces in all.

2nd round.—Ch. 1, 5 d. c., 1 s. c. under ch. 2, or first sp. Repeat in each sp. to form first row of petals.

3rd round.—Ch. 5, 1 s. c. under d. c. between the first and second groups of doubles in last round. Repeat making a ch. 5 behind each group of doubles.

4th round.—1 s. c., 7 d. c., 1 s. c. under first ch. 5, repeat under each ch. This forms second row of petals.

5th round.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c. between petals. Repeat 5 times.

6th round.—1 s. c., 9 d. c., 1 s. c. under

each ch. 7, fasten off.

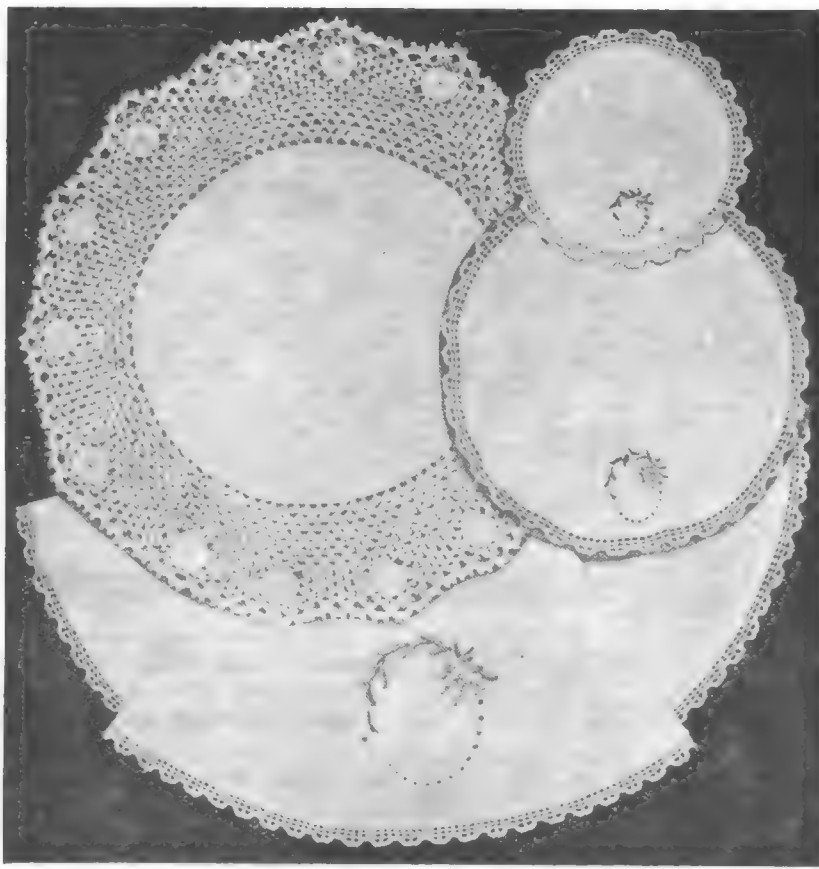
After one has the edge of the doily far enough along for the roses, count the number of picot chains in the last row of the lace. Allow 2 p. chs. to fasten to each rose and 6 chs. between, then make up number of roses needed and work in.

The several pieces of work which have come in from our readers show conclusively that COMFORT housewives are quick to adopt new ideas to their own particular needs in making their homes as attractive and com-

HAND BAG. FIG. 3.

threads in this direction then recross in the opposite direction from corner to corner; this will form a crossing of the knotting threads at each crossing of the mat threads. When the tying is finished cut the mat open with a knife along two edges of the frame; the other two edges can be cut with the scissors. Shake out and even the fringe.

Scarf Fig. 1. To copy this scarf make three square mats the proper size. Cut the threads only on three sides of the two end mats, and on



HAND-MADE TABLE LINEN. By Mrs. Winsor and Mrs. Nutting.

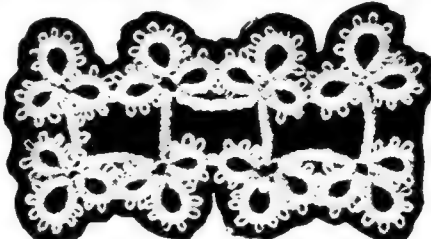
portable as possible. A good illustration of this is the scarfs and handbag of tied or woven squares shown at the top of this page.

Directions for doing this particular sort of work appeared in our last September issue and seemed at once to become quite popular. As the work is very simple, does not cause eye strain and its possibilities are so great we are glad to again illustrate the frame and the work in detail.

For the best results use a soft mercerized cotton, the size being determined by the article made. A frame such as is illustrated is necessary.

To wind this tie one end securely around one corner of the frame carry the cotton to the first notch on upper side of the frame. Hold the frame by this corner and wind, back and forth to the first notch on the opposite side seven or more times, carry cotton to second notch and wind around the frame, the same number of times, so continue until threads have been wound in each pair of notches on these sides. Carry cotton from last notch around corner to first notch and wind the frame in the opposite direction in the same way. Fasten at the last corner. Do not wind the cotton tight on the frame, but just so that there is no slack.

Thread a bodkin with white or colored silken. Begin by knotting around the first threads which cross in one corner, tie diagonal-



INSERTION. DIRECTIONS ON NEXT PAGE.

FIG. 4.

ly across to the opposite corner, knotting on the wrong side as shown in cut. Cross all the



POINTED MEDALLION.
DIRECTIONS ON NEXT PAGE.

two sides only of the center mat. Join by tying the looped ends of one mat to the side of the next mat. Run ribbon through these spaces, finish with bows and mount all on a piece of scalloped silk on satin.

Scarf Fig. 2. This linen bureau cover has an edge of smaller mats, with the tying of the lower corner threads omitted, to give a rounded outline, only cut the threads of the lower side of these mats, join as in Fig. 1, sew to edge of hemmed linen allowing an extra mat in each corner as shown, so the work will lie flat. Run ribbons between the mats finishing the ends with a flat loop and end.

Hand Bag Fig. 3. This may be made of two mats of any desired size, line with silk in the usual way. Hot plate mats, small table covers, or a bedspread may all be made in this way. For a full size bedspread 42 mats 15 inches square will be needed. Use No. 5 mercerized cotton and make mats 16 strands thick. Do not cut sides of mats and join by tying loops to sides of next mat, as in scarf Fig. 1, spread will be seven squares in length by six in width. Fill spaces in corners between squares, by weaving small mats or crossing threads and working in a spider web.

Hot Plate Mats

Either with or without a tablecloth hot plate mats of asbestos are a great convenience or rather a real necessity nowadays.

Our first illustration of a home-made covering for these mats, which can be bought in various sizes and shapes, is of linen cross-stitched with tiny rosebuds. The edge is finished by closely buttonholing and the two thicknesses of linen caught together by outlining closely all around the shape of the asbestos mats. One end is left open and fastens together with snap catches.

Crocheted Covers

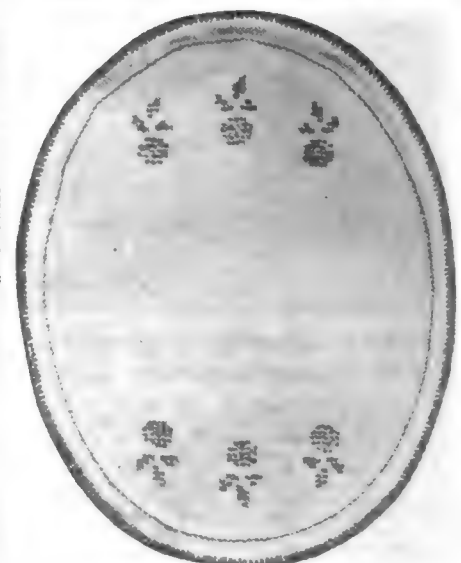
A set of covers for different size mats may be made very easily of a soft mercerized cotton as follows.

Ch. 6, join in ring.
1st round.—21 s. c. in ring.

2nd round.—Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 3rd st., repeat making 7 chs. 5 in all.

3rd round.—Ch. 4, 4 s. c. under ch. 5, repeat all around.

4th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c., under first ch. 4, 1 s. c. on each of 3 s. c. or 5 singles in all. Ch. 4,



CROSS-STITCHED HOT PLATE MAT.

5 singles worked in the same. Repeat 5 times.
5th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch. 4, 4 s. c. on 4 s. c. as in last row. Repeat 6 times.

6th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch. 4, 5 s. c. on 5 s. c. Repeat given directions in each round.

7th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch. 4, 6 s. c. on 6 s. c. Repeat around.

8th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 7 s. c. 9th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 8 s. c.

10th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 9 s. c. 11th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 10 s. c.

12th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 11 s. c. 13th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 12 s. c.

14th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 13 s. c. 15th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 14 s. c.

16th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 15 s. c. 17th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 16 s. c.

18th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 17 s. c. 19th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 18 s. c.

20th round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 19 s. c. 21st round.—Ch. 4, 2 s. c. under ch., 20 s. c.

22nd round.—Ch. 4, 1 s. c. under ch. 4, ch. 4, skip 2 s. c., * 1 s. c. on each s. c. except the last, ch. 4, 1 s. c., ch. 4, skip 2 s. c. and so on, repeating from * all around.

23rd round.—Ch. 4, 1 s. c., ch. 4, 1 s. c., ch. 4, sk. 2 s. c., * 1 s. c. on each s. c. except the last, 3 chs. of 4 and repeat from *.

24th round.—Ch. 4, 1 s. c., ch. 4, 1 s. c., ch. 4, 1 s. c., ch. 4, sk. 2 s. c., * 1 s. c. on each s. c. except the last 4 chs. of 4 and repeat from *.

25th round.—Ch. 4, 1 s. c., ch. 4, 1 s. c., ch. 4, 1 s. c., ch. 4, 1 s. c., ch. 4, sk. 2 s. c., in the beginning and 1 s. c. at end of row, repeat.

26th round.—6 chs. 4, with 1 s. c. between, sk. 2, first and the last s. c., repeat.



CROCHETED COVERS FOR ROUND MATS.
By Mrs. Foss.

27th round.—7 chs. 4, 4 s. c., repeat 6 times.

28th round.—8 chs. 4, 1 s. c., repeat 6 times.

29th round.—Chs. 4, 1 s. c. between.

30th round.—4 s. c. under each ch. 4.

31st round.—Chs. 4, 1 s. c. in every 4th s. c.

32nd round.—Chs. 3, 1 s. c. under chs. 4.

33rd round.—Ch. 5, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., repeat under each ch. 3.

To make smaller mats simply begin to point of spokes of the wheel sooner as in 22nd row.

These mat covers can be made secure by running a crocheted cord in the last row, drawing up closely and tying.

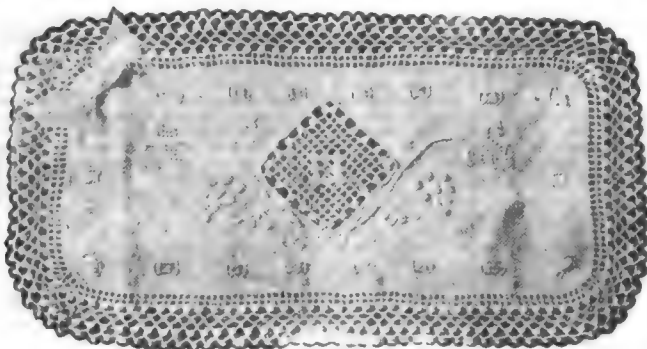
& Crochet=By Comfort Workers

Edited by
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Crocheted Trimmed Cushion Cover

BY GRACIA SHULL

Pin cushions or cushion covers are always in order for what woman, unless she lives in the South Sea Islands, uses no pins? The cover here shown will surely delight any feminine heart who loves dainty personal belongings. Linen showing a bit of embroidery is made still more



CROCHETED TRIMMED CUSHION COVER.

attractive and practical by the addition of the crocheted motif in the center. For this use rather fine cotton and work as follows: Ch. 36, turn and make 11 spaces, ch. 5, turn. Next 2 rows the same.

4th row.—5 sps., 5 d. c. in next sp. joining first and last d. c., to form a cluster, 5 sps.

5th row.—4 sps., 1 cluster, 1 sp., 1 cluster, 4 sps., ch. 5, turn.

6th row.—3 sps., 1 cluster, 3 sps., 1 cluster, 3 sps., ch. 5, turn.

Now a row like 5th, then one like 4th, 3 rows all sps.

Edge.—2 clusters in corners separated by ch. 5, then cluster in every other space with ch. 5 between.

Edging.—1 s. c. all around in edge of linen, then 2 rows of sps. making extra ones at the corners by making extra doubles. This gives the necessary fullness. Close the end of each round with a slip st.

3rd row.—Cluster in every other sp. with ch. 5 between.

4th row.—Ch. 6, 1 s. c. under each ch. 5.

5th row.—The same.

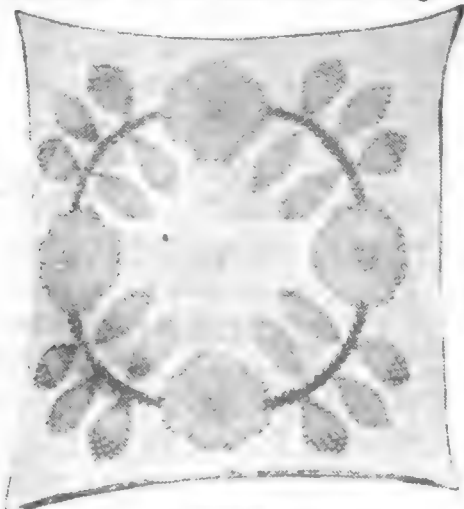
6th row.—Cluster under chs. with ch. 7, form picot, ch. 3, between each.

The front and back of such a cover as this can be laced together with ribbon making it a very easy to slip off to launder.

Cushion Covers

One can hardly be overstocked with a supply of sofa pillow covers for every-day use. These to be serviceable should be made of something substantial and also washable. A fairly coarse linen or crash combines these qualities and is also a material suitable for different sorts of embroidery.

To introduce a little color very attractively and rapidly any rather bold embroidery design, having well defined lines and fairly large spaces can be very easily worked out and a rather Japanese effect obtained, as shown in our illustration of a sofa pillow and also in Fig. 5.



APPLIQUE PATCH PILLOW COVER.

The possibilities of this sort of work are great and quite elaborate effects can be obtained with a minimum amount of work.

To prepare any suitable stamped piece of work to be embroidered in this way, simply draw horizontal lines about a quarter inch apart, across each leaf and flower. Usually the designs are worked out by combining several shades of one color. This gives a very pretty effect. Work each leaf or petal entirely of one shade.

Begin by couching down a thread on all the horizontal lines. Taking a stitch every half or three-quarters of an inch with thread of the same shade. Draw all ends through and fasten down on the wrong side.

After these lines are finished with needle and thread, take short quarter inch stitches, below each horizontal line. These stitches should be quite near together, all as nearly the same length as possible and perfectly straight, or just at a right angle to the horizontal lines.

Crochet Edging on Pillow

This narrow edging which is suitable for scarfs, dollies, etc. is made as follows. Make chain the length desired. Turn, 6 s. c., ch. 3 for p., 4 s. c., ch. 12, 1 sl. st. in third single from end. Under ch. 12 work 3 s. c., ch. 3 for p., 7 s. c., ch. 3, 3 s. c., * 5 s. c. in original ch., 1 p., 4 s. c., ch. 12, sl. st. in second single from finished loop. Under ch. 12 work

3 s. c., 1 p., 4 s. c., ch. 12, turn, 1 s. c. in center finished loop. Turn, 4 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., 1 p., 4 s. c. Now under second ch. work 3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c. Repeat from *.

Applique Patchwork

Another of the recent practical novelties in needlework is the modern adaptation of patchwork as shown in our design on this page.

This square pillow cover is a good example of the effectiveness of this work.

The different motifs of a design are cut from linens or cambrics of color and then these outlines softened by French knots of coarse mercerized cotton.

In this design the large rose like motifs are of light rose linen the centers finished with a group of dark rose French knots surrounded with one row of a lighter shade of French knots, this same shade being used for the knots around the edge of the rose. The narrow circle is of dark green finished with knots of the same shade. All the leaves on the circle are of light green with French knots to match, excepting the two outside leaves of the group of three which are tipped with pink and then quite well covered with knots of the darker pink.



SIMPLE EMBROIDERY IN SHADES OF BLUE ON LINEN.

In doing this work, the various pieces should be cut out very carefully. Turn all edges in a quarter inch and arrange and paste in place. Finish by felling all edges down with thread to exactly match and then add the French knots. Unbleached cotton finished with a border in bright colors of various animals, sunbonnet babies of simple outline in this applique work, is especially suitable for children's crib coverlets.

Simple New Designs in Tatting

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

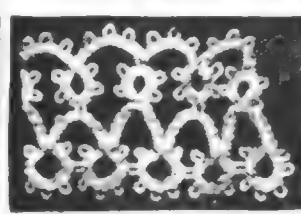
Of all the varieties of handwork which we see in the present craze for such decorations, the old-fashioned tatting bids fair to become the most popular. Perhaps this popularity is in a measure due to the fact that while tatting can be made quite as effective as embroidery, Irish crochet and like handmade trimmings, it is more easily learned and more rapidly made. The designs illustrated, which at first glance appear somewhat intricate, can be easily made by any one who has mastered the first steps in tatting—the single ring and picot.

Fig. 4 is a beading, or insertion having both sides alike. The spool is used in making the three leaves of the clover leaf and the spool and shuttle are used for the bar. First make a cloverleaf in which the first and third rings or leaves have 7 picots with 2 d. s. between, and center rings has 9 picots with 2 d. s. between. The shuttle is used in making the clover leaf.

s. followed by another clover leaf. Proceed in this way until the desired length is completed.

Tatted Beading

This beading is made in two rows. First, make a ring of 7 p. with 2 d. s. between each picot. Then with spool and shuttle make 6 d. s. With shuttle make 5 picoted ring with 2 d. s. between each picot. With spool and shuttle make 6 more double stitches.



TATTED BEADING.

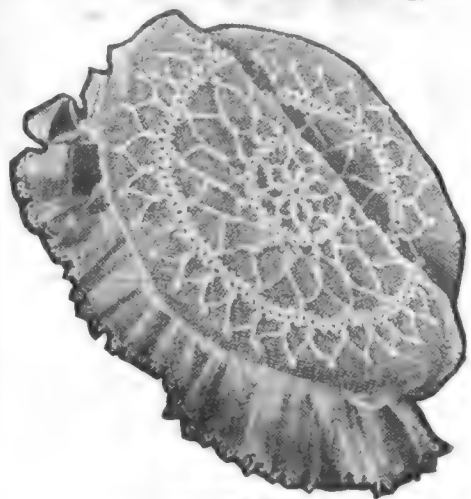
Now make a 7 picoted ring and join it to the ring first made at the second picot. With spool and shuttle make a scallop of 12 d. s. with a p. in the middle of scallop. Proceed as in the beginning, alternating a ring and a scallop. The upper row alternates something as the lower. The thread is fastened to the third picot of the ring, and a 3 p. scallop is made, then make a 5 p. ring, and join to the picot of the scallop in the first row. Make a 4 p. scallop. Fasten the thread to the third p. of the next ring of the first row.

Pointed Medallion

One 7 p. ring, with shuttle and spool 3 p. chain of scallop, with shuttle 1 ring of 2 d. s., 1

Boudoir Cap

For the tatted top which is afterwards applied to the net begin with center ring of 7 p. with 3 d. s. between, close, with spool and shuttle, ch. 5 d. s., with shuttle along small ring, 2 d. s., 1 p., repeat twice, 2 d. s., close, ch. 5 d. s., join to p. of center ring, ch., ring, ch.,



BOUDOIR CAP.

join to next p., repeat around, making 8 points in all. Join and break thread. Join thread to center p. of a ring, ch. 9 d. s., small ring same as in last round, ch., repeat all around, join and break thread.

With shuttle make ring 2 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., join to center p. of ring in last round, 2 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., ch. 3 d. s., 1 p., 3 d. s., 1 ring of 3 p., joining to last ring, ch. 6 d. s., 1 ring, ch. 6 d. s. with 1 p., repeat all around making every other ch. with a p. and joining every fifth ring to ring in last round. Finish by joining to first ring made and break thread.

4th round.—One 3 p. ring, joining second p. to p. of ch. in last row, ch. 9 d. s., 3 p. ring, ch., ring, join to p. of ch. in last row, ch., ring, repeat all around, join and break thread.

5th round.—3 p. ring, joining to center of ring in last row, ch. 18 d. s. ring, ch., ring joined to rings of last row, repeat, join and break thread.

6th round.—Same as third. Rings 3 p. and every 7th ring joined to ring of last row. Chs. 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., join and break thread.

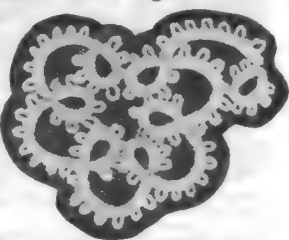
7th round.—Same as 5th excepting chains are only 14 d. s. Join rings to every third ch. in last round.

Edge the frill with simple tatted rings, each 5 d. s., 1 p., 5 d. s., close. Run in elastic and finish with twist of ribbon and full bow in front.

Tatted Edging

This edging is pretty for scarfs, towels, dollies or for any purpose where one wants a little more than the simplest tatted edge.

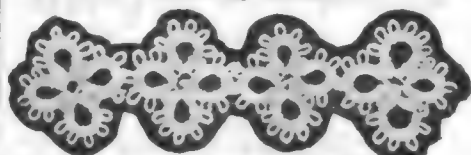
A shuttle and spool is required for this pattern, with shuttle make 7 p. ring, with spool and shuttle 7 p. scallop, repeat, making rings and scallops alternately, until 6 rings are complete. Join all rings together by picots on either side of the center p. of each ring. After sixth ring, 1 scallop then 7 p. ring, join to center p. of last scallop, 1 scallop, repeat pattern.



TATTED EDGING.

Tatted Medallion

After completing sixth ring in above edging, make scallop and join to first ring. Insertion may be made by joining medallions.



FOUR-LEAF CLOVER DESIGN.

Four-leaf clover designs in very fine thread make a dainty and beautiful trimming for handkerchiefs. The directions for making are as follows: Make each ring with 7 p. with 2 d. s. between each p. and joined together closely at the base of each ring, and at the first picot of each ring. An unbroken thread as long as the strip of tatting, if possible, is carried along on the back of the tatting. This insures even, firm work.

Dresser Scarf

The scarf edged with tatted vandyke points gives one at the first glance the impression of being a much more elaborate and complicated pattern than it really is. The handsome effect being quite easily obtained by working the points first and then adding the top row of rings and scallops.

Begin the points with a 7 p. ring, another 7 p. ring close to the first in opposite direction. A 3 p. scallop, another 7 p. ring joined to the second ring made at the third p. Make a 7 p. ring opposite the last followed by a 3 p. scallop. A clover leaf of two 7 p. rings and one 9 p. ring forms the point. Finish as commenced after the clover leaf is made. Only in reverse order.

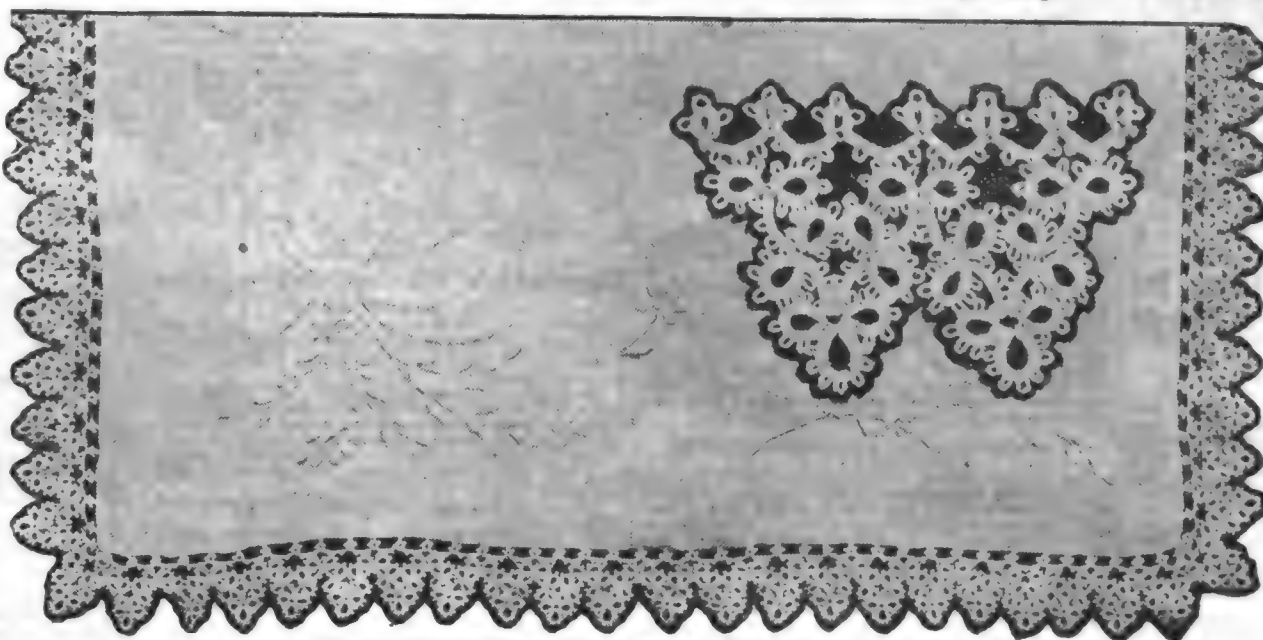
Border the points with one row made with spool and shuttle, thus; make a 3 p. ring, followed by 3 p. scallop joined to the top rings of the points at the second picots of the scallops.



HOT ROLL COVER

FOR HOT ROLLS. FIG. 5.

Work the same style of embroidery as is shown on sofa pillow. If simple designs are



DRESSER SCARF EDGED WITH TATTING. By Mrs. F. L. Smith.

Make a clover leaf, then a bar followed by another clover leaf in opposite direction. With spool and shuttle make a horizontal bar of 9 d. chosen for this kind of embroidery one can achieve just the right proportion of color to make many bits of household linen distinctive.



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More About Carburetors

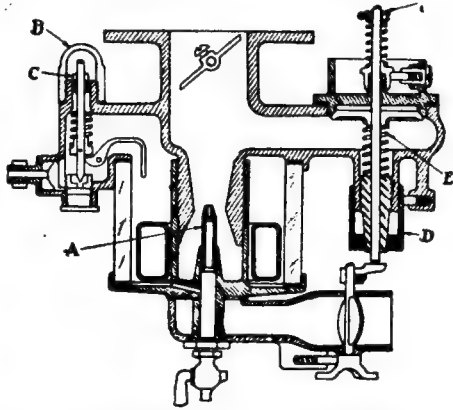
ALTHOUGH it was pointed out in the previous article that the principle of carburetion is comparatively simple, the construction of a successful carburetor is not the simple problem one is apt to imagine. If the motor would be comparatively easy. However such is not the case. At times the motor may be required to run at approximately 2000 revolutions per minute while at other times, 2,000 or more revolutions. Since all air is drawn through the carburetor by the vacuum created by the pistons, it is obvious that the amount of air drawn through the carburetor is reliant upon the speed of piston travel. If this is the condition the reader is apt to think that as more air is drawn through the carburetor at high engine speeds, the amount of gasoline picked up will be proportionate thus resulting in an ideal condition. However, this theory is contrary to the law of liquid bodies.

The exact condition is that the flow of fuel from the jet increases under suction faster than the flow of air. Therefore if some provision were not made to offset this condition a mixture entirely too rich for proper motor operation would be the result. A number of carburetor designers allow for this condition by using an auxiliary air valve.

To obtain full power it is necessary that when the gasoline is vaporized it be mixed with the proper amount of air. If mixed with too little air, there will not be sufficient oxygen to burn the carbon and hydrogen in the fuel. The result is that most of the fuel is wasted as will be indicated by the black smoke emitted from the exhaust. On the other hand if too much air is used, the mixture will be a slow burning mixture. Either a lean or too rich mixture is often evidenced by back-firing through the carburetor. Therefore it is well to keep in mind that it is of paramount importance that the proper properties of gasoline and air be mixed so as to meet the varying conditions of speed, load, temperature and power.

Stromberg Type B

The best advice that can be given to the motorist is to leave the carburetor alone and endeavor to forget that there is any such instrument installed on his car. However, there are exceptions to this rule, there being times when it is necessary to make adjustment. The first make of carburetor to enter the discussion is the



STROMBERG TYPE B CARBURETOR

Stromberg Type B, which is used very successfully on Autocar trucks, as well as many other motor vehicles. The spray nozzle, A, is mounted in the center of the carburetor, in the center of the float chamber. In this instrument the float is so regulated as to shut off the supply of fuel coming from the storage tank when the gasoline has reached a height of about three sixteenth inches from the point of the nozzle. When the correct fuel level is reached the gasoline should be about one inch from the lower edge of the glass. For the reader's information, the float chamber of this carburetor is surrounded by a glass cylinder. However, the correct gasoline level is set at the factory and should ordinarily require no attention, but should it for any reason require attention, remove the dust cap, B, and turn the adjusting screw, C, until the proper level is obtained. If the level is too high turn the nut to the right. On the other hand if the level is too low, turn the nut to the left or up. Bear in mind, however, that this level should not be changed unless found to be absolutely necessary.

On this instrument the low speed adjustment is made by turning up the adjusting nut, D, until the spring, E, which is the low speed spring, causes the auxiliary poppet valve to seat lightly. Determine that the high speed or top spring is free and does not contact with the nut on top of the auxiliary air valve stem. Next, close the motor and with the throttle closed, turn the nut, D, in either direction until the motor idles smoothly. This is the low speed adjustment.

Throw open the throttle quickly and if a back-fire occurs through the carburetor, the mixture is too lean and should be remedied by turning up the high speed nut, F, until the backfiring ceases. If after making this adjustment the motor seems to have a tendency to load or choke, the mixture is too rich and the nut, F, should be turned down until the proper adjustment is obtained. This is the high speed setting. The spring controlled by the nut, F, should have at least one thirty-second inch clearance between it and the top of nut on the auxiliary air valve stem when the motor is at rest.

Before attempting to adjust any carburetor, regardless of its make, be certain that each cylinder is developing high compression, the valve lifters are not too closely set up, and that a hot spark is being delivered in each cylinder. Also carefully examine the inlet valve guides. If these show wear it cannot be hoped to smoothly idle the motor due to the extra air which will be drawn through the worn guides. Worn inlet valve guides will not, however, materially affect the high speed setting for the reason that the large amount of mixture taken into the cylinders compensates for the auxiliary air.

Tractor Replaced Seven Horses

In 1915 a farmer in Southern California, after carefully watching a tractor exhibit, decided to purchase one for his place. Heretofore it had been necessary to use seven horses to cultivate the soil and reap the harvest but the farmer was readily convinced that with the tractor, horses were no longer required. This tractor which developed seven horse-power at the draw-bar, for plowing, harrowing, seeding, cultivating and similar uses was operated for a nine-hour day at a total operating expense, exclusive of operator of two dollars. It was found that this tractor ploughed deeper and turned over more land in one day than was possible with the seven horses. During the idle season it was readily discovered

that the tractor was suitable for other varieties of work. It was used as a stationary engine, developing 20 horse-power at the belt. From seven o'clock in the morning until noon, 31 tons of bean straw was baled. On the best farms it was found that the tractor was adapted to pumping, threshing, baling and other kinds of work too numerous to mention.

The farmers soon recognized that the tractor did not stop for heat or cold, did not require hours of careful attention as did horses at the end of the day, was economical on lubricating oil and could be run for one hour on two gallons of gasoline.

Overhaul Pays

The motorist who is running his car for a second season has no doubt discovered that an overhaul on a small scale or at least a rigid inspection of the mechanical parts at this time of year will stand between large repair bills and spoiled pleasure later on. Start with the motor and take in the details of the car as the work progresses. Scrape or have burned by the oxygen method all carbon from the pistons and combustion chambers. Remove all lubricant from the crankcase, transmission, rear axle, etc., and subject the cases and working parts to a good cleaning with kerosene. Test the bearings for looseness and if necessary take up all play by adjustment. The instruction book usually incorporates specific directions for doing this work. Go over every nut with a large wrench to make sure that they are well drawn up. Next bear in mind that the recognized common cause of the premature failure of automobiles is the lack of lubrication. A number of places which must be lubricated by the operator are not visible and it is therefore imperative that the manufacturer's oiling chart be carefully followed. There is usually an oiling chart incorporated in the regular instruction book while in some instances the maker furnishes a large wall chart showing the particular points which must be given attention. Every motor car company maintains a Service Department whose business it is to cooperate with the owner in the maintenance and care of the car. If in doubt write to this department requesting instructions concerning the lubricating of the car. In a number of instances the manufacturer recommends special brands of lubricants for the motor, transmission, rear axle, etc. More damage may be done to an unlubricated car in a single trip than would be the case in several seasons of legitimate use. Besides this there will be less repair bills and added enjoyment.

New Hold-Up Method

Highwaymen are employing a new trick to hold up occupants of motor cars. The trick consists of placing a tire in the middle of the road and as can naturally be expected a driver who happens to pass that way and sees the tire believes that the same has been dropped by some motorist who had previously travelled the route. However as the driver stops his car to pick up the tire the highwaymen emerge from their hiding place and with leveled guns demand that the occupants of the car give up their valuables. This trick is practised mostly at night and on country highways.

Precaution Against Theft

Stealing of automobiles is becoming common practice especially in the larger cities. It is obvious therefore that a car, especially if it be a new one, should not be left unattended for long periods. As a matter of quick reference to assist in identification and tracing the owner should keep a record of the engine number, chassis number, and all other minor peculiarities. There are now on the market, varying in price, several types of locking devices, which although they do not afford infallible protection against the expert thief, are of considerable value as a safeguard. The thief usually likes to make a quick get away. If he is compelled to fathom a locking device before the car can be placed in operation he will usually abandon the job for fear of being caught in the act.

Heed This Precaution

The small boy is a natural pest to the average motorist. The average American youth is mechanically inclined and enjoys nothing better than to tamper with the various parts of the automobile in the absence of the owner. One of the most serious of the tampering stunts is to release the emergency brake. If the car is left standing on an incline the steering gear should be left so as to direct the car to the curb or bank. Some motorists make doubly sure that no such accident will occur by placing the gear shifting lever in the reverse position. The reverse gear is the one of lowest ratio and therefore offers more resistance to the propulsion of the vehicle than any other. If the motorist will bear this suggestion in mind there will be little danger that should the small boy release the emergency lever of the car making a wild run down hill until it is brought to an abrupt stop by some solid object.

Questions Answered

Speed Records.—Which is the speedier machine, the automobile or the motorcycle? What is the greatest speed attained by each respectively?

J. A. T. Redford, Ala.
A.—The Blitzen Benz driven by Teddy Tetzlaff on the Salt Flats in Utah did a little better than 144 miles per hour. However his time has not been recognized by the A. A. A., which has endorsed the time made by Ed. Burman at Daytona. April 23, 1911 who drove a Blitzen Benz one mile in 25.4 seconds, making a speed of 140.9. It is the editor's belief that Tetzlaff drove for only a half mile. On a motorcycle John A. McNeal is credited with a mile in 35.4 seconds which is a little better than 100 miles per hour, he driving at Omaha, Neb., for a distance of a mile on Oct. 4, 1914. Alton Gray at a little better than 104 miles per hour in 1916 at Sheephead Bay for 305 miles on a speedway, which is the best time on record for that class.

Nerine's Second Choice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

erals! They would give weight, the skirt the necessary bulk to the bag, and the would-be thief would go off with it. Oh, thank heaven! here were the stones!

Huge bits of quartz and agate, cornelian and some parts of Canada, Nerine rolled in her thick silk skirt (it was heavy and bulky enough. She set her teeth as she crept, bundle in hand, into the empty sitting-room, where the leather bag stood gaping on the table.

As she felt inside it she could have screamed with joy.

All the silver had been done up in one parcel with paper and string. She had not to face the impossible task of getting it out piece by piece.

She had it out in a few moments and the stones and silk in; but there was no more brown paper to go over the top!

The telltale purple-and-black brocade flared conspicuously in the lamplight.

"Oh! there was a piece under the table. It would do, but the silver must be put out of reach first."

With incredible quickness and noiselessness Nerine flew back into her mother's room, where the cold, sooty draught from the open fireplace had given her an inspiration.

She shoved her precious bundle out of sight up the chimney and gilded softly back to cover up the betraying brocade. She thrust the brown paper down hard and firm till it looked exactly as it had before the silver was abstracted. How lucky that she had thought of the skirt! The stones would never have done without it.

Both hands in the bag, leaning over it, she looked precisely as though she were feeling what its contents might be; and she forgot for a minute that great haste was needed. In another instant she would be gone; another push to a recalcitrant stone would make it safer. She was bending absently over the bag and peering into it.

Something wet and cold and stifling came suddenly across her face. Jerking her head back with a sickening shock.

With a scream, born half of fear, half of rage, Nerine turned and struggled frantically, and her scream hastened her undoing. As she drew her breath after it a strong vapor choked her; her heart began to leap with dreadfully uneven bounds she could not keep from screaming with; her own volition now. Wild and shrill her voice rose, inarticulate, piercing. Then her head dropped. She fell silent and senseless on the floor.

It always seemed to Nerine that on that dreadful afternoon she dreamed a series of strange and fantastic dreams, and then came suddenly out of them, to find herself lying on the floor—alone and in the dark.

She felt dizzy and very cold. As she tried to sit up, her teeth chattered and a deadly feeling of sickness conquered her. She sank on the floor again, but she was awake—the dreadful dreams were gone.

After a minute she propped her head on her hand and looked hard into the darkness that surrounded her. The room was empty. She felt sure it was; and a cold draught was blowing on her. Still, she did not get out of that icy wind which she owed her life, had she known it, she would shiver herself into pieces!

Holding fast to the table, the girl scrambled up. In all her faintness her first thought was of the silver. The bag was gone! Then the woman could not have suspected the change or stooped to look.

Nerine gave a feeble little giggle of triumph. She had got into this trouble to some purpose, after all!

It took her an interminable time to get into the other room and under the door into the corridor. She did not dare now to drop out of that open doorway into the dark; someone might be waiting for her outside.

When the door was opened, and a faint gleam of comforting lamplight could be seen at the far end of the passage, she felt braver and better. She went out, her sooty treasure out of the chimney with a hard tug and with it clasped in her arms went out into the passage. She recoiled as she made her slow way along it. But she must get to the others—must above all things get to the fire! There was a deadly coldness creeping on her again.

In the morning-room (hospitably far off still) the tea party was over.

Five o'clock had struck, and six o'clock; Agatha had cut the cake, while Kit had devoured the tatty Nerine had brought her, inquiring carelessly for her the while. Agatha said she must be dressing.

At half past six Satterlee bade good by, and Agatha, with rather a guilty feeling, began really to wonder what could have become of Nerine. She ran up-stairs to see, but Nerine was not there.

"She must have gone out again," Maurice said, when his elder sister returned breathless.

"Ask Jane," Kit recommended from where she sat with her little feet on the hearth. "I suspect she is in the kitchen having her clothes dried."

"She must have forgotten about the cake, then," Maurice was politely cynical. "Get along, Agatha, and see."

But as Agatha's hand was on the door it opened from the outside. Nerine—staggering, skirtless, her face both dirty and ghastly—was among them, bearing in her arms an enormous brown bundle, which she let fall as she groped her way to the nearest chair.

"Maurice," she ejaculated, "Mr. Mayne's room! our silver!"

"Silver?" she whispered convulsively. "I'm so frightfully cold!"

Agatha sprang toward her.

"What's the matter? Are you ill? Where have you been?"

But Nerine was past saying anything.

"I'll get some brandy!" Maurice was gone and back in a minute, and as he stooped over his sister a strong smell of chloroform startled him.

"Nerine!" he said, sternly. "Wake up! Tell me, where have you been? Mr. Mayne's room, did you say?"

"Yes," as the brandy roused her she shivered violently.

"No, don't go," catching him by the arm. "It's too long ago. She's gone."

"Who's gone?"

"I don't know," and she giggled hysterically.

"But she hasn't got anything after all."

Agatha mixed hot water with the brandy and held it to Nerine's cold lips.

"Wait," she said; "you'll be all right in a minute. Maurice, you go to Mr. Mayne's room and see."

"No! no!" Nerine cried, desperately. "I'm all right now. I can tell you about it. And the silver is all right!"

"I must go," Maurice said, half roughly. "The house must have been robbed. Don't you see she has been chloroformed?"

Nerine, lying in the chair, held tightly by his sleeve.

"Maurice, it's all right," she said, earnestly.

"The doors were all locked, and the woman had gone when I came to myself. I'll tell you everything in a minute."

"Where's the skirt of your dress?" Kit's voice rose suddenly in horrified surprise. "You're in your petticoat! And where are your shoes?"

"I don't know. My skirt has gone instead of the silver. The silver is in the bundle!"

Maurice tore open the brown-paper parcel and stared at the fifteen hundred possessions rolled one by one on the floor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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A Woman's Intuition

By Hapsburg Liebe

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WHEN David Rayne was twenty-four, he owned the controlling interest in a piano factory, and he had climbed to that position through his own efforts. It is not so strange. For generations the Raynes had been captains of the piano-making industry. Then there came adversity that even David Rayne could not overcome, and he went to the wall hard. But he didn't stay down long. Within two more years, he was in a fair way to own the controlling interest in another piano factory.

And now he was about to go down again, and it was all because of the same shrewd and overwhelming force that had driven him to the wall before. These forces were in the hands of rich old Theodore Hart, a rival piano manufacturer, and they were built on a foundation of vengeance rather than cold-blooded business. Theodore Hart had ruined David Rayne's father and thereby sent him to his death. Still Theodore Hart wasn't satisfied.

David Rayne went to his apartments two hours before the closing of his office, and changed his business suit for clothing more comfortable. It is warm in New Orleans in June. Then he set out for a fashionable residence section to see Isobel Corinth, his fiancée. He found her in a lawn swing under the magnolias, and sitting opposite her was old Theodore Hart's nephew Albert. The Harts lived next door, in a palace of white brick and granite.

Rayne saw that Isobel was bored. He held back an inclination to wring Hart's neck, bowed and spoke to Isobel.

"Glad you came, David," smiled Isobel. "Sit down."

She moved over, and he sat down beside her. Hart frowned, muttered something that stamped him as a person of bad manners, found his hat and went home.

"Glad he's gone, David," said Isobel. "I tolerate him only because I want to keep peace here at home. He will inherit all his uncle's wealth, and they want me to break off with you and marry him, since your affairs are—er, in bad shape. But I shan't, David. I'd rather marry a goat. His brain would rattle inside a mustard seed. Now, David, honey, I know what you came here to say, and you needn't say it!"

Rayne's sober gray eyes lighted.

"What did I come here to say?"

"This: 'In view of the fact that I seem to be going broke again, Miss Corinth, I feel in honor bound to offer you your liberty.' What you came here to say, I don't want my liberty, David, dear. I'd let you kiss me, if mother wasn't watching us from an upstairs window. Please act very stiff, Mr. Rayne."

"But the rows I will have to hoe would be pretty tough for you to share," muttered Rayne. "I'll have to build up all over again, you know—perhaps I'll have to build up all over again several times, Isobel."

"I'll help you," declared Isobel. "Tell me, how does old Hart do it?"

"In every way you can think of. By fair means and by foul means, but always within the law. For instance, he almost duplicates all our patterns, and he sells the instruments for less than it costs to build them. He's worth twenty times what we're worth, and he can afford it, you see. He caused my father's death, and that was the cause of my mother's death, and now he's hounding me. You don't know why? My mother married my father instead of him—that's why!"

"And that's why he never married," murmured Isobel.

"It may be," thoughtfully. "But that didn't make him wicked; it merely brought out the wickedness that was already in him."

Mrs. Corinth came out. She sat down opposite Rayne and his fiancée, chatted gaily for a few minutes, then suggested that her daughter attend to certain pressing little duties. Isobel gave Rayne a glance that was full of meaning, and went to the house. When she had disappeared, Mrs. Corinth turned to Rayne.

"I am sorry, indeed, to hear of your misfortunes," she said. She had heard of them through Albert Hart. "And I am sorry," she went on, "that I must tell you that your engagement with Isobel is at an end. You will understand, I am sure. Isobel is our only child; we want her to marry a man who can give her what she's always had. I hope you understand, Mr. Rayne."

"Perfectly," said Rayne, and he rose and walked away without another word.

He did not look back until he had reached the street, and then he saw Isobel standing on the old-fashioned second-story veranda. Isobel threw him a kiss.

As he was about to pass the Hart residence, Albert Hart hailed him from the lawn.

"Looks like somebody'd handed you a black eye," laughed Hart.

It turned Rayne's blood to fire. A few quick steps took him to a position two yards from Hart. Then he lunged forward and drove his fist to Hart's pink-and-white face.

"Yes, and misery loves company," he growled as he turned toward the street.

Isobel Corinth saw it. She clapped her hands. Hart picked himself up and went toward his uncle's palace of white brick and granite with one hand over a fast-blackening eye.

The crash came, and David Rayne had nothing left. Most of his influential friends deserted him. He was no longer a good fellow at his club. Invitations to dinners and receptions and balls no longer came to him. When he tried to interest capital in the starting of another business, he found that Theodore Hart had placed insurmountable barriers in his way. When he tried to find a position as superintendent of a furniture factory, Hart's hand kept him from it. His healthy brain became sick because of the succeeding disappointments, and he began to lie awake at nights in his cheap bed in a cheap lodging-house and dream dreams of vengeance. Finally he decided that he would whip old Theodore Hart as man never was whipped before. Then he decided that he would kill old Theodore Hart. Had not Hart brought about the death of his father and his mother?

But his better self revolted at the idea of killing a man. He put that idea aside. However, he would whip Hart, old as he was, as man never was whipped before. He left his room at dusk, with his coat buttoned to his chin and the rim of his soft black hat drawn low. Half an hour's walking brought him to the palace of white brick and granite, every window of which was lighted.

David Rayne stole across the broad veranda with the steps of a thief, and peered in at the open library window. He saw Theodore Hart sitting at the heavy oaken table; Hart's forearms were crossed on the table, and his iron-gray head lay on his forearms; evidently he was asleep. Rayne went to the front door, opened the screen soundlessly, and soundlessly stole into the library. He seized one of Hart's shoulders and shook him roughly to awaken him. Hart's head turned so that he saw one side of his face—then Rayne stepped back with a startled cry.

Theodore Hart was dead!

David Rayne stood there for a full minute, wondering, wondering. It did not occur to him that his presence there would be exceedingly damaging evidence against him. When he came to himself, young Albert Hart and the butler each had him by an arm. Rayne struggled like a madman to free himself, to no avail. He was stronger than either of them, but he was no match for both of them. The servants hurried in, and one of them went to telephone for the police. Another ran for a physician that lived a few doors away.

The neighbors began to gather, and among

them were the Corinths. Isobel, pale and tremulous, walked straight up to David Rayne.

"You didn't do it, did you, David?" she asked.

"No, I didn't do it," answered the white-faced Rayne.

"Don't worry," she whispered to him. "I won't desert you, even if everybody else does. I don't know why you came here, but I know you didn't come to kill a man."

"Isobel!" reproved Mrs. Corinth. Albert would come into his inheritance soon.

"Well, mother?" said Isobel, defiantly.

"You'd better go home, I think."

Isobel gave Rayne a parting glance, turned and left the house. Isobel's father walked up to Albert Hart.

"How did he do it?"

Just then the doctor entered, and Hart didn't answer. The doctor made examinations and found the mark of a blow on the old piano manufacturer's forehead.

"He was struck with some heavy object," said the doctor, wisely.

The police came, and took David Rayne away.

Isobel Corinth slept none that night. The next morning she rose before her mother was awake, and went to see David. He, too, had spent a sleepless night. He was baggard, and his gray eyes told her plainly that he was without hope.

"This is no place for you, Isobel," he said gloomily.

"It's no place for you, either," said Isobel, with a pale smile. "In this terrible accusation that stands against you, you are either the victim of circumstances, or you're the victim of some dark plot. I will see an attorney for you, and I will engage a private detective."

"It will avail nothing," muttered David.

She tried to encourage him, tried to put life into him, but her efforts fell short. When she left him, he was as despondent as he had been when she came. David Rayne had borne a heavy burden.

Isobel returned an hour later with an attorney and a private detective. To these Rayne gave a truthful account of all that had taken place. When the interview was over, and Isobel and her two allies were again on the street, Isobel asked the lawyer:

"What chance has he?"

"No jury would blame him very much, if he had killed Hart," answered the attorney, evasive-

ly. Juries, of course, cannot be governed by personal feeling.

Isobel went home, and heard her mother out. Mrs. Corinth was very angry. Unless Isobel ceased to be concerned about David Rayne's misfortunes, she would be locked in her room.

Two days later Isobel called her detective over the telephone.

"What have you found out?" she wanted to know.

The detective's voice came over the wire regretfully: "There's no hope for Rayne. There is not the least possible doubt that he killed Theodore Hart. Even Rayne's attorney thinks it. I have gone over the ground carefully, I assure you. Rayne will be lucky if he gets off with a sentence of twenty years in the state prison. I'm sorry to tell you this, Miss Corinth. But you'd better know the truth."

Miss Corinth hung up the receiver, went upstairs to her room, sat down and began to turn things over in her mind. She alone, of all the people that knew David Rayne, believed that he was innocent. There is nothing that is stronger, and there is nothing that is finer, than a woman's blind faith in the man she loves. If David went to the state prison for twenty years, Isobel told herself, she would wait for him. For that matter, if he went up for life, she would wait for him.

Mrs. Corinth entered the room.

"Are you still brooding over David Rayne's misfortunes?" she demanded coldly.

Isobel turned her sad face toward the window and made no answer.

"It's very foolish, my dear," said Mrs. Corinth. "Before long Albert Hart will propose marriage. You must not reject him. He is the wealthiest young man in New Orleans."

Still Isobel made no answer.

Time went on, and Albert Hart did propose. Isobel did not reject him. But she asked for a week in which to consider his proposal. She did that to keep peace at home for her.

Albert Hart's widowed mother had come to live in the palace next door, and Isobel's mother had often taken Isobel to see Mrs. Hart. When in the Harts' residence, Isobel had kept her eyes open for some sign that would give her hope for David. Always she watched for that. Nothing escaped her notice, and she weighed everything minutely. Of all the things that she saw and heard there was but one thing that seemed odd. And that was this: Albert Hart kept his eyes constantly on his butler; the butler was kept close; he had not had a single evening off since the death of his former master.

Isobel weighed that as minutely as she weighed everything else. There was a reason for it, of course. The butler, Higgins, was a loose-tongued, nervous fellow. Perhaps young Hart feared

that Higgins, in an incautious moment, would let slip an inkling of some secret!

She was sure that was it.

Isobel confided her suspicions to neither Rayne's attorney nor the detective. Instead, she kept her own counsel. She thought long on ways and means by which to find out what it was that the butler knew. After a wholly sleepless night, she fell upon an idea that promised something. The idea soon became a plan that required two confidantes. Isobel employed them.

Mrs. Corinth was to spend the afternoon out, which exactly suited her daughter and her daughter's plan. When Mrs. Corinth had disappeared down the avenue, Isobel held a moment's conversation with her maid, then she went to the telephone and called Mrs. Hart.

"This is Miss Corinth," said Isobel. "Would you mind sending Higgins over with a late novel?"

"Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Hart.

Higgins came immediately. Isobel met him at the door.

"Here is the book, Miss Corinth," said Higgins.

Isobel didn't take the novel. Her eyes were fastened on Higgins' face, and she appeared to be frightened.

"What's the matter?" she asked suddenly.

"Are you ill?"

"Why—what?" Higgins muttered nervously.

"You're as white as a ghost!" said Isobel.

"White as a ghost!" repeated the butler. He was scared already.

"Yes," said Isobel. She caught him by an arm. "Let me help you into the house, and I'll call in a doctor."

Higgins protested feebly. Isobel led him into the living-room, put him on a couch, and called her maid. The maid came hastily.

"Bring a glass of water—" began Isobel, when the maid interrupted:

"What's the matter with Mr. Higgins? Oh, he's so white!" She was one of Isobel's two confidantes. She hurried for a glass of water.

Higgins stared wide-eyed at Isobel. "I—I'm sick," he groaned. "I must have been poisoned!"

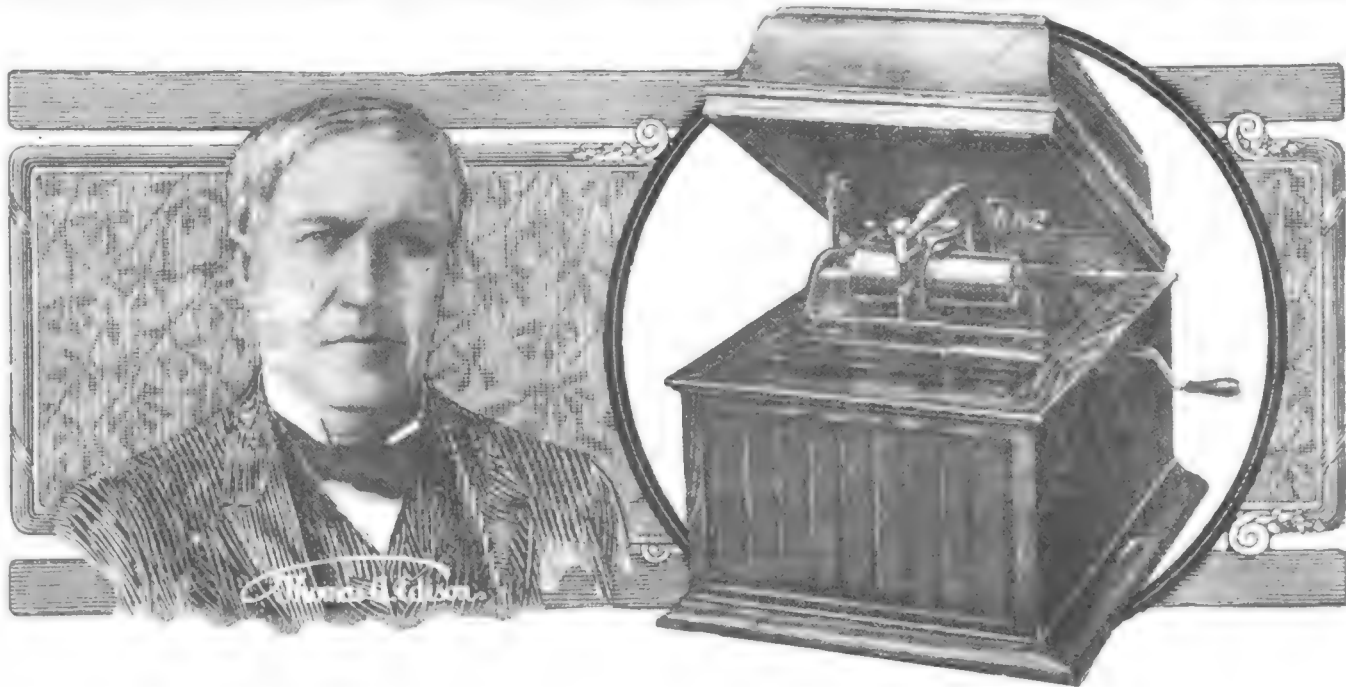
"Perhaps you were," agreed Isobel, as though sadly. "Lie very still, and I'll phone for a doctor."

She ran from the room. When she came back the maid was helping Higgins to the water.

"What's the matter, Miss Isobel?" asked the maid. "What makes him so white? Has he been poisoned?"

"I think so," murmured Isobel. "Oh," clasping her hands, "will the doctor never come!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



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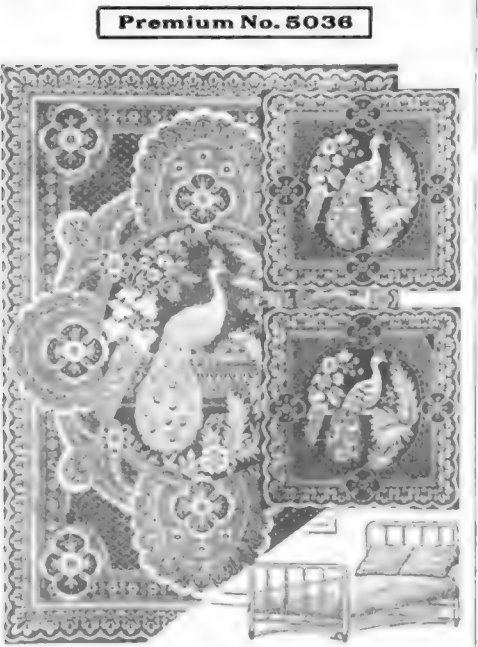
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Toughey's Travels and Adventures Abroad

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

their Hacienda, Mrs. Deering was very glad to accept it for her.

A Hacienda is a collection of farms and ranches and constitutes the principal source of wealth among the Mexican upper classes. The owner lives in a comfortable, rambling adobe house; the peon who cultivates the land and tends the cattle in a one-room hut or jacal (pronounced hakeel), his worldly possessions rarely consisting of more than two suits of cotton clothes and a blanket, or his food other than a sufficient supply of corn, red beans (frijoles) and chili peppers. Usually, this laborer was born on the land, as his parents and grandparents probably were.

Toughey found the home life of the rich Mexican family very interesting though in some respects trying. After a day or two at her request they used the Spanish language, altogether and she found herself understanding and speaking it with a facility that delighted her. Their complete isolation obliged them to depend entirely upon themselves for amusement and this took form, that Toughey with her American training found very unattractive.

Having carefully refrained from attending the bull fights in Durango, where they were of regular Sunday occurrence, she was quite appalled to find that bull fighting was the popular order of the day for the young sons of the Hacienda. Not only was she expected to approve the sport, but it was taken as a matter of course that she would be present and enjoy herself and applaud the winner. Cock fighting was another daily pastime and while the severe discipline involved in maintaining herself as an agreeable and appreciative guest was probably good for her, poor Toughey was not sorry when the limit to her visit was reached and she found herself once again with her mother and the children in their flower-scented garden at Durango.

"You don't know the joy of not eating meat out from a bull you saw killed or a chicken you watched bleed to death," said Toughey fervently carving for herself a generous portion of crisp brown duck at her first home dinner. But she did, at regret the visit and always felt the richer for the hospitality of the kindly Mexican family.

As the middle of September, the period to their holiday was not far away, the Deerings applied themselves with all of the energy possible in the disintegrating climate to collecting some of the special products of Mexico for which the country is noted.

Mrs. Deering wanted a hand woven blanket. Toughey, some of the beautiful linen drawnwork at which the Mexican women are so skilled while the children were especially interested in the wonderful baskets made in the penitentiary by the prisoners.

"We've done everything expected of us here except to have an adventure with an alacran," said Toughey pausing in her packing, which was proceeding in the mirador. She lifted her eyes to the masses of geranium climbing over the garden wall, seized a shoe, darted forward and landed a sharp blow upon the wall.

"An alacran!" shouted the children running forward intensely excited.

Toughey laughed.

"No, a spider."

"Toughey," exclaimed the little girls deeply disappointed that this harmless insect she struck at was not the famous little scorpion of Durango, whose poison is fatal to children and a deadly menace to grown people. A disagreeable monster wherever found, for some reason its venom is equal to that of a rattlesnake.

"You've had as many fearful sensations as if we had really killed an alacran, so stop complaining and be grateful," said Toughey when the children again attacked her for the fraud they felt she had practised upon them.

The day when they took a parting look at their exquisite garden, locked the house and gave the keys to their faithful friend, Mrs. Fenner, soon followed.

When the entrance gate closed behind them, Toughey sighed and tears rose to the children's eyes.

"What a perfect summer!" said Toughey regretfully.

"Except that everyone has lost flesh and feels like the dickens," murmured Mrs. Deering behind her veil.

"What, mamma?"

But Mrs. Deering did not repeat her remark.

Poultry Farming For Women
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

land turkeys, and the hens lay from fifty to sixty eggs a season. I usually steal about twenty from each nest, and let the old bird keep the rest. Never put more than five turkey eggs under a common chicken hen. When they hatch, put her and the turkeys into a clean coop, large enough to allow them some exercise. Our coops are six feet long, three feet wide, and two and a half feet high. Cover the front of the coop with unbleached muslin to keep out rain and allow plenty of fresh air and light to enter. Cover the bottom of the coop two or three inches deep with finely cut hay or clean sand. Feed the old hen whole corn; give the babies nothing for forty-eight hours; then feed some sour-milk curds, and give sour-milk to drink. When they are four days old, add chopped green onion tops and hard-boiled egg which has been chopped without removing the shell, add to the curds, and feed just a small quantity four or five times a day. When they are seven days old, feed the old hen whole corn in the morning, and when all the moisture has dried off the grass, let her and the little ones out. Drive them back into the coop about four o'clock, and feed curds and egg. After they are ten days old, gradually stop the egg, but give curds every night when they are put to bed, gradually adding a little finely cracked wheat or corn. Never let them get wet, and keep the coop clean. Powder the old hen before you set her, and every week as long as she broods them. When they are three weeks old, put a roost in the coop, so that they will gradually get accustomed to it before the hen leaves them. When a turkey hatchling is born, let her and her brood go very quietly to a brood coop, and keep them shut in for twenty-four hours, after which they are let out every morning, when the dew is off the grass, and shut up at 4 p. m., and fed in the same way as the chicken broods. Healthy, strong brooding stock, sour-milk, cleanliness and protection from damp are the only secrets of turkey raising.

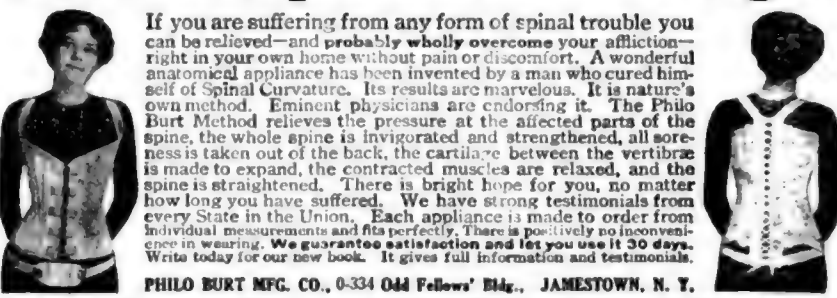
J. M. H.—The rooster has dropsy of the feet, which usually arises from a gouty tendency or sluggish circulation, usually accompanied by liver trouble. Probably the bird is lazy, gets lots of grain, rich table scraps, and not enough vegetable food. Feed lightly on mash, made of wheat bran, chopped clover or alfalfa hay, and give him plenty of sprouted oats, cabbage, or some sort of green vegetable every day. Administer two teaspoonfuls of Castor oil once a week, until he has had four doses. As the swelling goes down, feed small or cracked grain in deep litter to induce him to scratch and get the exercise he needs.

R. B. M.—It is a difficult case to understand without seeing the hen, but I am inclined to think that she had a bad case of infection caused by rupturing an egg duct, and that the substances that looked like tumors were egg yolks which had been dislodged and had fallen into the lower body, where they had gradually decayed and infected the flesh, which gave it a dark color. The fact that the embryo eggs still attached were hard or dark in color is almost conclusive evidence that the trouble originated in the egg passage; and possibly, instead of her comb being frozen, the dark color was the result of the progress of the poison through her system.

M. J. A.—In the morning, give one quart of mash made of equal parts of wheat bran and corn-meal and ground oats. Just moisten with hot water, and allow it to cool before feeding. Mash food must never be wet, only moist enough to crumble when thrown down. If the birds are confined to a yard, give sprouted oats, cabbage, or green vegetable of some sort, and a pint of oats, wheat, or cracked corn scattered in deep litter, at noon. At night, all the whole corn they can eat up clean in ten minutes. Keep sharp grit, oyster shell and water before them all the time.

E. H.—It would be safer to plow the sod ground

Crooked Spines Made Straight



If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be relieved—and probably wholly overcome your affliction—right in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Philo Burt Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertebrae is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed, and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days. Write today for our new book. It gives full information and testimonials.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 6-334 Old Fellows' Bldg., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

used last year by chickens that have had roup. Plow or spade, and sow oats or some such crop, which can be used as green food for the birds.

G. H.—I don't know the incubator you refer to. Poor hatches are more frequently the fault of the attendant than of the machine used. Read the poultry department in the January COMFORT, and in this issue also. Some of the points on incubation may help you to better results.

E. M.—I fear the birds are suffering from tuberculosis, but you can only be sure of it by killing, and examining the intestines. If there are any white or yellowish spots on the liver and spleen, there is no doubt that you have to deal with the dreaded disease. Doctoring is useless, for the first symptoms, such as loss of health and strength, are so slight that they are apt to go unnoticed. It is not until the disease has developed into the last stages internally, that such symptoms as swollen joints, which occasionally break and discharge pus, occur and attract attention. The disease is very contagious, being spread in large quantities with every dropping from the infected bird, and as fowl tuberculosis is chronic, and impossible to distinguish without examination of the intestines, the only safe way to banish it from the premises is to kill and burn the entire flock. Plow and plant the ground where the birds have been in the habit of congregating, clean and disinfect the chicken-house and all fixtures. Don't shirk the work if you ever want to keep chickens successfully. Brush the ceiling and walls; scrape off the floor; burn all manure and scrapings, then spray the house with some strong disinfectant and scatter quicklime on the floor. After allowing a few days to elapse, give the ceiling and walls a coat of hot whitewash made with boiling skim-milk; to each pailful add a cup of salt, whitening and powdered glue and half a cup of strong carbolic acid. As far as is known, there is no danger of fowl tuberculosis infecting human beings, but it often attacks cats, dogs, calves and other young animals, so too much care cannot be taken to rid the premises of the germs.

C. I. D.—It is difficult to tell from your description whether the birds have canker or chicken pox, but as the treatment described for the one will answer equally well for the other, it does not make much difference. Bathe the eyes and face with warm water, then apply a saturated solution of boric acid; repeat every day for a week. Open the bird's beak; if there are no spots or sores on the roof of the mouth, or the throat, it is canker and may develop into roup. Both chicken pox and canker are slightly contagious; you should take precautions to disinfect the house. Read answer to E. M. in this issue.

D. F.—I don't know the address of the incubator you mention; should think your best plan would be to write to the paper in which you saw the advertisement, enclosing stamp for reply, and ask them to send you the address.

LARGEST CHECK EVER DRAWN.—A check for an amount in excess of \$70,703,600, the largest single check ever drawn, was paid recently through the New York Clearing House. This check, made by J. P. Morgan & Co., and drawn on the National Bank of Commerce, was in connection with the \$75,000,000 bond issue of the Canadian government.

ALTAR 1,000 YEARS OLD DISCOVERED.—The discovery of a community house probably a thousand years old in the pre-historic settlement

thirty miles west of Santa Fe was announced by Mrs. L. L. Wilson. She has charge of an archaeological expedition of the Philadelphia Museum. A huge sacrificial altar is among the relics in the ruins.

\$40 A WEEK SURE
AGENT'S SAMPLE FREE
200 candle power outdoor Lamp and Safety Lantern. Storm and Weather Proof. For house, barn, camp, anywhere. No smoke. No odor. Absolutely safe. Burns Kerosene. Guaranteed. Burns 9¢ oil, only 3¢ fuel. Price low. Sells fast. 100% profit. Year round sales plan. Save your territory now. Write quick for free sample offer.
Footie Mfg. Co., Box 1512, DAYTON, OHIO.

LIGHT YOUR HOME LIKE DAY—COST 1¢
for 6 hours. Pure white 100 candle power light from common Kerosene. The Beacon Lamp Makes and Burns Its Own Gas. Better, brighter, safer, cheaper than Gasoline or Electricity. Every home interested. 500,000 satisfied users. Agents wanted. Write quick for selling plan, exclusive free territory and trial offer.
HOME SUPPLY CO., 17 Home Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE BUICK AUTO
Would You Spend ONE CENT for This Car? A postal card is all it will cost the one who gets it. Someone who has this card will be the lucky person. YOUR name and address on a postal card will give you as much opportunity to own this powerful Buick as anyone else. Information free without obligating you. Don't send stamps or money.
—AUTO TOM, 509 So. 17th St. Omaha, Neb.

57¢ PAPERS A BIG ROOM
Just think—only 57¢ for enough beautiful 4 color bronzed side wall, ceiling and border to paper a big room.
Write today for our Free Book of over 100 big samples of wall paper and see this amazing paper. Also, our exclusive 1917 paper, anti-setting of plain and rich, heavily embossed gold, oriental grass cloth, leather, tiffany, silk and creton effects at 6¢ to 10¢ a double roll of 16 yards. Finest varnished tiles, 16¢ a double roll. Combination matched with cut-out borders ready for hanging at 11¢ a yard up. Wall paper for all rooms direct to you cheaper than dealers. Don't wait. Get samples now—today—and see our beautiful art paper and marvelously low prices.
JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 709-717 South Dearborn, CHICAGO

ALL THESE FREE
Gold plated Locket set with 14m. Diamond and 22-inch Neckchain, one Gold finished Signet Extension Bracelet, 215 any arm, and these 4 beautiful Rings. ALL GIVEN FREE for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10¢ each. Write today.
COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO. DEPT. 30, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

Bunny Rabbits And Easter Chicks
Cute Capers Cut Up By This Happy Family
Premium No. 7311

All Large Size, Handsomely Tinted In Colors True To Life!

Look at the comical expression on the face of funny old "Papa" rabbit as he sits bolt upright with all the baby rabbits running around him as fast as their legs will carry them. And see the little rabbit with the drooping ear and the other one with his foot in his mouth. They seem to be having great fun over the chicken that is just coming out of its shell. This new novelty animal assortment consists of eight rabbits and two chickens—ten different pieces in all. "Papa" bunny, a real typical March hare, is just as sedate and dignified as he looks in the picture. He is made of thick heavy cardboard handsomely tinted in natural life-like colors. He is over eight inches tall and has great long ears. The five small bunnies that are running around are each nearly four inches long; the two that are sitting up are each nearly four inches tall, all made of the bravest cardboard and in colors true to life. Two dear fluffy Easter chickens complete this fine assortment, each incribed with happy Easter greetings as also are two of the small rabbits so that you may use them as Easter greeting cards if so desired. Or you can keep the entire assortment for mantelpiece or center-table ornaments, place cards for dinner or card parties.

Easter decorations or best of all, give them to the children to play with all the year round. Both chickens and rabbits are so really cute and life-like that the little folks will consider them as real pets and will take great delight in playing with them by the hour, sitting or standing them up and placing them in all kinds of different positions. As a special short time Easter offer to COMFORT readers we are giving away this happy family and will send you the complete set of ten—eight rabbits and two chickens—all nicely packed in a special envelope so that they will not get bent or broken if you will accept either one of the following offers:

Offer No. 7311 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this complete Ten-Piece Rabbit and Chicken Family Assortment free by mail postpaid.

Offer No. 7311 B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents extra (35 cents in all) we will send you the complete assortment free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 7311.** Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Special 5-Day Offer—Twelve Beautiful Post Cards Also Given To You!

If you will send us the one subscription and 25 cents (or 35 cents) WITHIN 5 DAYS, we will send you IN ADDITION to the above HAPPY FAMILY, twelve assorted embossed and colored Easter, Birthday and Greeting Post Cards—no two cards alike and every one a beauty—all free by mail postpaid.

UNBEATABLE

155 EGG
Ready to Use

Progressive

Handmade of desirable materials—rounding hatching chamber—protects against sudden outside changes and insures most to nature's healthy hatching conditions. No dry, hot blasts to "cook" eggs—no hatches spoiled by temperature. Double-Disc Nest Regulator, Safety Lamp, Egg Tester, etc. Your money back with 8 per cent interest if not satisfied. Freight prepaid East of Rockies. Send for BIG FREE BOOK.

Progressive Incubator Company
Box 169
Racine, Wisconsin

\$985 FOR BOTH

\$8.55 World's Champion Belle City Incubator

140 Egg Size Prize Winning Model—Hot-water—Double-walled—Copper Tank—Thermometer Holder—Deep Nursery—Self-regulating. When ordered with \$4.85 Hot-water 140 chick Brooder, both cost only \$12.50.

Freight Prepaid East of Rockies

Over 521,000 Satisfied Users
Have Order Now—Ships in May
\$1,000 Cash Prize
Conditions easy to get—Biggest Prize—Free—Write for Rules—Tells all—Gives short cuts to Poultry Success—Write for it today.

90 Days' Trial

Belle City Incubator Co., Box 135 Racine, Wis.

PIGEONS PAY

Better Than Chickens
Pigeons (squabblers) bring 40 to 50¢ each. Always in demand. Big demand in city markets. Each pair of pigeons easily clear \$4 per week. Very little space and money needed to start. Free Book explains all.

Send for FREE BOOK
L. Railway C.I., Dept. C, Indianapolis, Ind.

WANTED—MEN

Prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, Electric Motormen, Train Porters (colored). Hundreds to work—\$65 to \$150 a month. No experience necessary. More wanted in every state. Send stamp for application Blank. State position wanted.

L. Railway C.I., Dept. C, Indianapolis, Ind.

NEW SANITARY FEATHER BEDS \$8.25

FULL WEIGHT 40 POUNDS. 1 pair. 4 1/2 ft. Fill down to match. 11 1/2 ft. Selected. New Live, Clean, Sanitary Feather. Best Featherproof Ticking. Sold on money back guarantee. **DO NOT BUY** from anyone at any price, until you get the **BOOK OF TRUTH**, our big new catalog mailed **FREE**. Write a postal card **TODAY**. Agents wanted.

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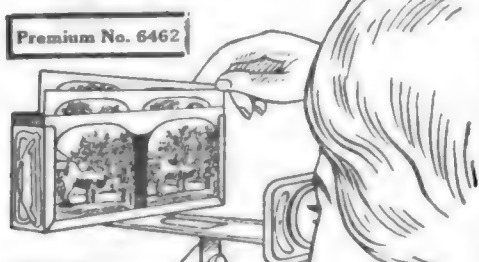
Auto Storage Batteries, Dynamos, Engines, Belts, Railways, Motion Picture Machines, Xmas Lights, Catalogs, 3 cts. **OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio.**

UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 50 cents. Uncle Charlie, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Wonderful New STEREOSCOPE

Premium No. 6462



With 100 Views

For A Club Of Two!

Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days. Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopos at hand because it will give them a never-ending, joyful entertainment keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus. The lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereosopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following:

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 60 cents, we will send you this Stereoscope with 100 Views free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6462.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

How I Succeeded With My Incubator

Those who keep hens or contemplate doing so will find profitable information in the experiences of some of our poultry-raising subscribers in the use of incubators as told by them in the following letters. These and other letters which we have printed recently were written in response to COMFORT'S offer of prizes, last June, for best articles on "How I Succeeded With My Incubator."

Incubator Versus Hens

I bought an incubator in the spring of 1912. I then had 45 Barred Plymouth Rock hens. I set the machine four times, hatching from 90 to 120 chicks each time. I raised about four hundred of them, using a homemade brooder built from the box in which the incubator came. I bought a special lamp and tank, costing \$2.50 and put that in to heat it.

In 1913 and 1914 I hatched and raised about the same number of chicks, although I sold about half of the chicks from three to eight weeks old at 20 to 42 cents each, paying much better than selling them as broilers to the butcher. I sold all my Plymouth Rock pullets for 75 cents each the last of October and kept only thoroughbred Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds. Having only 15 yearling hens of fine enough color, good shape and heavy layers, I could not get enough eggs to set the incubator in 1915 so I used all hens for hatching, setting from March 4 until May 1. I had as many as 20 hens setting at once, using an empty corn crib. With the best of care and constant attention they only averaged nine chicks to the setting. This year I started in with a good flock of 135 hens and 10 fine cockerels, ordered another incubator and set them both Feb. 12, using 22 dozen eggs. March 4 I hatched 209 chicks, March 27 I hatched 115 chicks out of 131 eggs (16 were infertile). I set Silver Campine eggs in the other machine, hatching only 64. The eggs were not fertile—no fault of the machine.

In the new machine April 21 I hatched 139 chicks from 140 eggs. The last of June, 1916 I had hatched 1,255 chicks from six settings. I kept the first two hatches, brooding them in a house nine by eleven feet, heated by a 52-inch hoover and coal stove, which cost me \$11.55. I have sold the other four hatches, 850 chicks, at 10 cents each when one day old.

I would never attempt to raise chicks again with hens, for you see, with an incubator, I have averaged 13 chicks out of every setting of 15 eggs. These chicks have no lice to contend with. I have the hens laying the eggs they would not if they were setting. With an incubator I can sit in the parlor on cold, stormy days and turn the eggs and not have to be out chasing after old hens that won't stay on the right nest. All the oil it takes to run a machine does not amount to a fraction of the loss in eggs from setting hens. I use my parlor for the incubators and have never hurt a thing in it. While the weather was cold we kept a low fire in the stove with black to keep the temperature up and save oil. I put a pie pan of water in the 18th day, leave it until the chicks begin coming out. I have a pad made of heavy paper covered with muslin to slide in, leave the chicks in 48 hours and when I take out the chicks and pad the machine is clean and nice as ever, ready to reset. I have never used any disinfectant about the incubator—just dust it out.

Since the first of November I have averaged \$60 a month for eggs. This year (1916) until July 1, I sold \$400 worth of eggs, day-old chicks, setting eggs and fat roosters, averaging three pounds each, 30 and 25 cents per pound live weight. I have on hand 130 fine young pullets and 125 hens. I am a farmer's busy wife with six cows, large house and three children, but enjoy raising chickens in such an easy way.

Mrs. R. S. COWLING, Pa.

All Good Incubators Hatch Well

In our past fifteen years' experience on the farm hatching chickens with incubators we have gleaned much relative to artificial incubation of eggs.

We have handled several makes of standard incubators, both hot air and hot water, and find there is really but little difference in choice. If handled properly, following the directions implicitly, faithfully and regularly, good hatches will generally result. Here is a vital point, no machine can produce good results from poor or degenerate eggs. Eggs should be carefully selected from virile flocks, of known health, active and vigorous.

Fill the incubator with eggs of one size, shape and type. We reject all round or very pointed eggs and all with ridges or roughed, lumpy surfaces.

Generally speaking novices run the heat too high in incubators. A uniform heat (heating the eggs up gradually at first) of from 100 degrees to 102 degrees is better than a higher or much lower heat. A brooder is absolutely indispensable if one is to hatch any considerable number of chickens. We would not now think of raising incubated chicks without them. Incubator chicks in parks by themselves, when such buildings and premises are made sanitary are seldom infested with lice and when fed on dry chick feed and sweet or sour milk make very rapid gains in weight.

We find that the baby chicks must be kept dry and warm and clean. I emphasize it, for this is a most vital consideration in rearing them. After a feed has once been established as noted above, be cautious about changing to other feeds and drinks. If you give them sweet milk

at first, continue it and vice versa. Sudden changes of feed or drink are conducive to white diarrhea and other chick diseases. Our experience indicates we make more from our poultry by hatching baby chicks for sale at eight to 15 cents each, when two days old and from broilers, from which we usually receive 18 to 24 cents per pound. We run three large incubators and have usually a good demand from neighbors for the young chickens.

This season we expect more liberal profits from our broilers as by the improved system of Parcel Post and the newer containers, it now makes it both possible, pleasant and profitable for us to ship them to not very distant city markets where, after all expenses are deducted we can realize from five to 10 cents a pound more than we formerly have been getting.

G. A. RANDALL, Mich.

My Advice Is: "Get an Incubator"

To all mothers of the farm and those that are interested in poultry raising and incubators.

I am quite an old hand at the business, 55 years of age and I always used to set hens and raise my chickens, then I thought I had done well if I raised all we could eat and sometimes had 15 or 20 to sell. That was about all I got out of my chickens five years ago.

Then I bought an incubator. Now, instead of selling 15 or 20 birds I sell them by the hundred.

I do not think there is one half of the trouble to run the incubator that there is to run after a lot of old setting hens.

I don't think there is any farm complete without an incubator. I wish every family that has no incubator could step in my yard today and see my chickens. I have 400 which will be ready for the market by July first. Besides I have already sold over 100 chicks. If I could have had an incubator when I was young I would have been all O. K. today. I get more chickens out of my incubator than I do from hens with an equal number of eggs.

Incubator chicks have some lice but nothing like when raised with hens. I keep my hens laying—I do not let them set. I have a pen and when one begins to set I put her up, and in a few days she is ready to lay again. By doing that I have both eggs and chickens to sell all the time.

I wish all women that raise chickens would take my advice and get an incubator and see for themselves what they can make. I have tens of dollars now where I used to have cents.

Mrs. ANNIE ALLEN, Okla.

Little Girl Uses Incubator

That incubators are of value, not only among grown-ups but among younger poultry raisers as well, is indicated by this article, telling the experiences of a 13-year old girl. This article, though not among the regular prize winners, was awarded a special prize of \$1.—Editor.

We have always had good luck in raising chicks in an incubator. Before we bought our incubator we set hens and we seldom got any more than from four to six chickens out of a dozen eggs. Since we have had an incubator we always have fine chickens and more of them.

An incubator is a great labor saver for when you set your hen you always have to be watching her to see that she stays on her nest.

We had a great experience with a hen. She wished to set so we put fourteen eggs under her. Before it was time for her to hatch she got off and we could not keep her on. She would stay on her nest for a day and the next day she would be off and would not go back any more. The eggs were all spoiled, of course. With an incubator it is a great deal easier even if you do have to watch it so it will be the correct temperature.

It also helps to hatch your chickens earlier so you will have your pullets to lay and have them to sell.

It is better to keep your hens laying and let the incubator do the work for you have your eggs, where otherwise you would not.

One spring before we got our incubator we had set four hens to see if we would have good luck; we set under each of them fourteen eggs, which all together made fifty-six eggs. From the first we got five chickens; from the second, six; from the third, none; from the fourth, nine; which made twenty chickens, so we found that we did not make anything by using hens to hatch. Then we bought an incubator, and now we are raising a great many chickens.

I advise all girls who are raising chickens to use a machine.

The incubator chickens are free from lice and mites, where the chickens that are set under a hen are not.

The incubators are fine workers. People who do not use them ought to try one.

We would never do without one again. We made a great deal of money on the chicks by raising them in an incubator. The money was somewhere around \$30.

GERTRUDE MURPHY, Nebr.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

while. But some day I'm going to stop building air-castles and dreaming rose-colored dreams and get to making some of them come true. And there's a bright future ahead because I'm not going to let memories of the past blot out the sunshine. Mrs. Wilkinson of course I would not seriously object to your bringing French heels to my ranch but I shall have to ask you to leave the poodle dog at home. You see I don't fancy women lavishing love and wealth on a dog when there are so many poor little orphans going hungry, for both love and bread.

Sisters, hasn't our dear Mrs. Wilkinson a big, loving, rosy heart? I just love her.

Three cheers for dear old COMFORT, and I will bid you au revoir.

I am eighteen years young now; have had a birthday since last writing to COMFORT.

Your sincere sister, MATTIE MAE CLARK.

Mattie Mae. You talk like a centipede, but a mighty brave, lovable little centipede though, and one that I am proud and glad to welcome to our corner. Come again. Of course you've heard the old joke about the boys who were sent to the country to stay with an uncle because their city home had been threatened with earthquakes. In a few days the uncle telegraphed to their father, "Come and get the boys, send the earthquake," and maybe that is the way you will feel when I come to visit you and bring my family with me. You'll say, "Send the children home, I prefer the poodle dogs," though, honest-to-goodness, Mattie, I haven't a poodle dog and never expect to own one, so that lets me out, doesn't it? Your poem is helpful and I feel sure that you are giving "humanity and God your best" by keeping alive such a cheerful spirit even in the face of difficulties. As I said before, come again.

MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS: Will you admit into your happy circle a girl from

the dear old state of Texas? I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since I learned to read. Everyone in our family loves to read COMFORT. I think that our dear Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett, and you, Mrs. Wilkinson, are doing a great work and I am sure there isn't a reader who won't agree with me. I wish it were possible for all of you to visit us in our little Southern town, which is situated in a beautiful valley surrounded on three sides by mountains. There is an abundance of water here, mineral water being the most in evidence. It is obtained at a depth of one hundred and thirty feet, and in inexhaustible quantities. Of course there is plenty of good fresh water outside the mineral belt. The water for general town use is furnished by an artificial lake. There are many varieties of mineral water, good for different ailments. I have known people to be brought here unable to walk, and perhaps in one month's time they would be climbing the mountains. One sees here almost all forms of deformity and affliction, yet most of the invalids appear cheerful and hopeful. In a town like this strangers are rare, though people are going and coming all the time. Meeting at the drinking counters, where the water is served, people naturally enter into conversation, and everyone gets acquainted. This social feature is very pleasant when one is alone and ill. The home people are always ready to respond to calls for assistance and do all in their power to minister to the needs of those who come here to be benefited. People come here from the extreme North to escape the cold winters, for this is an ideal winter home.

I am with you Virginia Queen, in regard to teaching children there is a Santa Claus. The happiest Christmas I ever had, was when I expected Santa Claus. Some of the sisters seem to think that we do not realize the real significance of Christmas, when we believe in Santa Claus. Now I think it is just as bad one way as the other, for I have known people who "rooted" at the idea of letting their children believe there is a Santa Claus and the children hardly knew why they were celebrating Christmas, and all in the world the parents thought of was to have a good time. We children always eagerly looked for Santa, but we never forget what Christmas was.

I may come again some day. With best wishes to the COMFORT staff and all its readers.

Sincerely yours, MISS HANCI MAGEE.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

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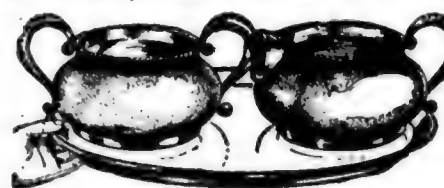
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Granny's Old Piano

How It Plays Spirit Music at Night

By Florence Briney Reed

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PART II.

THE next day in response to her son's question as to the location of the myrtle bed, Mrs. Brand replied:
 "Myrtle? There's none nearer than the old Talbut graveyard. I never could abide it in any garden of mine. It's too creepy."

"There's a sight of it up there," Granny interposed. "Sister Lucy always liked it, and we planted it thick on her grave. It's just about taken the whole plot."

"What did Aunt Lucy look like? Was she pretty?" Talbut queried, absently.
 "She was a real pretty girl," Granny replied. "She was dark like the Talbuts. You favor them, too, but your sisters are light like your mother's folks. Lucy had such pretty black hair, always in long curls, and she had pretty ways and pretty dresses, for pa always favored her."

Granny was looking through the open doorway across the meadow, where a faint gleam of white in the group of pines on the hill marked the resting place of her young sister, Talbut, respecting the tender reminiscence in her faded eyes, left the room quietly, and Dora moved softly about, putting the room to rights. Presently Granny spoke:

"Some of Lucy's things are here yet, in the old wing. One of these days I'm going to get them out. They haven't had a real good airing for a long time. They're in the horsehair trunk," she added.

All that day a strange feeling of unrest brooded over the house. A special treat had been planned, a trip to the city, with an evening at the theater, with the family's return on the Limited, which stopped at the village at one o'clock in the morning. These little excursions could be enjoyed only when Talbut was at home, as Granny and Dora could not be left alone in the house.

"Tonight," said Talbut, as his grandmother and Dora turned in from the porch after having said goodbyes to the family, "tonight I shall keep a lookout for my dear Aunt Lucy. I am hoping that she will favor us with a few selections."

But Granny turned on him, exclaiming sharply:
 "No good ever came of meddling with things you can't understand," and Dora added:

"It might bring you ill luck, Mr. Talbut. Better not sit up, I wouldn't, if I were you."

The evening wore on, and at last Granny and Dora retired, leaving Talbut to sit up and wait for the last train. He made himself comfortable with book and pipe in the library. The house was very still, but outside, a dog howled dismally. The honeysuckle vines, stirred by the rising wind, tapped softly at the window. Just as the hall clock chimed midnight, Talbut roused himself with a start. The last stroke of the bell still tingled in the quiet air, and with it came, faint and far away, familiar ghostly strains from the old piano. He sprang to his feet, determined to unravel the mystery. Realizing that it would be useless to try to go through the house, as the doors were all locked, he softly opened the front door and made his way stealthily around the veranda in the direction of the old wing. The lilac and rose bushes almost completely concealed the tiny windows of the parlor, but stepping carefully between the clumps of ribbon grass and flags bordering the stone walk, he crept up to the wall and pushing aside the branches, he looked within. What he expected to see, he hardly knew, but at the sight which met his eyes, he started back in amazement. The old piano was open, and the moonlight, pouring in silver flood through the west window, revealed the slender figure of a girl in the quaint costume of fifty years ago. Her hands rested lightly on the piano's yellow keys. Long curls of dark hair shadowed her face and fell over her shoulders; the wide skirts of her flounced gown spread out on either side, and in a flash Talbut thought of Granny's adored sister, the lovely Lucy, who must have dressed just so, and who had been resting on the hill over there beyond the meadow for many years. A strange chill crept through his veins. He stepped back, letting the branches of the lilac spring into place again, as he glanced over his shoulder toward the hill where a mass of black marked the place where the pine trees kept guard over the Talbut graves. When he looked into the parlor windows again, the old room was empty. At that moment a frightened scream broke the stillness—a woman's scream. "Dora's voice!" Talbut said to himself. "She has seen the ghost, too!" Three steps brought him to the old front door, long unused. As he struggled to open it, the scream came again, this time as if half repressed. Exerting all his strength, he forced the door open and entered the room. In a corner, perched unsteadily upon one of the old haircloth chairs, was the figure he had seen at the piano, while across the figure he saw a big gray rat. The voice was Dora's, and it was Dora whom Talbut caught in his arms, a tremulous, weeping Dora, attired in a muslin delaine gown of war-time pattern. After a few moments she was able to sob out her explanation, and Talbut heard all about the old piano, and the new table; how badly Granny had felt over it and how, knowing the superstitions of the Brand family about the old wing, she had thought up a plan to work upon their fears.

"I haven't put on this dress before," she confessed, "but something you said this morning made me sure that you would watch, and I wanted to make certain that you would never guess

who the 'ghost' was. If it hadn't been for that miserable rat, everything would have been all right. But it jumped out all at once when I was going back into the storeroom—and—"

She seemed to have forgotten that Talbut still held her in his arms—her head, with its soft curls, resting on his shoulder. Talbut patted the silken rings gently as he answered:

"Never mind, everything's all right now, and I think it was mighty good of you to take all that trouble for dear old Granny. It must have been pretty spooky to come into this chilly, musty old place night after night. Weren't you afraid someone would find you out?"

"No, I knew they would never think of me, for no one had ever heard me play the piano. The matron's aunt at the Home taught me some old-fashioned pieces, and when Granny spoke about her sister playing them, I thought up my plan. Do you think it was wicked?" she queried anxiously. "I felt so sorry for Granny, and it wasn't as if your family couldn't buy a new table. They did not have to take Granny's old piano."

"No," Talbut replied. "I do not think there was any harm in it, only I believe you ought to tell Granny all about it. What do you suppose she has thought? Yes, Dora, you must tell her, but the rest need never know."

"Well—if you say so, I will," Dora said, releasing herself shyly from Talbut's arms. "But, oh, once I was really scared! Do you remember the time we found the myrtle spray? I hadn't put it there, and it made me feel very queer. Where did it come from? Do you think a rat could have brought it?"

"Perhaps," said Talbut, with a smile. "But come, Dora, we will go to Granny now, just as you are, and get it over before the family comes home. We will just about have time."

When they reached Granny's room, they were surprised to see a line of light beneath her door. Alarmed, they passed before knocking, but the old lady's voice called out sharply:

"Come right on in. Don't stand whispering out there in the hall."

Opening the door, they found Granny wide awake and dressed. Two candles were burning in brass sconces on the mantel and a tiny fire snapped on the hearth, for the evening had been cool, and Granny always had her fire ready for lighting. The little old lady looked at them without a trace of surprise, and said:

"So you caught her? Humph, I knew you would! You're smart, just like all the Talbuts. You shan't tell on her, now. They don't need to know a thing about this. 'Twon't hurt them to worry a little."

"I'm not going to tell, Granny," said Talbut, as she fixed her black eyes on him. "But, Granny, you surely didn't know who it was all this time?"

"Of course, I did," Granny replied. "Haven't I just told you the Talbuts were smart? That first night I couldn't quite make it out, but I guessed in a minute, as soon as I caught the 'Maiden's Prayer.' Dora is a good girl, but she can't play the piano like my sister Lucy. The running-up part sounded too jerky and she played the cross-hand place terrible fast. And when I decided it wasn't Lucy, which I ought to have done right away, for it isn't right to believe in spirits, why then I knew it couldn't be anybody but Dora. It was real smart of her, too, and I guess she saved Lucy's piano. That's why I told you about Lucy's old dresses today. I knew it would be just like you to go peering in on her. The rest of 'em would be too scared to think of it. Stand out here and let me look at you, child! The dress is real becoming!"

Becoming it was, the soft rose-dome, with its bouillon and pointed waist. Dora's curls fell over her rosy cheeks as she leaned over the old lady's chair and questioned softly:

"Do you forgive me for it all, dear Granny?"
 "Why, of course," answered Granny. "Didn't I say it was real smart of you? You ought to be a Talbut. They always were up to just such tricks. But now you must run away or they'll be home. I heard the train whistle for the grade a long time ago. But wait till I tell you about the myrtle sprig. I guess you wondered how it got in there, now, didn't you? Well, I put it there myself! I went over to the graveyard one hot afternoon, slipped out the back way while you people were painting the porch furniture. I kept the branch in water in my room till I found a chance to get in there with it. And then I was afraid it would be all dried up to nothing before you found it. Now, Dora, you run along."

Talbut watched the girl flit lightly down the hall. "She's a darling," he declared, with conviction, and Granny replied: "Darling? To be sure she is. Don't get any foolish notions into your head about her just because she comes from the orphan asylum. You marry to suit yourself, Talbut Brand! The Talbuts all did."

"It's worth thinking over," Talbut said, a twinkle in his dark eyes. "But you'd better be getting to bed now, Granny. And don't worry any more about the piano. I'll buy the family the biggest, shiniest library table I can find, and that old piano shall stay just where it is until King-dom come."

When Granny was alone again in her firelit room, she smiled wisely and murmured:

"Dorry and Talbut will see that Lucy's piano is taken care of after I'm gone. And I'll give Dorry Sister Lucy's coral set for a wedding gift. I never wanted it to go out of the family, and the others are too fair to set it off."

And so, dreaming sweet prophetic dreams, all of which were destined to be realized in due time, Granny extinguished her candles and fell asleep.

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The Wizard Charm

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

"Like ye say ye do?"
 "An' d'ye s'pose I'd buy a wizard charm to win ye back if I didn't, Denny boy?" she murmured, resting her head against his bosom.
 "Well, I hate that Polack creature an' I wish she was in —" but remembering there was a lady present, he didn't say where he wished the radiant Cora.

"Rally Denny boy?" Kathleen asked, her trust quickly returning.

"Rally an' truly," he returned. "'Tis that giddy she is! An' she thinks that pie-faced guy handsome!"
 Denny's pride had been sorely tried, and to himself he had to admit that the proprietor of the "Haviland Academy of Society Dancing" was the worthier to carry the palm of beauty.

But Kathleen! She snuggled up against his manly chest and whispered: "Shure, an', I don't see what she could'a seen in that mutt! There ain't none o' em, that's handsomer'n ye are!"

It was the winning stroke.

"We ain't goin' to monkey any more, Kathleen," Denny announced, "an' we'll be married soon's ye kin git ready!"

"Oh, Denny, I'm that happy!" and further words were lost in one long kiss.

The Wizard Charm had made good!

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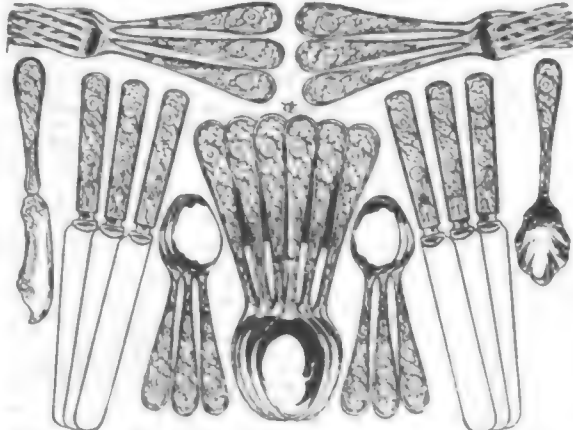
Club Offer. For only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 2605.** Address: **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

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Premium No. 6808

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Eight

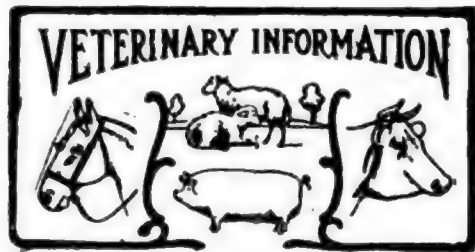
WE have in the past made many offers of table ware, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think that because we are giving away this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we base therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished.



WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS

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Club Offer. For a club of eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Daisy Table Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 6808.** Address: **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



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Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question previously mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

RINGBONE.—I have a very valuable horse, six years old that has ringbone on left hind foot. After it had been growing six months he became very lame. I took a chisel and cut it in two places, and burnt it with a hot iron, after which I used caustic balsam. He is wearing a lead band around ringbone. While he travels much better he is not well. What would you advise me to do? B. G. S.

A.—The cutting treatment was wrong and might have ruined the horse. Blistering was indicated but the ointment too mild. The lead band will do no good. Have a qualified veterinarian properly puncture the ringbone and under it in the hoof and then apply a blister. After that the horse should be kept tied up short for six weeks.

LOCATED CATTLE.—Is there any cure for located cattle? A lot of it grows here and we think one yearling has it. H. L. M.

A.—So far as possible the loco weeds should be exterminated by grubbing. Affected cattle must be kept off pasture and fed good hay and other available feed. Fowler's solution of arsenic helps. The dose is one half to one ounce twice daily for an adult animal. Lessen the dose according to age and size.

PILES.—I have a young sow to raise six nice pigs. They grew nicely until two months old and then taken with something like piles. They bled considerably at first, live in that condition two weeks and die. W. A.

A.—Irritants such as cut hulls or ground cob in the feed tend to cause this condition. Rotted potatoes may also cause it. Put pigs on milk diet adding wheat middlings and oil meal. Cleanse the protruded parts, bathe with extract of witch hazel and return to place then bring tail down over anus between hind legs and tie it to a strap around body so as to make it prevent return of piles or rectum. Make pigs take active exercise daily.

SWEENT.—I have a mule that has had sweent in her front shoulder for four months. It has shrunk away. What can I do to cure her? R. B.

A.—Have a veterinarian inject a little tincture of iodine under the skin at several places at the top of the wasted part and then rub downward with the palm of the hand. The injection is done by means of a hypodermic syringe.

FOALS DYING.—I owned two colts from good healthy mares. When they were about three months old they both died, within a few days of each other, and apparently without any cause that I could see. Their mothers and they were out on blue grass pasture every day but were in the barn every night and got red top hay and some whole oats for feed. They had the pure water they came to drink. Nothing seemed to all either of the colts the day when each died; on the contrary they were in splendid condition. The weather was quite warm when they died, but I have often let colts out in such weather without bad effects. Several of my neighbors lost colts in the same way. Some people say they died of bot-fly poisoning while others argue it must have been swamp fever. What do you think caused death? W. P. S.

A.—You give not the slightest clue to what may have been the cause of death. There is no such thing as bot fly poisoning and young foals are not killed by swamp fever, so far as we are aware there would seem to be a possibility of sunstroke.

WOODEN TONGUE.—I have a cow, three years old. Her tongue is swollen hard in the middle, but natural color each end. She chews her tongue and froths the month, and cannot eat hay. It bothers her to eat grain. She has been like this for four months.

A.—The cow has actinomycosis of the tongue, commonly called wooden tongue. The disease is due to invasion of the tissues of the tongue by the ray-fungus (actinomycetes) which also causes lump jaw. The disease is curable. Have a veterinarian scrub the hardened tongue and then swab with tincture of iodine, the application to be repeated two or three times a week. Also have him put the cow on a course of iodide of potash which is a specific remedy for this disease when affecting soft tissues.

WOLF TEETH.—Does a horse have wolf teeth and if so does it cause blindness? (2) Describe wolf teeth and locate them. (3) How can blindness be prevented from that cause?

A.—Some horses have wolf teeth which are insignificant little vestigial teeth representing the seventh or anterior premolar teeth of the upper jaw of the prehistoric horse. They come in just in front of the first premolar teeth of the upper jaw, are entirely harmless, never cause any derangement or disease of the eyes (common erroneous belief to the contrary) and need not be removed. They usually drop out as a horse ages.

WORMS.—Will you tell me what is the matter with my cat? He has a rattling in his throat and vomits up worms. L. D.

A.—To destroy the worms starve the cat for eight hours, then give one to two grains of santonin, according to age and size, and follow in one hour with a dose of Castor oil in milk. The dose may be repeated in two weeks if thought necessary.

SALIVARY FISTULA.—I have a seven-year-old mare that was cut on barb wire when she was a colt. The cut starts about her ear and comes down her neck just behind her jaw bone. The sore could not be seen when I bought her two months ago. Now there is a slight discharge, just enough to keep the hair around the place matted and a small place about as large as a pencil lead that is sore. R. H. H.

A.—Apparently there is a fistula of the parotid salivary duct and home treatment will do no good. It is possible that a skilled surgeon may succeed in closing the opening by operation.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare that was a little lame when I bought her, last June. I worked her and she became very lame and would hold up her hind leg. The flesh shrunk top of her hip, between hip and rump. She is better when not worked. She swings that leg a very little. It seems stiff in hock joint. Just below the stifle bone in front it seems a little large and is not as soft as the other side. I cannot find any soreness, but if she walks over rough ground she stubs her toe and is more lame. (2) I have a horse that has a lump about four inches long, half way between nostrils and eyes. When I open, a white substance in lumps and thin blood comes out and then it closes up. L. L.

A.—Unfortunately we cannot diagnose mysterious lameness without an examination, but we suspect that a ringbone is present and if you should have it punctured and blistered by a veterinarian. (2) Lump jaw (actinomycosis) apparently is present. Apply tincture of iodine daily and inject it when the lump opens. This may help a little but an operation by a trained surgeon would be the better treatment.

WORMS.—My cat has white worms, about two inches long and the size of a large common pin. The cat does not stir around and chokes a great deal. B. F.

A.—Starve cat for eighteen hours and then give one to two grains of santonin in a capsule and an hour or so afterward give a dose of Castor oil in milk. Repeat the dose in two weeks if thought necessary.

NASAL GLIST.—I have a seventeen-year-old horse, which, at times, has a running from his nostrils. It has a disagreeable odor. It appears to be a gathering and goes for weeks at a time without running; then it breaks out and runs a while and dries again. B. H.

A.—A diseased molar tooth is the probable cause of the discharge and it should be removed by trephining to be done by a trained surgeon. If a tooth is not the cause pus gathers in a sinus of the skull and that also would require trephining and then flushing out daily with a one per cent solution of permanganate of potash.

DEPRAVED APPETITE.—Will you tell me the cause of my cattle eating horse manure? They are in a good pasture and have all the roughage they will eat. They eat it in the summer time when on good grass pasture. (2) I have a large Shepherd dog that was poisoned by the range riders, about two years ago. We gave him fresh milk and he got over it but grew very poor and has remained so. F. A. H.

A.—Feeding wheat bran freely and also allowing free access to slaked lime and salt often will stop this depraved appetite which also causes the eating of bones, leather and other foreign substances. Precipitated phosphate of lime or bone meal mixed in the feed also helps. (2) Worms may be the cause. Give him two drams of freshly powdered kamala in cream or soup after starving for eighteen hours. Repeat in two weeks if thought necessary.

AZOTURIA.—I have a mare six years old, in good condition, that has what the veterinarian calls azoturia. She is only affected during the late fall and winter months. The attacks come on very suddenly. She begins to walk as though the belly band was too tight, shivers and jerks in her shoulders. If I continue driving her she will lie down. When she is stopped a few minutes she gets so stiff she can't walk. The attack usually lasts from twelve to twenty-four hours. Is there a remedy and how should she be fed? H. C.

A.—If azoturia is present the urine will be the color of strong coffee at time of attack. As the disease is purely due to overfeeding during a spell of illness no attack will come on if you stop feeding grain when there is no work for the mare to do and at such times make her take active exercise. Never let her stand for a single day idle in the stable. She should be allowed a roomy box stall. Keep her bowels active at all times.

COLIC.—I have a horse seven years old that becomes sick whenever he is used. It seems to be a pain in the stomach, and his suffering is misery. When sick he will not eat or drink, but lie down and rise again continually. I. B.

A.—Allow the horse a large box stall when in the stable and bed it with sawdust or shavings if he eats his bedding. Never let the horse stand for a single day without work or active exercise. Feed from a very large box to prevent bolting. Give the drinking water before feeding. Feed whole oats, ground corn of wheat bran by weight, ear corn, carrots and mixed clover hay. It would be well to have the teeth attended to by a veterinarian.

WEAK SHOULDERS.—I have a mule that has soft shoulders. It doesn't appear to hurt her, only when starting a load when she will throw her head to one side. She is not lame in anyway, and her shoulders are not raw. I. R.

A.—The collar does not fit properly or the tugs are improperly adjusted on the harness. These things should be changed. Very likely the mule would work well in a humane collar, or wide breast collar.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

as if their brains rattle and they are trying to tie them together so they won't lose them. I hope nobody will ever see me with one on my head. And whether you agree with me or not is very foolish. It is just half past nine and the little kiddies are tying up their hair and getting ready for bed. Pretty soon I will be crawling into my bed. I hope to write to you pretty soon. Your sincere friend, CECILIA EDMAN.

Cecilia, I had an awful job to read your address. Like ninety-nine out of every hundred people, you make the letter exactly like an o. Always be careful when writing names and addresses. My street address is Park Place, New York. Park Place is a real nice, refined sort of address, but my friends won't let me live on Park Place, they make all their a's into o's and the result is I have to spend my days in Park Place. You see people will insist on putting me on the hog. Of course I don't care very much how the address is written as long as I get the letters, but only twenty million packages of mail went astray in the U. S. last year, some of it containing thousands of dollars, because people simply would insist on addressing envelopes so illegibly, or so carelessly, that even the lynx-eyed postal officials could not decipher them. I am sorry to hear Cecilia, that a lot of stuck up people live around your neighborhood. I despise stuck up people. We are not cursed with the caste system in this country to the extent that they are in Europe, but believe me we are going to get just as bad a dose of it as they have over there if we are not mighty careful, and it's stuck up people who are responsible for classes and caste. Maria went up to Millbrook, N. Y., a millionaire colony, about fifty miles north of New York, to spend a week one summer a few years ago and she saw much that made her radical, democratic stomach turn over. All around this section are vast estates, palatial residences, almost exact replicas of the homes of the European nobility dot the landscape. Imported funkeys in gorgeous liveries, gamekeepers, groomes, stewards, footmen, pages, butlers and other poor, unhappy folk, trying to look half human, and never succeeding, throng these gilded halls. Now if a man wants to put his money into a palatial residence I have no objection. That's his business, but I hate to see him turning thousands of acres of food producing land into pleasure parks and game preserves. That's what they have done in Europe, with the result that thousands of people, yeoman farmers, the backbone of the nation, have emigrated, or gone to the cities to be ground by the factory system into weaklings and degenerates. We do not want to adopt the decadent fads and follies of Europe, but that is just what we are doing. We are duplicating the old World vices and follies, without duplicating any old World virtues. Now that war has hit the old World, vast pleasure estates have been given over to the plow, for food must be had at all costs and genteel hands that never toiled, are tilling fields and making ammunition. I had a letter the other day from a man in Europe and this is what he wrote: "The war has done one good thing. It has made us dispense largely with female household help. Our cook and housemaid we have had to dispense with, and my wife and daughter find it quite easy to do what they once did. It means a saving to us of over fifteen dollars a week." In my friend's family there is another saving, the saving which he did not touch upon, but which to my mind is of far more consequence than the financial saving, and that is the saving of self-respect. I never could understand why two healthy women living in a modest home, should not be willing and able to take care of that home, and for that matter should not be compelled to take care of it. In these days of running hot and cold water, telephone service, steam and furnace heat, gas stoves, fireless cookers, electric irons, percolators, chafing dishes, self-basting roasters, mechanical sweepers and vacuum cleaners, why should not the well to do, if they have good health, do a little cleaning and cooking once a day? It is only healthy exercise at the best, and saves self respect as well as money. In the little town Maria visited, in which the newly rich had set up their mansions, there was more excitement when Mr. Goldrocks (who had made a fortune putting sand in sugar, glucose in jam, clay in candy, sawdust in sausages, or turned over five millions by wrecking a railroad, and skinning widows and orphans) went down to the village depot in his new five thousand dollar limousine, than you'd find in a British village if King George the one fifth and Mary the four fifths happened to strike it on a royal progress. It amused me when I was living in a Western town some twenty-five years ago to note how the insidious evils of pride and caste were creeping in. There was a west side where the wealthy lived, and an east side where the toilers existed. There was of course a whole page in the Sunday paper devoted to the doings of high society. All the reports on that page were graded according to a person's social position. If rich Mrs. Jones on the west side had a friend drop in for lunch, that trifling episode was given a whole column in the Sunday paper, while if poor Mrs. Brown over on the east side had two hundred of her neighbors drop in to celebrate her golden wedding, or threw her husband out of the window, or fell down stairs and broke her neck, she only got three lines. Mrs. Goldrocks who spent her summers in Paris, regarded with

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unutterable contempt Mrs. Liverwort who spent her winters in Southern California. There is only one aristocracy in the world, and that is the aristocracy of intellect and character. "Pride," Pope says, "is the never failing vice of fools," and the Lord knows he is right. Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall, says the grand old Bible. People who carry their noses highest in the air, are generally the ones that spend the butt end of their lives rubbing that same nose against their shoe tops. No really great man ever stuck his nose in the air, for no real gentleman was ever stuck up. Mr. Gould, or Mr. Vanderbilt wouldn't speak to Maria, but the Duke of Buccleuch, the premier Duke of Scotland, would and often did. It is only the parvenu, the newly rich, and the ignoramus, the purse proud and the empty headed who do the stuck up act. We should take honest pride in every worthy action we do, but honest pride never poked a man's nose in the air, rather it made him humble and brought him nearer to God. Abraham Lincoln said he only knew one man who was dignified and he was a jackass. Death levels all ranks and lays the shepherd's crook beside the scepter. Life is too short and eternally too long for little pee-wee mortals to attempt to lord it over their less fortunate brothers, because luck or rascality or ability has placed a few more dollars in their pockets. I have seen the curse of caste in other lands. Its blighting effect in India is appalling and horrible. The elevated nose and being stuck up are the insidious things which divide society into camps, the world into classes, and make democracy, which is our hope, our sheet anchor, our guiding star, our one salvation, a jest and a byword. Let us be democratic. No one who is truly democratic can ever be stuck up. Unless you are democratic you can never be truly American. Those little ribbons that some girls tie around the forehead is a revival of an old Greek fashion. If a girl has a Grecian type of face, a ribbon around the brow and worn when in the home, is quite becoming. No one however should wear anything on the street that is bizarre or conspicuous. In many cases these ribbons serve a good purpose, for if they do not succeed in keeping the brains from jingling, maybe they keep the mush from spilling. Our fashions are made for us by the wanton women of European capitals, and they are pushed down our throats by the male dressmakers and merchants to boom business, and anything that booms business even at the expense of all that we hold sacred and most dear, must not be interfered with, at least not until we get more sense, more decency and more self respect.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time and have received much valuable information from its columns.

Uncle, would you mind doing me a favor? I am sending you nine words and want you to write me a few short verses, using them as a guide. The following are the words: "I'll Never Love No One Like I Do Him." Am sending a two cent stamp and a stamped envelope for answer.

Hope you won't think I am asking too much. I have a great desire to be a poet, but am going to school and haven't the time to spare at the present. Hoping to hear from you at once I am, Yours friend,

P. S. Uncle please excuse this paper as I am in school and haven't any stationery here.

Thank you Uncle, for your brief but important letter. Please ask your teacher to reconstruct your handwriting. People who write a slanting, tumbledown back hand, as though all the letters were stewed, jingled, jagged, pickled and inebriated, too befuddled to stand up and all trying to see a resting place on their backs, make

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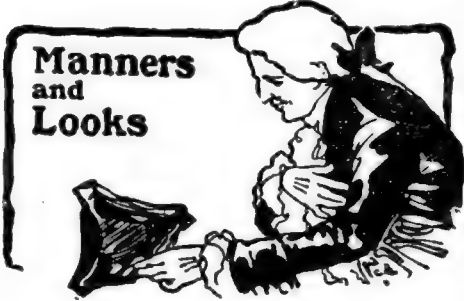
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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Want-to-know, Altus, Okla.—The wedding ceremony prescribed by the church is not quite that of the ceremony by a magistrate, though the magistrate can vary his to suit the circumstances, while the clergyman cannot. The result, however, is just as binding. If the couple wish to be married with a ring, any polite magistrate is perfectly willing to perform the ceremony accordingly. The wedding ring cannot very appropriately be had unless there is a wedding, without regard to the length of the engagement.

A. G., Sylvan, Va.—You might give the young lady a nice little gift-edged volume of etiquette so that she could acquire better manners than she has and then tell her good by. Really, if you are at all sane, you will pay no more attention to the young lady. She either wants to snub you, or she lacks the ordinary sense of politeness. Why bother with that sort when there are others so much more attractive? However, there are no rules of etiquette to prevent your being snubbed all over if you like that sort of thing.

Gray Eyes, West Baden, Ind.—When strange men in a buggy halloo at two ladies on the road, the presumption is that they are not gentlemen and the ladies should ignore them unless they wish to make the acquaintance of that kind of men. (2) A lady may permit a gentleman to wear her ring, but she will have a more contented mind if she does not. (3) A girl of fifteen may walk home from a party with a gentleman if some member of her own family is not there to look after her. Girls of fifteen should not go to parties unattended.

Tenn. Beauty, Mt. Airy, Tenn.—An engaged couple should talk about something else besides themselves, but they seldom do, so that when they are married and the previous subject is stale, they haven't anything else to talk about and home gets mighty dull as a conversation center. But engaged couples rarely learn this soon enough. (2) Etiquette hasn't much to do with lovers' manners, but it strikes us that if a gentleman tells a lady continuously for a year that he loved her with all his heart, he should, at least, incidentally, mention the subject of marriage. Still, some do not and the lady must settle the question to suit herself. In the mean time, the gentleman has no right to put his arm around the lady and kiss her. This is another matter which the lady, not etiquette, controls. Some ladies do and some don't.

Rosie, Rainier, Cal.—Don't worry. You did not lie, you only suppressed the truth to prevent harm, and society excuses that as choosing the lesser of two evils. You acted properly in telling the truth where the truth was what should have been told. Conventional lying, as practised in social circles, is a somewhat complicated proposition and before you attempt a general practice of it you should have a talk with your pastor.

Lady, Pleasant Plain, Iowa.—In giving presents of any kind, the sensible and proper thing is to find out what the prospective recipient would like. It may be useful, or it may be ornamental, but if it is what is wanted, the success of the gift is assured. Many of the city stores now advertise to find out what persons want, and they notify the donor and supply the gift and deliver it. All the donor has to do is to pay for it and the price may be large or small as the donor advises the store people in submitting a list of presents to select from. (2) It is not exactly conventional for a lady to mend a gentleman's clothes, even though she can do it better than his relatives can, but it is a friendly act and should be recognized as humane good manners. Still, a tailor might have done the work better than the lady could.

Laasie, Knoxville, Tenn.—In accepting a gentleman's invitation in writing, don't be formal, but write it as you would answer him over the phone, or if you met him anywhere. A lady should not receive an invitation if she doesn't know how to answer it. Also, you should say "acceptance," not "acceptation," which is a word too old-fashioned for any use now. (2) The lady leads the way into her own home, though her escort may open the front door if he can do it as easily as she can.

Perplexed, Auburn, Wash.—It is "legal and practical" in some states for second cousins to marry, but the wisest people choose to marry outside of their own families. A state might make a law legalizing the marriage of a brother and sister, but the law wouldn't make it right. However, so many second cousins do marry that if you want to, no legal or practical objections can be made.

Brown Eyes, Butte, Mont.—Sometimes there is harm in a girl marrying a man ten years older than herself and sometimes not. It depends on the girl and the man, not the age. There is no harm in a girl of seventeen going with a man of twenty-four, if she resolves not to marry him till she is twenty-one, which would make them both of the very best marrying age. P. S. You have our congratulations upon your ability to do the housework for eight people. It is far more to your credit than being able to smoke a cigarette and dance the Toddle. Also that your letter is written without an error of any kind.

P. M. S., St. Joseph, Mo.—Do not give the cold shoulder to the young man until you know why he did not call when in the city, as he promised to do. If he is as nice as you say he is, he must have a good reason for not keeping his promise. Don't lose your temper and a nice young man both at once.

Florence, Denison, Texas.—A girl of twenty-four and a man of thirty-six are at a very good age to marry. (2) You cannot permanently remove hair from your face by merely pulling it out, for it will grow again.

K. R., Prairie View, Kans.—There is nothing improper in meeting your young man at the front gate which is beside the hogpen, but the front gate is no place for the hogpen unless that is the style for front gates in Prairie View. Of course, when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do, for there is nothing like being in the fashion. If the young man drinks only enough to see ghosts and not snakes, he might be worse—but not much.

Discouraged, Mt. Vernon, Ind.—All three of you are in the wrong to some extent. First, you were wrong in saying anything about your friend which could be retold to his hurt, and the young lady was worse for telling what you had said and causing trouble. The friend was wrong in writing to an ill-natured letter when he should have talked to you. If he wanted to take any notice at all of what you had said, and you added to the first of your wrong-doing by writing ugly letters to your friend and to the young lady. You did your part in trying to remedy the wrong by apologizing to the young lady and if she does not see fit to be polite to you, let it go. In any event, if you never get a chance to talk to her again, she will not have a chance to make trouble by repeating what you say. We think if the three of you got together and had an apology party the social atmosphere would be considerably cleared. Mail this copy of COMFORT to the young lady.

Curly, Goldsmith, N. Y.—Getting rid of undesirable acquaintances without hurting their feelings is one of the social problems which thus far has never been so successfully solved as to fit all cases. Work it out for yourself.

Oklahoma Boy, Boley, Okla.—A girl is a debutante when she has had her coming-out party and is admitted into society, and she is a debutante for one season. (2) We do not think there is too much talk about the danger to which young girls are exposed, not only in the cities, but in the country. We hap-

pen to be in touch with sources of information on this subject from all parts of the country and we know that there should be not only more talk on the dangers, but more action to prevent them. The most serious aspect of the case is that the girls themselves are careless of the dangers, and ignorant of the most cases, and are willing to take the most dangerous risks just to have a good time as they call it in all sorts of giddy company. More respectable girls drink cocktails, smoke cigarettes and keep late hours in these days of modern ideas than was ever known before and parental restraint has been greatly relaxed in favor of social demands which undermine the health and the morals of the young of both sexes. Who is to blame for these conditions is a question many organizations, religious and social, are engaged in studying, but the solution has not yet been found.

Subscriber, Annona, Texas.—Engaged couples may kiss each other with perfect propriety, even if the date of the wedding has not been fixed.

Patt, Steubenville, Ohio.—You are doing the proper thing, young fellow, in trying to inform yourself somewhat on social usage before attempting social practice. Too many young fellows don't and their company manners are worse than those of Indians. We are glad you have found the girl you like and we hope you marry her, but don't think of it until after you are twenty-one, when you will be recognized legally as a grown man, though you should wait four years longer before you marry. Of course when you take her home, you must go into the house if she asks you, but you mustn't stay later than ten o'clock, or not so late if you have to get up very early. You do not sit on the same chair with her, at least, in the beginning, but you both may occupy a cozy sofa, or one of those double chairs built for two. If she likes candy you may begin giving it to her as soon as you please, but it isn't necessary to feed her on it, nor is it necessary to be everlastingly spending your hard-earned savings on her for movies and that sort of thing. Be liberal, but not lavish. If you go to see her Saturday and Sunday that will be plenty to start with. One of the mistakes young people make is seeing too much of each other and now that you are just beginning, you should get a fair start. Of all things, don't be in a hurry to get married, or the chances are that you will be in more of a hurry to wish you hadn't. Keep a level head and see that the girl's head is even leveler than yours. A girl is worse than a young man. You have our best wishes for a brilliant social success.

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

dard stood before her.

But she shrank back almost immediately, a low exclamation of surprise escaping her as she saw his face, so white, so pain-drawn, and haggard.

"Gerald! what is the matter?" she demanded, forgetting, for the moment, her own anger and even her errand there, in the anxiety which she experienced for him.

"I am feeling quite well, Anna," he responded, in a mechanical tone. "At least is it you wish to say to me?"

Sweeping into the room, she closed the door after her, then confronted him with accusing mien.

"What do I wish to say to you?" she repeated, her voice quivering with passion, her eyes blazing with a fierce expression. "I want that paper which you have stolen from me."

"I—I do not understand you, Anna," the man began, in a preoccupied manner. "What paper—what?"

"I will bear no trifling," she passionately cried, interrupting him. "You know very well what paper I refer to—I never had but one document in my possession in which you had any interest; the one you have so beset me about during the last few weeks."

"That?" exclaimed the man.

"That?" retorted his companion, mockingly imitating his tone, "as if you did not very well know it was that, and no other. Gerald Goddard, I have come to demand it of you," she went on shrilly. "You have no right to enter my rooms, like a thief, and steal my treasures!"

"Anna, be still!" commanded her husband. "You are losing control of yourself, and some of our guests may overhear you. I know nothing of the document."

"You lie!" hissed the woman, almost beside herself with mingled rage and fear. "Who, but you, could have any interest in the thing? who, but you, ever knew of its existence, or that it had ever been in my possession? Give it back to me! I will have it! It's my only safeguard. You knew it, and you have stolen it, to make yourself independent of me."

"Anna, you shall not demean either yourself or me by giving expression to such unjust suspicions," Gerald Goddard returned with cold dignity. "I swear to you that I do not know anything about the paper. I have not even once laid my eyes upon it since you stole it from me. If it has been taken from the place where you have kept it concealed, I went on, 'then other hands than mine have been guilty of the theft.'"

"Then who could have taken it," she gasped, growing ghastly white at the thought of there being a third party to their secret—"who on earth has done this thing?"

Gerald Goddard was silent. He had his suspicions, suspicions that made him quake inwardly, as he thought of what might be the outcome of them if they should prove to be true.

"Gerald, why do you not answer me?" his companion impatiently demanded. "Can you think of any one who would be likely to rob us in this way?"

"Have you no suspicion, Anna?" the man asked. "Was there no one among your guests tonight, who—"

"Who—what—?" she cried.

"Was there no one present who made you think of some one whom you—have known in the—past?"

"Ha! do you refer to Mrs. Stewart?" said madam. "Did you also notice the resemblance?"

"Could any one help it?—could any one ever mistake those eyes? Anna—she was Isabel herself!"

"No—no!" she panted wildly, "she may be some relative. Are you losing your mind? Isabel is—dead."

"She lives!"

"I tell you no! I—saw her dead,"

"You? How could that be possible?" exclaimed Mr. Goddard, in astonishment. "We were both in Florence at the time of that tragedy."

"Nevertheless, I saw her dead and in her coffin."

"Now you talk as if you were losing your mind."

"I am not. Do you not remember I told you one morning, I was going to spend a couple of days with a friend at Fiesole?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had read of that tragedy that very day, and then hid the paper, but I did not go to Fiesole at all. I took the first train for Rome."

"Anna!"

"I wanted to be sure," she cried, excitedly. "I was jealous of her, I—hated her; and I knew that if the report was true I should be at rest. I went to the place where they had taken her. Some one had cared for her very tenderly—she lay as if asleep, and looked like a beautiful piece of sculpture in her white robe; one could hardly believe that she was—dead. But they told me they were going to—bury her that afternoon unless some one came to claim her. They asked me if I had known her—if she was a friend of mine. I told them no—she was nothing to me; I had simply come out of curiosity, having seen the story of her tragic end in a paper. Then I took the next train back to Florence."

"Why have you never told me this before, Anna?"

"Why? I flashed out jealousy at him. 'Why should I talk of her to you? She was dead—she could never come between us, and I wished to put her entirely out of my mind, since I had satisfied myself of the fact.'"

"Did—did you hear anything of—of—"

"Of the child? No; all I ever knew was what you yourself read in the paper—that both mother and child had disappeared from their home and

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both were supposed to have suffered the same fate, although the body of the child was not found.

"Oh!" groaned Gerald Goddard, wiping his brow. "I never realized the horror of it as I do at this moment, and I never have forgiven myself for not going to Rome to institute a search for myself; but—"

"But I wouldn't let you, I suppose you were about to add," said madam, bitterly. "What was the use?" she went on, angrily. "Everything was all over before you knew anything about it."

"I could at least have erected a tablet to mark her resting-place," the man interposed.

"Ha! ha! It strikes me it was rather late then to manifest much sentiment; that would have become you better before you broke her heart and killed her by your neglect and desertion," sneered madam.

"Don't, Anna!" he cried, sharply. Then suddenly straightening himself, he said, as if just awaking from some horrible nightmare: "But she did not die. I have not that on my conscience, after all."

"She did—I tell you she did!" retorted the woman.

"But I have seen and talked with her tonight, and she told me that she was—Isabel!" he persisted.

"I do not believe it—I will not believe it!" she panted.

"Anna," he said, gravely, and speaking with more calmness and gentleness than at any time during the interview, "this is a stern fact, and we must look it in the face."

His tone and manner carried conviction to her heart.

She sank crouching at his feet, bowing her face upon her hands.

"Gerald! Gerald! It must not be so!" she wailed. "It is only some cunning story invented to cheat us and avenge her. That woman shall never separate us—I will never yield to her. Oh, Heaven! why did I not destroy that paper when I had it? Gerald, give it to me now, if you have it; it is not too late to burn it even now, and no one can prove the truth—we can defy her to the last."

The man stooped to raise her from her humiliating position.

"Get up, Anna," he said, kindly. "Come, sit in this chair and let us talk the matter over calmly. It is a stern fact that Isabel is alive and well. It is useless either to ignore it or deplore it."

"You say that it is a 'stern fact' that Isabel lives," she remarked, with compressed lips.

"I am sure—there can be no mistake," the man replied. Then he told her of the interview which had occurred in the hall, where he had found the woman standing before the picture which he had painted in Rome so many years ago.

"She recognized it at once," he said; "she located the very spot from which I had painted the scene."

"Oh, I cannot make it seem possible, for I tell you I saw her lying dead in her casket," moaned madam.

"She must have been in a trance—she must have been resuscitated by those people who found her. As sure as you and I both live, she is living also."

"Oh, how could such a thing be?"

"I do not know—she did not tell me; she was very cold and proud."

"What was she doing here? how dared she enter this house?" cried madam, her anger blazing up again.

"I cannot tell you. It was a question I was asking myself just as you came to the door," said Mr. Goddard, with a sigh. "I have no doubt she had some deep-laid purpose, however."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson:

WARREN, MISSOURI.

In the December number there seemed to be quite an argument as to whether or not children should be taught to believe in Santa Claus. It is one of the sweetest memories of my childhood and I am glad now that my parents "foolled" us about the dear old saint. He was as real to me as were the relatives across the water, and I really loved him more than I did my unknown relatives of noble German blood.

I have two children, young men now, yet they talk of the time when "Sandy Claus" used to come with his reindeer and sleigh. The oldest, twenty-one, has been a soldier for almost four years and at this writing is on the Mexican border and don't you forget, dear sisters, that old St. Nick found him Christmas just as he did when he was a boy, and will continue to find him as long as he lives, and will continue to find him as long as he lives, and will continue to find him as long as he lives.

I always told them stories of read to them and I often think of the difference in the stories told to them and those told to me when I was a child. In a sad house, on a western Kansas claim, our parents told us old German legends and tales, and many about witches, ghosts, and spells sent on people, tokens and haunted houses, stories that made the most delicious shivers creep up and down our spines. Our neighbors were few and far between but they would meet one night at our home and then some other place and tell and retell those stories which are still fresh in my memory and the happy times when I would have given all I possessed to have been a child again and hear my parents tell me tales of long ago.

J. B. It is fortunate for your children that the stories you told them were different from those your parents told you. A child's mind is so susceptible that blood-curdling stories, superstitions and fears instilled then have a lasting effect and, indeed, some children never outgrow their influence. Children are so trusting that they are inclined to believe everything an older person tells them and even take seriously things told as a joke and with the imagination of childhood unconsciously magnify everything until small terrors assume alarming proportions. No stories at all are better than the wrong kind of stories.

—Ed.

RIDGE, R. R. 3, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy the COMFORT very much.

I cannot agree with Miss R. on the subject of dancing. I suppose it's my raising.

I certainly enjoyed California Voter's letter in December COMFORT. I believe with her exactly, also Mrs. W. M. Reynolds' letter, and wasn't Uncle Charlie's talk in November COMFORT fine?

Mrs. Wilkinson's letter is not too long any more. I quote what I read in a woman's paper lately: "There is one point of view that the man who votes seldom sees without her woman's guidance. In the states where women do not vote, the minimum 'age of consent' is according to the law, ten years; in the suffrage states it is sixteen years. The first law made by a woman was introduced in the Colorado legislature by Mrs. Carrie Clyde Holly, raising the age of consent in that state to eighteen years and under certain circumstances to twenty-one years. So you see why the Denver politicians proposing to reopen their red light district were a little uneasy about the outcome. They wanted to pass a bill providing for a segregated district for women feeling really sanguine when they had 'seventy-three' members of the House. There was one member they made no attempt to 'see.' Indeed they went the other way whenever they saw her coming. But they reassured each other: 'She'll be absent from her seat the day the bill comes up. A woman of course, wouldn't wish to be present.' Wouldn't she? She wouldn't! And the Colorado Legislature knows Agnes Riddle better now. On that day when the promoter of the Byes' bill had made his neat little speech, over there in the seat they had counted on having vacant, Mrs. Riddle rose. And in her own words she 'let them have it.' And what she said was a plenty. 'You gentlemen aren't going at this matter right,' she said, 'why don't you get at the bottom of the matter of a red light district and leave the men who put them there free to roam around in respectable society? But I will vote for your bill, if you'll amend it to include also a segregated district for fallen men. Only how many of you would be left here in your seats in the State House? I defy any of you who would be willing to cast the first vote against the poor fallen women.' They took the ballot on the Byes' bill. Only one vote, that of the man who introduced it, was recorded in favor of the bill. In the awkward silence of a sudden adjournment, one man after another, as they filed out, whispered to his neighbor, 'She killed it.' After all, the woman who votes can always count on the chivalry of the American man."

Now I must close and tend to my babies. I have three.

Let me hear from one and all. Best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all. An interested reader.

MRS. C. A. GARDNER.

HOBSON, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am sitting before a huge fireplace—no, not steam heat, wholly engrossed in your letters.

The most important aim in my life is to raise my children in the fear and love of God.

I think dancing all right when the girls are chaperoned and then. The girl entrusted dancing shouldn't be trusted at church meeting. I know for I am "hunch like an owl." "Kissing" parties? What are they? Some "sister" mentioned them. The appellation sounds opprobrious.

I am an advocate of white woman suffrage only, but as Texas is a delinquent when it comes to Women's Rights, I fear the state will be ineffective for a long time hence. The state of Georgia doesn't want Woman Suffrage as the black women outnumber the white. Good thought for Georgia, I'm surprised to see that is the state that cherishes the slanderous remarks of a church defiler, Tom Watson and now comes "the convent inspection bill," besides calling the fair name of these "marriage in black" compelling an invasion of the sanctity of their homes.

When some years back, Georgia was laboring under the yellow fever plague, 'twas the sweet, kind nuns, who had repudiated the world's ways that voluntarily ministered alike to the afflicted protestant and Catholic. Should ever Venable or Watson "and family" need the help of the nuns they would gladly accept it if no word in effluence of them were uttered.

"Georgia" of Springfield, Mass., says: "I will not describe country conditions as most of you know what they are." We do not, if your description is correct. However country sisters, let your distress of mind be alleviated in realizing that Georgia's opinion is in the minority. 'Tis the time the city excels the sparsely populated country. In some of its schools, yet who live where Georgia would not, cannot, like the ancient Arab, just "fold up our tents" and "silently steal away" to say Springfield, Mass., leaving our means of existence and the coyote to be the lone vigil over the silent yet heretofore filled land, just to give our little ones an education and moral training. They would not have a large scale, have to help earn their bread, and on the average would be "school absentees" more often than if they were "living next to nature" even though a little school going is compulsory.

As for the country children's eyes daily witnessing the grosser things of nature that Georgia alludes to, I say "do you know where of you can't find your little ones under your eyes and they will not wonder where God intended they should not. Probably the facilities for peloping or housing your stock were rather awkward or too near your house. Therein lies one cause. If children are made to obey, they will not "see" so much, however observant they be. If we live in town we are content to keep them in one house and lot. Need we allow them freedom of the stock pen or a pasture for their playground in the country? It is dangerous as they are prey for some wild animals. Do not try to hold the city children's moral standing above those of the country children. I was born and raised in the country. When my mind began to unfold to the graver studies of nature, it was a city school child, much younger than I who rushed into my room and imparted ideas the small girls discussed at school. I sent her to her mother with her disastrous tales. I tell this for an instance, not that I think country children's morals excel the city child. My mind is a trifle broader than to allow such a conviction intoxicate me. If my opinion is an "exception" then I think the "exceptions" are in the majority. Do not be disillusioned into thinking I regard the city as a voluptuous monster; that I would be frightened at the thought of rearing my children therein. I am confident I'd succeed in my deliberate determination to win the good, should I go to the city to live. I do not allow my little ones to be exempt from my power of control. I would like to be as a Mother Superior is over her brood.

Your distorted opinion, Georgia, I attest to ignorance of real country life. In my opinion a child will mold as it is trained. Under excellent tutelage, one may occasionally fall, but more often 'tis otherwise. Miss Helen Scott, we will likely see, about Archbishop St. Nicholas, patron saint of Russia. Because his good works were legion and the doctrine of some of his contemporaries, opposed that of materialism, views on so far as they thought "the manna of St. Nicholas" still flows from his bones healing all kinds of ills. All through the centuries following and beyond, his feast day, the 6th of December is no reason we teach our children "bon-hoism" or to tell an untruth when we tell them of Santa Claus (St. Nicholas) as the source of toys. For generations back my connections revel at the approach of Christmas and "Santa" with his toys. I was exultant in childhood over many Christmas nights over the "old St. Nick," just as I was over the mythical stories I read. When I reached the age of understanding I rejoiced at seeing those less wise revel at his approach. Really as I read C. C. Moore's "Twins the night before Christmas" to my children this last Yuletide, and watched their eyes sparkle, spellbound I too, felt "the fairy's wand." I know of no home surrounding that doesn't link Santa's gift with the birth of Christ. Come to my home any Christmas I am able to have gifts and at the base of our tree, amongst the moss and candles will be seen a stable of Christ, St. Joseph and Mary, the Wise Men with gifts for the Babe, etc. Glance to the top of the tree and you will readily observe the glorious Star of Bethlehem that guided the shepherds to where He lay. My children, very small, tell you of the birth of Christ, and we will attend Midnight Mass on Christmas eve, something so beautiful and suggestive, and church on Christmas Day. There all seems to whisper, "Tis the birthday of our Lord and Savior." Would that by His cross He could redeem the world!

Mrs. Wilkinson, God bless you, your advice is all ways needed. Would that three quarters of us were as broad minded and generous as you are. May the dove of peace alight on London and Berlin towers in 1917 and if not, may we not wait for bread because of it. May each and all have many joys and God's help in bringing up children to be model men and women. To accomplish that end is my prayer.

Yours sincerely, Mrs. SUE LORENE JOHNSON.

Mrs. Johnson. In Miss Scott's talk on Santa Claus I feel positive she had in mind that I don't solely and did not mean to reflect unpleasantly on the Catholic or any other religion, as so many of the sisters seemed to think and I have had to reject one or two good letters this month because the writers stated their religious preferences so strongly. All creeds are equally welcome but don't you think it a better plan to take the Golden Rule for our guide, and to keep our religion and reserve our own particular denomination for some other time and place?—Ed.

RIDGE, R. R. 3, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am writing in answer to our editor's request to hear from some of you on the married life of years and never quarreled people. I have not been married fifty years but have nearly twenty and can truthfully say we have never spoken a cross word to each other and it is not hard to do if one will try. First you must have the love, to forgive, and control of your own temper, and remember that you are not perfect. Remember that others see as many faults in us as we do in them.

One thing that often causes trouble between young married folks and that is going to live with parents, of either side. I tried that and know how one has to do. While you are new to them you will do very well but after a while you cannot do anything to please them. They will say, "You are not doing right," and you in a way that will cause many a heartache and many a bitter tear, so I would advise all young couples not to live with the "in-laws" on either side, but go to housekeeping by yourselves if you have to start with only a camping outfit.

And you that are mother-in-laws, remember that your daughter is not a child and not as capricious as yourself, so help and advise her instead of making light of her efforts in trying to do her best.

I hope someone will be benefited by my letter. I have taken COMFORT sixteen years.

MRS. NETTIE MCCLURE.

WALKER, MISS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since I could read and my parents had taken it many years before that. It is the most welcome paper that comes to our home.

We have a forty-acre farm in Cass county, the land of "clover," as it is called. This is out-of-the-way land, but it is perfect for all kinds of raising chickens and live stock; besides many kinds of small fruit do well here. There is an abundance of wild fruit, strawberries, raspberries and blueberries, etc., besides plenty of timber for wood, and fine fishing lakes. Cass county has taken first prize for the central section of the state for two years now at the state fair. Such a fine, big, mischievous lad, and as there is a new country and so find it a little lonely at times.

As others describe themselves I will do so too. I am twenty-four years old, five feet six inches tall and weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds, blue eyes and dark brown hair. We have been married six years and have a boy that was five years old in February. Such a fine, big, mischievous lad, and as there is a new country and so find it a little lonely at times.

There seems to be a good bit of difference in opinion on large or small families. I think there should be as many children as one can raise, and bring up well and over-burdened mothers caring for children far beyond their strength or worldly means. The children themselves usually are puny and unhealthy and their parents unable to give them sufficient education to prepare them for their struggle for existence. Being one of a very large family I know something of its advantages and disadvantages, and my parents were very hard working people, too.

One thing I never see mentioned in the sisters' letters is the matter of swearing and using other bad language in the home—yet this is too often the case in one half the homes in the country, and town also. The father will usually forbid the boys swearing, but he will not forbid the girls. Being one of the late popular in his general talk before the children from the time they are old enough to understand words at all. It becomes a general part of their education. When people sow seeds and wild words they need not expect but what they will reap them years after in return and it is not a desirable harvest to think of.

Emma Stedman has said for all boys and girls, criticism to those who do fancy work and tattling. I can think of no more pleasant picture than my dear mother sitting down to rest with her busy tatting shuttle flying, or her knitting needles; she always knit socks, stockings and mittens for a large family and I never knew her to sit down idle. How much better to take up a piece of useful and pretty crochet than to sit and gossip. Fancy work of all kinds is advocated in convalescing hospitals where patients find time hangs heavily on their hands as it keeps their minds busy and healthy, where otherwise they would be idle and liable to be thinking too much on past ills. I know several women who make a fair little income with needlework and do all their housework besides.

After an operation three years ago I began to learn crochet, tatting and knitting and do all three and I do not think I have lost the least bit of interest in the affairs of the present day and reading good books also. Dickens is my favorite author, but I like Scott, Victor Hugo and Fenimore Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales. I have read and enjoyed most all of the late popular authors, but Dickens is my dear old stand by. We have a very good Carnegie library here in town and I often take advantage of the privilege of good reading.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters living in California in the warm, dry belt; also in the dry regions of Washington, Idaho, northern Arizona, I have muscular rheumatism and bronchitis and want to go where it is warm and dry most all the year. We do not want to sell our home here as we are just starting to pay for it, but I would like to go West first and see how things are before we make any permanent change. Would be glad for information about the climate, crops, price of land and the chances of earning a living. As my health is poor I cannot handle a large correspondence, but would be glad to hear from a few in these localities that are favorable for asthma and rheumatism.

If any of the girls I worked with in Chicago at Kellor's Electric should see this would be glad to hear from them, especially Anna Sheehan, Anna Dyer, Lillian Kellor or Marie Kellor. I have not heard from any of them since I left.

Wishing success to all COMFORT's sisters and Uncle Charlie, I am a friend of all.

MRS. OLIVER (WARREN) ANWAY.

FINDLAY, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I cannot keep still but must speak out to meet



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for George's letter in the December COMFORT is the first, when she discusses country and city life as she views it.

Now I am a farmer's wife from head to toe, and am proud of it, and I am proud of my big farmer husband. We live in the northern part of Ohio in the great oil- and corn-producing section on a 95-acre farm, so well as the farm. We love it! And now what would our city cousins, like George, do if it were not for the farmers? We raise the wheat for the flour they eat, the beef, pork, mutton, real, poultry, apples, vegetables and everything else that they must have to exist.

The very reason George did not like the country was because they had no success. It is hard work, long hours and rather homesome, but you are so free and the neighbors are so friendly, which they are not in the city. How many of your neighbors, George, bring you fresh meat when they have a big supply or come in and do your work or wait on you if you or any of your family are ill? One of our neighbors, a poor man with a small family was burned out, saving only a few of their household goods. The neighbors clubbed together and got them yards of towel, muslin, calico, gingham, sheets, pillows, with slips, blankets, quilts, pictures and dishes, furniture, cooking utensils and even clothes. Do you think your city neighbors would do that for you if your home were to burn?

About country children being vulgar, my nieces and nephews (save one) are all farmer children and I defy you to find any better behaved or more innocent youngsters than they are. And our schools are being centralized, therefore they will be as good as city schools. But George is the first person I ever heard say that city children are more virtuous than country children. For an example: A family from the city moved into our neighborhood and their little eight-year-old girl went to our school, and the things she told our children! The very lowest and vilest things you ever heard of. I presume that is city innocence.

There are but few renters in this section and nearly all the farmers own their farms; have gas, electricity and light, hot and cold water system with bath, and there is an automobile in nearly every home. With all those comforts and telephone and rural mail delivery, what more can you ask for?

No, you'll never make a success of the farm unless you like it and have a large store of ambition.

Our yards are as clean and as well kept as your front lawn. George, I think everything is not like this in every place in the country; neither is it in the city, for there are extremes everywhere. But you seldom see a home quarantined in the country. Did you ever notice that?

Excuse me if I have hurt anyone's feeling but I must express my opinion. I am not fifty, weigh one hundred and forty-two pounds, have dark brown hair, large blue eyes and light complexion. I have been married ten years to one of the best "Johns." I am sorry to say we have no family but am wishing that some day the stock may visit our home.

We take a number of papers but COMFORT is the best one.

May I come again? Love to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters, COUNTRY JAKE.

VERONA, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a little, dark, plump woman, twenty years old, with brown hair and eyes and weigh one hundred and ten pounds. I have been married three years and have a good husband, and a sweet little girl of eighteen months.

On the divorce question, I do not believe in it. I think if mothers would talk to their girls about getting married and explain household duties and care to country children, for more of the ways of men, there would not be so many girls in such haste to get married. I was married when only seventeen and I do not regret it, but I married a boy that was "cattle headed" as the saying is, and five years older than myself. I was an orphan with no father or mother to love and care for me. But I think any girl with a mother should stay with her until she is twenty at least.

Some one said that it was not the hand that rocked the cradle that ruled the world, but I think it has quite a lot to do with it. I think the fathers do not take enough interest in training their sons.

Mrs. J. C. Mason, you are one of my state sisters, but I cannot agree with you on the correct question.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

Beautiful Silk Pieces

Remnants of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "cray patchwork." We will send you a big package containing one hundred and fifty of these beautiful silk pieces besides a piece of pin.

Premium No. 5561

and 5 skeins embroidery silk in different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else, an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of cray patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these beautiful silk pieces, giving full and explicit directions for working the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrange and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch also directions for Kensington painting. Remember you get one big lot of these Silk Remnants (100 pieces), 5 skeins Embroidery Silk, one piece of Plush, and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept either one of the following offers:

Offer No. 5561A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants, free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 5561B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you one package of these Remnants free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 5561.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Make Any Range A Gas Stove

Wonderful new device—fits any cook range or heating stove—easily attached—burns coal oil like gas—one cent per hour. Absolutely safe—clean and odorless. Stop carrying coal and ashes. Send for free literature. Agents Wanted. COSMOS PRODUCTS CO. 403 South 4th Street St. Louis, Mo.

\$25 TO \$40 Week

Sells on sight. Instant hit in every home. Smith, Ohio, sold 38 one day. Profit \$19.00. All metal bread and pastry board and rolling pin. Can't rust, absorbs dirt or disease germs. Lasts a lifetime. Endorsed by Good Housekeeping Institute. Agents get good appointments. Make Big Money. UNION MFG. CO. 188 Main St. Cambridge, O.

\$5 TO \$10 A DAY

AGENTS—BIG HIT 5-Piece Aluminum Set Cheaper than enamel ware. Guaranteed 20 years. Retail value \$5.00. You sell to housewives for only \$1.83. Sure sale wherever shown. Answer quick for your territory. AMERICAN ALUMINUM MFG. CO. Box 65, Lancaster, Illinois

LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT

STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 100

Silk Ribbon

Premium No. 7852

Your Choice Of Pink, Blue, Black, White, Red And Green Two Yards For A Club of Two!

It is just what you need for hair ribbons for the children and for trimming dresses, hats, articles of fancy work, etc. The quality is the best. It is 5 1/2 inches wide and comes in pink, blue, black, white, red and green. We purchased several thousand yards of this fine silk ribbon to give away as a premium and we will be glad to send you as many yards as you want upon the terms of the following special offer. Be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you two yards of this guaranteed all silk ribbon free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7852.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Beautiful Silk Pieces

Remnants of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "cray patchwork." We will send you a big package containing one hundred and fifty of these beautiful silk pieces besides a piece of pin.

Premium No. 5561

and 5 skeins embroidery silk in different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else, an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of cray patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these beautiful silk pieces, giving full and explicit directions for working the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrange and Chenille embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch also directions for Kensington painting. Remember you get one big lot of these Silk Remnants (100 pieces), 5 skeins Embroidery Silk, one piece of Plush, and an Instruction Book, as above described, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept either one of the following offers:

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Offer No. 5561B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you one package of these Remnants free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 5561.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Vapo-Cresoline
(ESTABLISHED 1870)
for Whooping Cough,
Spasmodic Croup,
Asthma, Sore Throat,
Coughs, Bronchitis,
Colds, Catarrh.

Don't fail to use Cresoline for the distressing, and often fatal
affections for which it is recommended.
It is a simple, safe, effective and drugless treatment.
Vaporized Cresoline stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough
and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once.
In Asthma it shortens the attack and insures comfortable repose.
The air carrying the antispasmodic vapor inspired with every breath,
makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the
cough, assuring restful nights.
Cresoline relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever
and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.
Cresoline's best recommendation is its 37 years of successful
use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by Druggists
Try Cresoline Antispasmodic Tablets for the irritated throat,
composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresoline. They can't
harm you. Of your Druggist or from us 10c in stamps.
THE VAPO-CRESOLINE CO. 62 Cardwell St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada



**Send No Money
Just Your Name**

You don't need money to get an automobile. Let me
give you one of my brand new, never used, latest model,
five-passenger Ford Touring Cars. I have given away
dozens of them. You might as well have one, too.
If you have no auto and want one, send me your name
today and get full particulars. This is your BIG
CHANCE! Act NOW.

**RHOADS AUTO CLUB,
318 Capital Bldg., Topeka, Kansas**



This picture shows a few pieces of the complete 125-Pc. New Gold and Floral
Decorated Dinner Set. \$175 we give. Absolutely Free for taking only a few
names for our high grade, exclusive, Toilet Articles, Soap, etc. King's New
Selling Plan cuts your work in half and you get twice as much now as we ever
gave away before. Write quick for our large New 1917 Catalog. Order Blank,
etc., mailed free. **King Mfg. Co., Dept. 418, St. Louis, Mo.**

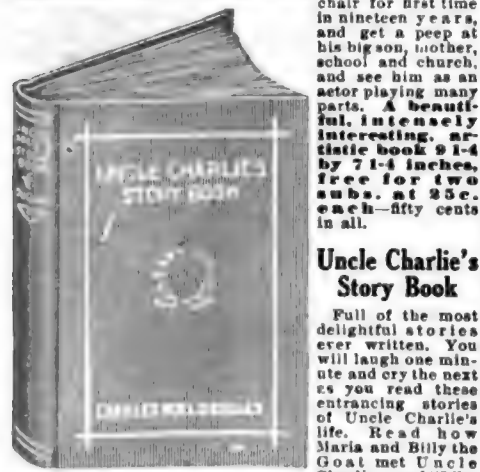
\$200.00 A MONTH
with NEW MODEL COMBINATION
CAMERA. It takes and instantly
develops even entirely different
styles of pictures, including two
size and four styles **PAPER
POST CARDS**, six styles of Tin-
type Pictures, and Brooch Pictures.
Requires no experience whatever.
Everybody wants pictures. Five hun-
dred per cent profit. **THE
MAKER.** Small investment secures complete outfit, including
Camera, Tripod, and material for 150 pictures. Make money
the first day no matter where you live or what you are doing.
WE TRUST YOU. Write today for free information and
our great "Special" half-price offer.
J. B. FERRIS, 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 80, New York

For rheumatism
Sloan's Liniment **KILLS PAIN**
Penetrates without rubbing

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book
Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see
how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-
tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie
and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every
phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a
chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at
his big son, mother, school, and church, and see him as an
actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely
interesting, artistic book 9 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches,
free for two subs. at 25c. each—fifty cents
in all.



Or Help Wanted! the funniest story ever written. 160
pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illus-
trated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, with
covers, gold topped. Free for four subs. at 25c.
each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only
two subs. at 25c. each—fifty cents in all. Ideal birth-
day presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest premium bar-
gains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of
these superb souvenirs at the service of humanity.
Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's
splendid poems and song book will be found at the
end of the League of Cousins' Department.

Uncle Charlie's Home Fund

UNCLE CHARLIE reports having re-
ceived during January \$140.00, dona-
tions and proceeds of subscriptions,
contributed to his Home Fund by 196
persons. This, added to what he had
previously received brings the total up
to \$880.00 contributed by 1,114 individuals. The
January contribution is disappointing, as it is
less than half the sum contributed in December;
but I presume most of the good people drained
the purses for Christmas and were not very
flush for a while after. I am confidently expecting
that February report will show a large increase
and I hope it will go over \$351.00, the December
record.

The largest single donation thus far received
is \$11.00 and came from Edna E. Huntsman of
Port, Ohio, who raised that sum by giving a
church entertainment for the purpose. Here is a
good idea which others interested in helping
to boost Uncle Charlie's Home Fund might adopt
by giving a social entertainment at the church,
the schoolhouse or at their homes to raise money
for this purpose.

Uncle Charlie writes each contributor a per-
sonal acknowledgment and he is duly grateful
to all who have helped in any way. Because a
severe attack of the grippe this winter nearly
knocked him out he was unable for a while

to send prompt acknowledgments.

As yet the fund is far from sufficient to pro-
vide him a home, and I trust his friends will
make a grand rally for him this month.

Again let me remind you how you can help:

1. By cash donations.

2. By purchasing Uncle Charlie's books (see
advertisement.)

3. Those who cannot spare the money for a
cash donation or for purchase of his books can
contribute by getting subscriptions to **COMFORT**
in aid of the "Uncle Charlie Benefit Fund" and
instead of taking the club premium or cash com-
mission themselves direct that it be credited to
the fund. In such cases I will pay over to Uncle
Charlie one half of the subscription price of all
subscriptions sent for this purpose. The regular
cash commission on **COMFORT** subscriptions is 40
per cent, but for Uncle Charlie's Benefit Fund
I will allow 50 per cent. Another way to help
him and benefit yourself is to get up a sub-
scription club and take one of his books as your
premium.

In one or other of these ways every **COMFORT**
reader who wishes to do so can help swell the
fund for Uncle Charlie which has my hearty ap-
proval and will have my assistance.
W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)
confidence and the faith you have in my ability
to do what you apparently are too busy or too
lazy to do for yourself. The world is surely
getting topsy turvy when children instruct their
elders to do their work for them. The United
States has been called the paradise of women.
It would be far better to call it the paradise of
children, excepting of course those poor little
victims who have been pushed into the mines
and factories. In Europe the parents rule the
children, in the U. S. children rule the parents,
and youthful egotism and conceit results to an
appalling degree. But I'm not going to lecture
youless, all I want to do is to write you poem and
earn that two cents, for I need the money. "I'll
Never Love No One Like I Do Him." What a
wonderful title, and it suggests some deliciously
romantic idea, but, alas! even for two cents I
could not be hired to construct a poem around
a title which is disgracefully ungrammatical.
A good deal can be excused under the plea of
poetic license, but not a title like this. If you
had written "I Will Never Love Anybody As I
Love Him," I could have done something high
class and worth while, but with a sentence that
contains a double negative I am stumped. How-
ever I want the two cents, so here goes.

I'll never love no one like I do him.
For when my pocketbook was mighty slim,
He sent me two cents for a poem,
Good Lord how much I owe him,
I'll never love no one like I do him.

Useless, that's all I can do for two cents. I
know two cents is a good deal of money in these
hard times, but as you aspire to be a poet
the only way to aid you in your aspirations is to
insist that you write your own poems instead of
hiring them done at two cents a clip.

322 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
It surely was a great treat for me to hear your voice
over the phone this afternoon. You can hardly imagine
how happy it has made me to know that I have really
and truly talked with Uncle Charlie.

You are doing a wonderful amount of good and how
I do wish that we had some more Uncle Charlies
like you.

Would like to tell you how much I like you Uncle,
but words are useless. Of course I would like to
come over and see you sometime yet I hardly feel
worthy of such an honor, although you have invited
me to go.

As I was saying over the phone today, I run an
elevator in one of the big office buildings down town
and it is customary for the tenants to give the eleva-
tor runners and starter a little remembrance for
Christmas. We are going to send a list around to
each tenant containing the names of the elevator run-
ners and starter and we wanted to have a poem of
some kind on it so that we might extract a little
money from some of the tenants who might have a
tendency to be a little stingy. Most anything will do,
especially if it has a little touch of the Christmas
spirit about it. Even one like Walt Mason's daily
poems in the Globe would be all right. Will leave it to
you Uncle Charlie as I know after reading your book
of Poems that you can get something just right and
whatever it is, it will be satisfactory.
Long live Uncle Charlie, Faithfully Yours,
ROSCOE HALEY.

I thought this letter of Roscoe Haley's, which
gives our country readers a little glimpse of city
life would prove interesting at least to those
many thousands of very foolish people (doubting
Thomas's) who think that Uncle Charlie does not
exist. This letter it seems to me will give them
proof that I do exist. Some idiots say that if
Uncle Charlie really existed he would have his
address in **COMFORT**. Many people complain bit-
terly, because the address is not published. If
they stop to think for a moment they would
know why it is not given. As soon as a people get
my address, which is printed on every one of my
books and has been so printed for nearly twelve
years, numbers of them, with the very best in-
tentions in the world, but with intentions which
result in endless trouble, work and expense, insist
on sending me their subscriptions, making me the
medium of all their business transactions with
COMFORT. Just to avoid endless muddles and
mixups of this character and for no other reason,
my home address is withheld. All letters
however sent me care of **COMFORT**, Augusta,
Maine, are forwarded to me in my big box of
mail once a week. Now if any of you are with-
in a few hundred miles of New York City,
and are dubious of my existence, you can call
me up on the phone, and if I'm not down and
out with one or other of my ailments, in a few
seconds you'll hear voice rolling over the wire
that will gladden the cockles of your heart and
make your feet rattle in your shoes. Now perhaps
some of you would like to know what I wrote
for the elevator man. Many of you can use at
least a portion of this "poem" to help jar loose
some of the all necessary dollars from the pockets
of your employers and others you think should
remember you next season.

The Elevator Man's Christmas

BY UNCLE CHARLIE.
The festive season now is here,
The season glad of joy and cheer,
The time when all men show some sign
That proves their origin divine.
The Christ Child brought from realms above,
His message sweet of peace and love,
And now that Christmastime draws near,
Again Heaven's messengers we hear.
In God's great universal plan
Of love, the elevator man.

We need no introduction, you
Have proved us oft, and found us true.
Your lives each day all through the year,
You trust with us and have no fear.
Your murmured orders we obey
With promptness, and we try each day
To let you off at the right floor
Without a jerk. Could we do more?
As tense as steel we strain each nerve
So you the better we may serve.
We take you up, we take you down,
And if you search this mighty town,
You'll find no truer servant than
The faithful elevator man.
Who, though he works like a machine,
Is like yourself a human being.
We have more ups and downs you know
Than any mortal here below;
And though to giddy heights we flit,

We're at the bottom when we quit.
Our lot is hard, and that is why
With cost of living soaring high,
And wages slim, we hope we'll not.
When Christmas comes, be quite forgot.
We've given you many a lift, and we
Would just the happiest mortals be.
If you'd return the compliment
And send to us that fat old gent,
Good Santa Claus, beloved and dear,
With just a mite of Yuletide cheer.
Cheer that will fill the frying pan,
Likewise the elevator man.
And now on Providence we call.
To bless you each, and bless you all.
And bless the ones that you hold dear.
With Christmas bright and glad New Year.

FARMINGTON, R. R. 11, TENN.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a boy nineteen years of age. I am six feet
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)
years before plowing under. This is a plant of
rather unusual promise.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most
valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer
subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you
will find that they contain much useful information and ad-
vice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as
those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste
them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save
you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting
your answer when you need advice on these same matters.
We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and
to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

DEHORNING CALVES.—Will you tell me through your
paper the best way to dehorn young stock?

G. H. B., Iowa.
A.—Calves are best dehorned by the use of caustic
potash which may be bought at the drug store. It comes
in sticks like school crayon. The stick should be
wrapped in heavy paper in order to prevent injury to
the hands. When horns first appear, clip the hair
away, moisten the end of the potash stick in water
and rub button thoroughly with it. Horns so treated
will never grow.

Comfort's Bedtime Stories For Little Folks!

A Library of Cute Little Books
40 WONDERFUL TALES IN STORY AND VERSE 40



Library of 12 Sent For One Subscription!

The stories of our childhood—how well we remember
them. After all it seems but a short time since we listened
with rapt attention to the adventures of Robinson
Crusoe cast away on his lonely island—of beautiful Cin-
derella, the fairy and the prince—the tragic fate of poor
little Red Riding Hood—these were only a few of the
marvelous tales that thrilled our childish imagination
and helped us spend many blissful hours.
The children of today are the same as they were fifty
years ago. And these good old-time stories are just
as popular with the young folks now as they were then.
So we have decided to give our little boy and girl friends
a fine big collection of these stories including some of the
old-time favorites as well as a number of newer and
later books equally as interesting. We have arranged
three different sets or "libraries", each library con-
sisting of twelve books, no two alike, and you can
have your choice of any one library, or two libraries, or
all three libraries. Library No. 7951 comprises the
following twelve titles:

Robinson Crusoe, Little Red Riding Hood, Cin-
derella, Mother Goose, Animal Pets, Farring
Pussies, Playmates, Our Pets, The Three Bears,
The Sleeping Beauty, Playful Pets, The Teddy
Bears.

Library No. 7991 has these twelve titles:
The Shepherd and His Sheep, Young America,
The Deep Blue Sea, Land of Tulips, Rex and
Rover, Our Farm Yard, Little Darlings, Child-
hood of Hiawatha, Faithful Friends, The Fancy
Dress Party, Our Country, Happy Days.

Library No. 8001 consists of these twelve titles:
Little Sweethearts, The Story of Little Piggie
Wig, In the Jungle, The Big League, Doggle
Dogs, Fred's Feathered Friends, Uncle Jerry's
Farm, Chums, The Story of Santa Claus, Little
Laddies, Pussy's Pranks, Faithful And True.

As these stories are intended for the younger children
some of them have been "boiled down" to the fewest
and simplest words so that they are not as complete as the
original editions, but all of them are printed on fine paper
in large clear type that is easy to see and read and have
no less than five beautiful full page illustrations in
color.

Some of the titles named above of course need no in-
troduction. The other titles are just the sort of stories

THIS SUIT FREE
To introduce our hobby
Clothes in Your Town
It's the very finest suit
you ever saw. \$50 couldn't
buy a better one, but you
can get it free. It's made
to your measure from the
most beautiful cloth. Don't
fail to get one of these
suits. You can earn it while
you wear it and make
\$50 a Week
by taking orders. Drop
us a postal for instant
sample outfit, select the style
you want and the cloth.
Let us prove our amazing
offer. We send everything
free the same day your re-
quest is received. Address
Paragon Tailoring Co., Dept. 307 Chicago

To PREVENT SMUT ON OATS.—I have seen your
recipe for treating oats for smut with formaldehyde,
in **COMFORT**, but I have lost the paper and forgotten
the amount of formaldehyde to use. R. H. J., Pa.
A.—Use one pint of formaldehyde to forty gallons
of water. Immerse grain in this. Sprinkling does
little good.

SELECTING A RAM.—I am going into the sheep busi-
ness. Have bought twenty-five common ewes and ex-
pect to raise my lambs for early fall market. Will you
please tell me what kind of ram to buy to make the
most money out of my lambs. R. H. J., Mo.
A.—Two years ago your own experiment station
carried out a trial in feeding lambs that illustrates
your problem splendidly. They fed two lots of
lambs for the same period. One lot was sired by a
scrub ram, the other by a pure bred Southdown. The
first lot weighed less and sold for \$4.50 per cwt.; the
second lot was heavier and sold for \$7.35 per cwt. By
all means use a pure bred ram of one of the good
mutton breeds. Send to your experiment station at
Columbia, Mo., for Circular No. 65 which will be very
helpful to you.

RAISING HOGS WITHOUT CORN.—I own 320 acres of
land here in Arizona, a part of which is irrigated.
On the irrigated portion we can grow good crops of
alfalfa and small grain but corn does not make a
very good crop. Do you think I can raise hogs suc-
cessfully without corn? L. K., Arizona.

A.—Yes, Pork in the past has been made most
cheaply in the Corn Belt. California conditions are
very similar to your own. Their experiment station
has recently been experimenting on hog raising. The
best advice I can give you is to send for their bul-
letin No. 237, Pork Production Under California Con-
ditions. This should be very helpful to you. They
will probably send it free for the asking. Write the
Experiment Station, Berkeley, California.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These
Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed
of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double
strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.
Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from
your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning
and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have
begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished
entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed
to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear
complexion.
Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is
sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove
freckles.—Adv.

Comfort's Bedtime Stories For Little Folks!

A Library of Cute Little Books
40 WONDERFUL TALES IN STORY AND VERSE 40



Library of 12 Sent For One Subscription!

The stories of our childhood—how well we remember
them. After all it seems but a short time since we listened
with rapt attention to the adventures of Robinson
Crusoe cast away on his lonely island—of beautiful Cin-
derella, the fairy and the prince—the tragic fate of poor
little Red Riding Hood—these were only a few of the
marvelous tales that thrilled our childish imagination
and helped us spend many blissful hours.
The children of today are the same as they were fifty
years ago. And these good old-time stories are just
as popular with the young folks now as they were then.
So we have decided to give our little boy and girl friends
a fine big collection of these stories including some of the
old-time favorites as well as a number of newer and
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three different sets or "libraries", each library con-
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Bears.

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Rover, Our Farm Yard, Little Darlings, Child-
hood of Hiawatha, Faithful Friends, The Fancy
Dress Party, Our Country, Happy Days.

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Dogs, Fred's Feathered Friends, Uncle Jerry's
Farm, Chums, The Story of Santa Claus, Little
Laddies, Pussy's Pranks, Faithful And True.

As these stories are intended for the younger children
some of them have been "boiled down" to the fewest
and simplest words so that they are not as complete as the
original editions, but all of them are printed on fine paper
in large clear type that is easy to see and read and have
no less than five beautiful full page illustrations in
color.

Some of the titles named above of course need no in-
troduction. The other titles are just the sort of stories

Use of Paint on the Farm

By Charles Francis Reed

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"I HARDLY thought I could afford to hire the place painted, yet the buildings and the machinery all looked rusty. As if a good dose of paint would make them over." Mr. Johnson stood at the big gate and looked at the new trim white and green house, with the equally prosperous outbuildings.

"So I painted them myself, with the hired man as helper—painted everything from the house to the corn cutter. I find paint both useful and ornamental, for besides looking more slick, the whole place has a new lease of life."

Any man can do a fair job when it comes to painting. He may not be able to work as quickly or as skillfully as a trained workman, but his work will have the desired effect even if it is not quite even in thickness, or if there are parts of it that appear striped. And paint should never be considered a luxury, but a necessity, for it is a most valuable protection. Paint also has a hygienic effect for it is most sanitary.

Selecting the brush is most important, probably the most useful one being a round one having bristles about six inches in length. These bristles are a little too long for proper working, and before starting, it is better to tie a narrow piece of cloth about four inches from the end of the bristles, and about two inches from the binding point. As the brush wears this bristle, as it is called, may be pushed back, in that way lengthening the life of your brush.

Oval brushes, from two or three inches wide are very good for general use, and a great deal of painting is done with a large flat brush, four or five inches long. The advantage of this brush is that a great deal of surface can be covered at one stroke, the only disadvantage being that the paint cannot be thoroughly rubbed into the wood, as can be done with an oval brush. For smaller surfaces, window sashes about the interior of the house, pieces of furniture and small pieces of machinery, small brushes are needed. The question of the brush used must largely depend on the individual taste of the person who is doing the work.

In addition to the paint brushes, a dusting brush, one with very stiff bristles, is a help in cleaning the surface that is to be painted. For the cleaning of metal surfaces that have been allowed to rust a small wire brush is necessary if the job is to be well done.

The care of paint brushes is most important. Those that have been used for the applying of an oil paint should be very carefully cleaned after using, though if they are only to be left overnight, wrapping them in thick paper will be sufficient. Some painters keep their brushes over night by putting them in water. If a brush is to be left for some time, however, it should be well cleaned of all the paint. The best way to clean a brush is to wash it thoroughly in turpentine, but as turpentine is expensive, kerosene may be substituted. After the paint has all been washed off, the brush should be well washed with soap and hot water. After being dried it is best to put paint brushes away where they will be free from dampness or dust.

All surfaces should be prepared for painting. They should always be clean and dry. New wood is very difficult to paint, for the resin in such wood as yellow pine, or spruce has a tendency to destroy any paint applied to them. The ideal way is to allow a newly built house to stand six months before painting, for the exposure to the weather either hardens or washes away the resin. As this means that the new house must be unsightly for some months, the new wood is generally treated, and then painted. The most general method of preparing new wood for painting is to coat all the knot-holes, or other spots where there seems to be a large amount of resin

with shellac varnish, a solution of gum shellac in alcohol. After applying this coat, all nail holes should be filled with putty before the final coats of paint are applied. In painting iron made machinery all rust and grease should be removed, and the surface sandpapered.

Paint only in a warm, dry spell. A little moisture under the paint will mean trouble.

For a really good piece of work it is necessary to give the object to be painted at least two coats of paint, and three will be better. A great many painters add a quantity of drier and turpentine to their first coat of paint and hurry it on in any fashion, applying a second coat almost before the other is dry. This is poor policy. Just as much care is needed with the first coat as the second.

The painting of tin roofs, or of waterpipes is difficult as paint does not adhere well to metals. This is due to a thin layer or grease that coats of work, and before starting on such a piece of work, it is well to scrub the metal clean with soap and water, or wash it with cloths that have been moistened with benzene. Galvanized iron is treated in the same way and does no harm if it is allowed to be exposed to the weather for a time before being painted.

The care of the machinery on which depends to such a large extent the success of the farming year, is most important. The metal portions of machinery are generally cast iron or steel. Cast iron is less apt to rust than steel, but no matter what the composition, nothing about the farm needs the protection of paint more than the metal parts of machinery. Before painting greatest care should be taken that the surface is absolutely clean. To hurry over the cleaning part of the labor, or to attempt to save time by just touching the bad spots with sandpaper, is a mistake. All oil and grease should be carefully removed, and the paint should be well rubbed in, filling in all the cracks.

The paint that is best for protecting iron is red lead. It is expensive, and rather hard to apply, and some people object to the color. The color can be darkened by the addition of lamp-black, and the farmer who can and will afford the time and money necessary to use red lead is repaid by the service it gives. Any good oil paint will give valuable protection to the metal of your machinery if it is applied carefully and properly.

The choice of the paint that is to be used is a question that must be answered by each individual. There are a number of ready mixed paints to be procured that might be very highly recommended. On the other hand a great many men prefer to mix their own paint. This is not an easy job, and the amount of material and labor needed makes it about as expensive as buying ready mixed paint. If ready mixed paints are used the cans serve as buckets, but if the paint is home mixed a strong tin pail is needed for the stirring of the paint. A paint strainer is a help, as paint should be strained before using, but two folds of strong cheese-cloth will do if you have not a strainer.

A paint scraper and a putty knife are necessary helps, and these can be made by the scraper from a piece of sheet iron, that is not thick, and the putty knife from an old kitchen knife whose end has been ground down till it is square.

Remember that turpentine and benzene are highly inflammable, and paint containing these ingredients should not be put near an open flame. Many pigments used in paint are poisonous, and workmen should be careful to remove all paint stains from their hands. A man should not eat in the same clothes in which he has been painting but should change and remove all stains from his skin. Do not use benzene or turpentine on the skin, but oil the parts stained with linseed oil, or any other fatty oil, and then wash thoroughly with hot water and soap.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

I, for one, do not think it any harm to wear one. I wear my corsets as regularly as I do my shoes; but I do not wear them tight enough to cause injury.

Just one more subject that I sure do believe in and that is life insurance. Some men might say that if he left an insurance his wife would marry again and her next husband would spend the money he had worked for, when possibly it would enable the poor wife to start some profitable business to care for herself and the family. Then she would not have to get married. I would like to hear the other sisters' ideas on it.

We live on a small but well cultivated farm, six miles from a railroad, but not far from the river and the Atlantic Ocean. Our crops are mostly cotton, corn, potatoes and peanuts, though a few raise sugar cane.

Thanking the sisters and Mrs. W. for the many, many helps received from COMFORT and with love to all the COMFORT family and hoping to hear from the sisters, North Carolina and Florida sisters, particularly, I remain,

MRS. NELLIE CAPES.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: As I've never seen a letter from this part of North Carolina I thought I would ask to join your happy and cozy corner. We live five miles from the city in a sunny but comfortable four-room house of our own. My oldest boy is four years old, the next is two and the baby is sixteen months old. None of them are sickly, in fact, everyone out this way seems to be healthy.

My two oldest boys can repeat by heart a part of the twenty-third Psalm. I have never had any trouble in teaching them. We like to hear the country word of three letters, also add and subtract. He likes to draw ships and wagons on his blackboard. I am a firm believer in pushing a child in education and I feel that when they want to mark all over the wall, doors and everywhere, you should guide their little hands in letters and figures so that when they start to school it will be so much easier for them.

What I wanted to speak of more than anything else, was George's letter, for I was shocked at her statements about country children. I was not born in the country but I am staying in the country now for the health of my children, more than anything else. And as for country children speaking indecently, I have never heard the children around here speak in that manner. I should think a child could hear more improper language in a crowded city in one day than he could hear in the quiet country in a week. And I can't imagine a city child being more innocent than a country child.

Of course we don't have all the modern improvements that the city dwellers have, but we keep everything sanitary. The country needs a health officer around to see that everything is kept clean. Also our back yard is as clean as our front. We wouldn't think of leaving trash in our yards or where it would breed germs.

I agree with Sister George that it is inconvenient to send children to country schools, if they have a long distance to travel, but the walk is very good for the larger children. But as for a child being healthier in the city, I can't agree with her; neither will a good physician.

Country schools are all right; if the pupil has the vim to learn he will learn anywhere. A visit through the city school will show many boys and girls in grades lower than they should be, and the teacher or the school system is not to blame.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters,

Mrs. L. M. CRAIG.

PALESTINE, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: After reading the sisters' letters in COMFORT this month (and a good bunch of letters they are too) I could not keep silent any longer. I have been a subscriber for several years, and enjoy every department of the magazine, especially the sisters' letters and Uncle Charlie's talks, which are so inspiring and uplifting. I always find something helpful in the letters each month. Those pertaining to the care of children interest me most. I have a little orphan nephew; he was left entirely in my care when five weeks old (his mother's youngest sister passed to that home beyond when he was seven weeks old). I had had no experience whatever with a bottle fed baby. I did

not let anything get by me that would give me information on the care and feeding of baby. I have the book on "Infant Care" sent out by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor. It was a great help to me in many ways. By all means feed baby at regular hours and baby troubles will be lightened to a great extent. I also had the advice of a good doctor, which is very important when a baby is bottle fed. My little boy is now two years and eight months old and is a bright, healthy little fellow, with big, clear eyes and beautiful brown hair. I think love and kindness count the most in the upbringing of children. We should strive to acquire patience as that is a most needed article also.

Elizabeth Dirks, I agree with you on your views. Aside from other educational advantages I think every boy and girl should have a thorough training in the "homely arts," good housekeeping, and good housekeeping, also a course in "nursing" for the girl. What is more unfortunate in a household, when sickness enters and no one capable of performing the duties of a nurse. It is not every family who can afford to hire a nurse. Give the boy the manual training, he can give the good use of it. Last but not the least give both the boy and the girl good business training. They need it, especially the girl, if thrown on her own resources. If an estate is left to settle up or money entanglements to straighten out, what a help it is to a woman to understand business and legal proceedings.

The country vs. city life is interesting. I am in favor of country life. Life on the farm has its ups and downs yet with good management it can be made most comfortable and enjoyable.

Sister Edythe, you certainly took upon your young shoulders a great task when you began mothering those children. I am glad to know there is one happy stepmother; perhaps you knew and loved the children before you undertook to mother them. When a woman contemplates being a stepmother she should meet the children before undertaking the task and find out whether or not she can love them; if she cannot do so, she should not marry the father and all be miserable. If all things were looked at from a practical viewpoint and everything well considered beforehand the stepmother problem would not turn out so badly as it so often does. And stepmothers whatever you may know concerning a child's mother never mention it to the child, unless it is something that the child would love to hear.

Hurrah for Frank and Martha! long may you both live to enjoy the fruits of your labors.

With love and good wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, I am,

ANOTHER BACHELOR GIRL.

BIRMINGHAM, MINN.

MAY I gain admittance to your cozy circle? My mother has taken COMFORT for some years and now that I have a home of my own I take it. I think it is a fine paper and greatly enjoy reading the sisters' letters and Uncle Charlie's interesting talks. Mrs. W. M. Reynolds, I am sorry but must say I do not believe as you do that after one is divorced they ought not to remarry while the other is alive. Just because one has been unhappy and secured a divorce consequently, is no reason why they should not marry again and be happy. I have a friend who has been divorced and today is married again and is very happy and contented.

I am interested in Woman Suffrage and hope to vote some day.

George, it makes me fairly indignant to have you write that the country children are not as innocent as the city children and also you say a country home is so inferior to a city home. Unless one has a large home in the city and a large back yard for the children where they can play they are very apt to have a hard time to keep their children at home and off the street, where they are liable to fall into bad company. Generally, I think the city children are more rude and use more slang than the country children. I know many of the sisters will agree with me in this. I know many a poor family who are living in the city in two or three small rooms would give anything to get out in the country where they could breathe the pure air and enjoy the many blessings of country life. Of course we like to be in the country cannot attend the theater every night or the pink teas every afternoon and we are just as happy and perhaps more so than those who do.

Mrs. Scott Sherer, you express my sentiments exactly in regard to letting children believe in Santa Claus.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39)

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Doings of The Dapperlings

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CHAPTER VI. WASHING DAY

SIMMIE-SAMMIE was feeding corn to his Plymouth Rock hen one morning, and wondering how she could swallow the big, hard kernels so easily, when his sister called to him from the doorway. Pittysing was well again, and the pretty color had come back to her cheeks.

"Simmie-Sammie! I'm going to wash Sarah-Grace-Josephine's clothes in the Mill Brook. If you'll be a good boy, you may go with me and carry part of the things."

Pittysing was wise, you see, for a little girl. She wanted Simmie-Sammie's help, but she knew if she said, "Simmie-Sammie, you must help me carry these things down to the Mill Brook," he would answer, "No, I don't want to." But when he might do it if he would be good, then it was a different matter, and he came gladly. It's all in the way you look at a thing, you see.

Sarah-Grace-Josephine was in bed. She couldn't go with them, for every single dress she owned needed washing, except her yellow silk muslin, and Pittysing was too careful a mother to let her child play around the brook in her very best dress.

Simmie-Sammie carried the little washboard, a piece of soap, and the bluing bottle. I don't suppose Pittysing could have blued the whole brook to rinse her clothes in, but it seemed a necessary part of the washing outfit, so she took it along. Pittysing carried a boxful of the clothes she was going to wash.

For as much as five minutes Simmie-Sammie watched while his sister, kneeling on the bank, soaped the little garments, one by one, and rubbed them briskly on the washboard. But when he found that he couldn't be trusted to wash, too, he didn't see the fun. So he wandered off to find amusement for himself, leaving Pittysing singing happily,

"This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes
So early Monday morning."

After a while Pittysing missed him, and called, "Simmie-Sammie!"

No answer.

"Simmie-Sammie Smith!" she called, louder this time.

Still he didn't answer.

"Come right straight back here," she called, "or I'll go and tell mamma you're lost."

"Well, I'm a-coming, ain't I?" he said. He wasn't far off, and he had heard her all the time, but he didn't like to answer, and I'll tell you why.

When he came to the brook, and his sister saw the look on his face, she asked sternly, "What have you been doing?"

"Oh, I—found sump'n," Simmie-Sammie answered.

"Show it to me!" Pittysing demanded.

"No," he refused, holding his hand behind him. "Guess I don't have to do ev'rything you say."

"It's a good thing you've got me to see to you," Pittysing declared solemnly, "for mamma couldn't watch you all the time. But seems to me," she added, "you're getting MOST old enough to watch yourself. Now show me what's in your hand, or I shan't let you help feed Chip-pie Chatter for two whole days."

"Well, then, look! It's sump'n awful nice, an' I guess you'll wish you'd found it first." He only said this to make believe it was all right.

Then he held out his hand, and in it were two pretty little greenish-blue eggs.

Pittysing looked at him sorrowfully.

"Yes," she said. "I DO wish I'd found 'em first, so I could have kept you from touching 'em. I didn't s'pose my own little brother'd be

EXPLANATORY.—This story tells the strange things that happen to five-year-old Simmie-Sammie Smith and his sister Pittysing, nearly two years older, through the sly pranks of Nattie, the "Smallest Dapperling of All." The Dapperlings are kind-hearted, gay little elflike beings who ride on rabbits and never let themselves be seen by human eyes because of their belief that, if seen, it would bring some terrible calamity upon them. For this reason their queer little houses are always built into the hill-side, and are so made, with doors and windows in front and grass growing on the backs, that they can be turned around to face out when the Dapperlings are by themselves; but as soon as anybody comes in sight the houses are whirled around so that only the grass-covered backs are seen and, as these look like the rest of the hill, you would never know the houses were there. They also have an underground assembly hall with an opening in the top covered with moss and concealed in a clump of thistles.



THERE WERE ALL THE LOST CLOTHES, NICE AND CLEAN, HUNG UP TO DRY.

mean enough to rob a bird's nest. Don't you remember that robin out in the apple tree back of our house, what a pretty song he sings? Well, those little eggs are robins' eggs, and if you'd left 'em in the nest, by and by little baby robins would have hatched out, and when they grew up, they'd have sung sweet songs, too. Don't you want to have pretty songs in the world, to make folks happy?"

Simmie-Sammie didn't look happy. Even the sweetest kind of a song wouldn't have made him happy then, for he knew he wasn't doing right.

"And don't you know," went on Pittysing, "that those big robins'll feel just awful bad when they come back to the nest and find the

eggs gone? You just show me where you found the nest, and we'll go put the eggs back. Prob'ly they won't hatch out now, but MAYBE they will. Come."

Simmie-Sammie's face had been working queerly while Pittysing preached her little sermon. He had been trying to keep the tears back, but now they came with a rush.

"They must hatch out! They shall! I'll make 'em!" he cried, and he stamped his foot.

Together they went to where, on a low branch of a fir tree that grew close by the fence, he had found the robins' nest.

"Now I'll climb up on the fence, and you pass 'em up to me, one at a time," Pittysing directed. "Mind you don't break one."

"No," said Simmie-Sammie, "'twas me what tooked 'em out, an' it must be me what putted 'em back. YOU hold the eggs, an' I'll climb up."

"There!" Pittysing said, when the eggs were safe in the nest once more, "that's done! You won't ever be such a bad boy again. Now we'll go back to the brook, and while I'm washing, you can make boats of plantain leaves, and send 'em sailing down the brook."

But when they got back to the brook, an awful thing had happened. That is, it was awful for Sarah-Grace-Josephine. Yes, and for Pittysing, too. All the time they had been gone, the tiny Mill Brook had been running along just the same as usual—just as it had for years and years and years—dancing over the pebbles, and singing its little murmuring song all to itself.

And it wasn't the brook's fault that Pittysing had left Sarah-Grace-Josephine's clothes in the water when she went to see about the eggs. Part of the little clothes were in sight, clinging to rocks and plants along the water's edge, but many of them had floated off down the stream, out of sight. And the children couldn't go after them, for that was farther than they were allowed to go.

"Oh, dear me SUZI!" wailed Pittysing. "They may be in the Slantic Ocean by this time! Her little pink gingham dress, and her white apron, and her lace handkerchief—oh, everything, pretty near! Simmie-Sammie, I—I b'lieve I'm going to cry! I pretty near feel it coming!"

"You needn't!" cried Simmie-Sammie, for he knew if Sarah-Grace-Josephine never had any clothes to wear it would be all his fault. "Don't you do it an' I'll—I'll be a good boy, an' not make you watch me to keep me from being bad. Honest, I will!"

Pittysing threw her arms about him joyfully.

"Well there!" she cried. "If anything will make you good always, I'm glad it's happened. Help me pick up what things didn't sail off. If Sarah-Grace-Josephine's got to stay in bed, we'll play she's sick, and you can be the doctor. I wonder if she better have the scarlet measles or the dicktheria."

Sarah-Grace-Josephine was a smiling patience, and never once looked cross, though she was dosed with vinegar and brown bread pills for medicine, and had a wet bandage 'round her head, and hot vaseline on her chest.

She was enough better next day so the children took her for an airing down to the brook, wrapped in Simmie-Sammie's red sweater. As they neared the brook, Pittysing stopped suddenly, so surprised she nearly dropped her child.

"Well, for the love of—" she commenced, then thrusting Sarah-Grace-Josephine into Simmie-Sammie's arms, she rushed for the little hazelnut bush, for there were all the lost clothes, nice and clean, hung up to dry.

"Now Sarah-Grace-Josephine's got her clothes, an' I won't have to be good," said Simmie-Sammie.

"Yes, you will! Don't think you can get out of it!" his sister told him. "A promise is a promise, and you can't take it back."

"Well, anyway, I didn't say always," muttered Simmie-Sammie.

The Smallest Dapperling of All had had an awful struggle getting all those clothes out of the brook, and back where they belonged. She had torn her own dress, and pretty near got drowned, but when she saw how delighted Pittysing was, she didn't feel a bit sorry she had done it, but went singing all the way home,

"The bestest time I ever-ever had,

Was when I made somebody-body glad.

Sing-ho! Heigh-ho!

Heigh-ho! Sing-ho!

The way to have a merry-merry heart,

Is, just be sure to always do your part!

Sing-ho! Heigh-ho!

Heigh-ho! Sing-ho!"

Don't miss April COMFORT which will tell how the Dapperling village escapes a frightful danger.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a water coat or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment is large enough so the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to grow over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. Girls like to get subscribers to COMFORT where they can so easily earn such a desirable premium so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. When ordering be sure to mention size wanted. It comes in sizes from 6 to 14 years.

Special Club Offer. For a club of only seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT send you by parcel post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. State size wanted. Premium No. 5297.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Letter About Bargains!

The publisher of COMFORT has written you an interesting and important letter—a letter about the

Biggest 25c Worth in the World

It is a letter that gives you a chance to do a real kindness to a friend. We believe you will find it of interest and we hope that you will be sure to read it.

This important communication you will find on Page 46.

LOCKET AND CHAIN

Rolled
Gold Plate!

Warranted
For 5 Years!

MOST every young lady wants a Locket and Chain. Other styles of neck ornaments may come and go but a gold Locket and Chain is always fashionable, can be worn with any dress and at any season of the year. The locket offered here is one of the latest designs. One side of it is beautifully engraved as shown in the illustration while the other side is plain. It measures exactly one inch in diameter and on the inside there is space for two pictures. The cable chain is 16 inches long and both Chain and Locket are made of heavy rolled gold plate that is absolutely guaranteed to



PREMIUM
NO. 7818

stand an acid test and warranted for five years. You could easily pay \$5.00 for a locket and chain that would look no better and wear no better than this one. It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 36 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7818.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silver Tatting Shuttle



Premium
No. 7833

Given For Three Subscriptions

MADE of solid sterling silver beautifully finished and polished. A new idea is the hook at the end as shown in above illustration which easily and quickly picks up the loops. The illustration shows how the shuttle is held in the hand and the little arrow points to the patent hook in the act of picking up the stitch or loop. The free end of the thread goes through a small hole on the inside of the shuttle. A further description of this handy little device is hardly necessary for every woman who does tatting will see at a glance how really indispensable it is and how greatly superior to anything else ever designed for the same purpose. Being made of genuine sterling silver, you can have your jeweler engrave it with any monogram or initials desired. One of these shuttles engraved in this manner makes a very acceptable gift for any woman or girl who is a tatting worker. We will send you this tatting shuttle free upon the terms of the following.

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 36 cents each we will send you this sterling tatting shuttle free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7833.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

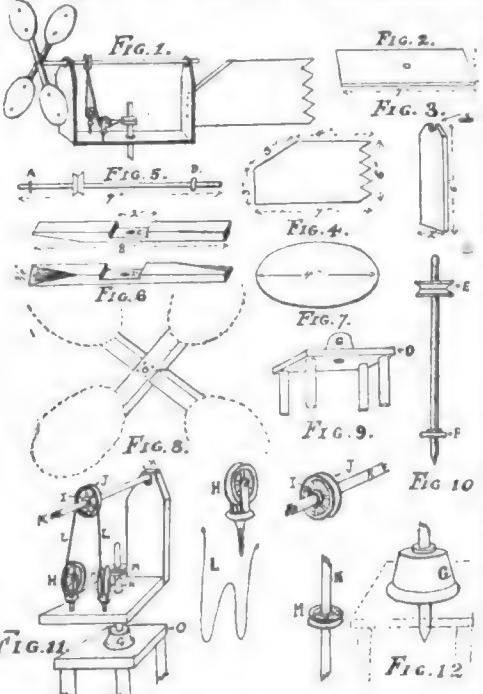
"WHEW," the wind is blowing so hard that I scarcely have breath enough to say, "How do you do?" It is a pretty chilly wind too, and, I fancy, you boys of the mild climate regions have more to be thankful for than you are aware of. After all, the weather doesn't make much difference if we are sound and healthy and our chief concern should be to remain in that condition. Nowadays, the doctrine of "How to be well," is literally preached from the housetops. Every newspaper and magazine contains practical health hints and reliable books on the subject are available to even the poorest of us. Boys, as a rule, do not think much about their bodies, but it is well to realize that youth and strength are fleeting blessings and must be conserved. Do not think you can indulge in bad habits without paying the penalty. This idea has wrecked millions of careers. Many a prematurely old man owes his decadence to the things he learned to do in boyhood. It may be that the tobacco a boy indulges in will make a weak old man of him before he is forty, or that night reading injudiciously practiced will ruin his eyesight. It is the duty of every human being to investigate himself from time to time and make some changes in his manner of living. Life is an individual knot which each one must untie for himself.

Telephones to Horse

Fire department horses, which are now rapidly being replaced by gasoline and electric power, are usually intelligent and quick to respond to orders, but sometimes they grow so accustomed to obeying a single individual that they absolutely ignore commands given by any one else. An episode, that illustrates this peculiarity, occurred some years ago in a Connecticut town. During the absence of a veteran driver, the bell clanged, and all the horses responded except the absent man's particular charge. He refused to budge because he had not heard the familiar voice of his master and finally they called the man up on the telephone and asked him to suggest some way out of the dilemma. With the resourcefulness of the true fire fighter, he sensed what was wrong with the stubborn animal and said: "Put the phone to his ear and let me talk to him." Fortunately, the proximity of the telephone made this possible, and, as soon as his suggestion was followed, the fireman shouted his familiar words of command to the puzzled equine. It was not necessary to repeat them, for the animal instantly recognized the voice and flew to his proper position under the suspended harness.

Windmill

The complete windmill is shown in Fig. 1 and Fig. 11. First bore a one quarter-inch hole



FOR THE FARM AT HOME.

in the center of a two by seven-inch board and to each end of it, nail a piece like Fig. 3. The hard wood shaft, Fig. 5, is one quarter inch in diameter and nine inches long. The wheel is formed of the two arms, Fig. 6, and the four oval disks of tin or wood, Fig. 4. Fig. 8 is a bigger view of it. The tail-board is shown above Fig. 4. The bench upon which the nail rests is made of broomstick legs and a seven by four-inch board top. Glue the spool "G" to the center of it and bore a hole under the spool hole. The upright shaft, Fig. 10, fits into it. It runs on the bearing, "F" and "E" is a pulley. Two special pulleys like "H" are screwed to the table, as shown in Fig. 11. They are one inch in diameter and one inch apart. The line used is a loop of flexible wire or heavy cord as thick as a match. It passes over all pulleys used. The pair, "H," "H" are loose; the pulleys "J" and "M" are tight on the shafts and move with them. The windmill has a double motion. The wind turns the wheel and through the belt or cord transmission the shaft, Fig. 10, merrily revolves. Paint the finished product and oil or grease the bearings.

Cultivating Sponges

Sponges, in their natural state, are a growth of a low order of animal life which attaches itself to rocks in deep water. Of late years, the demand has grown greater than the production, and some means of augmenting the natural beds has been steadfastly sought by experts. One of the successful methods consists of cutting a seed sponge into several parts, just as potatoes are cut at planting time, and fixing them to cement disks which are then lowered slowly into watery caverns, suited to the purpose. After two years' time, the blocks are raised by divers and considerable new growth is generally found upon them. In the natural fisheries considerable loss is entailed because the sponges cling so tenaciously that they cannot be entirely torn from the rocks but the cultivated article readily peels off and involves no waste whatever. Another late development of the industry is the making of artificial sponges, out of rubber and paper.

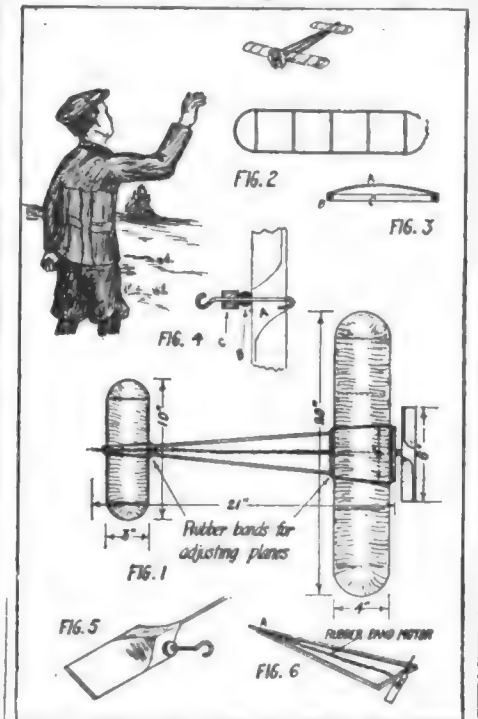
Thinking Power

If you are ever to reach a high station in life, it will have to be mainly through your thinking power. This means that you will have to use your brains as well as your hands. Hard work is only half the ammunition we have at our disposal. Hard thinking is the other half. The hunter who takes careful aim will not have to fire many shots to fill his bag. The one who shoots recklessly at every stirring leaf may come home empty-handed. Did you ever see a cow standing in

a field while its calf bleated pitifully from the other side of the fence? With every bit of strength and feeling in its body, the mother longs to get close to her young but the bovine intellect is not capable of understanding that a strong push against the fence would shatter it. So all day long she moans and bleats and sorrows. Many of us are in the same situation. We whine and fret and worry while all we need to do is to stop and think, and then apply our force and labor intelligently. Be definite in your planning. Have your work mentally done before you touch a hand to it. Don't take things as they come but make them come to suit you.

Aeroplane Model

The model shown herewith is of the simplest type. Fig. 6 shows the chassis or body. It is a triangular frame four inches wide at the base and twenty-one inches long. The stock used is

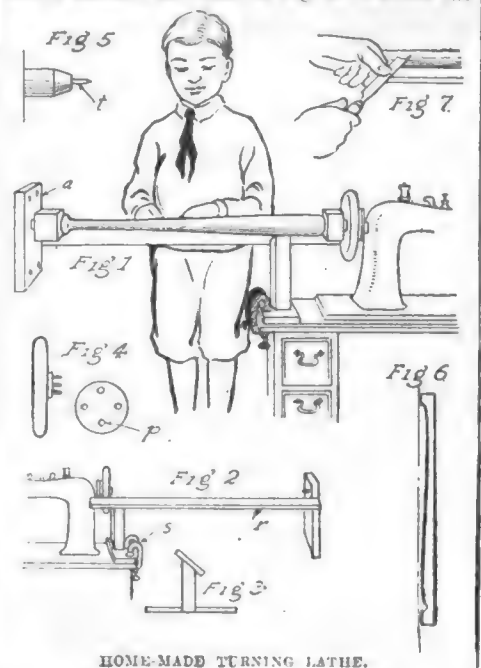


AEROPLANE ON A SMALL SCALE.

not more than one quarter-inch square and must be light and strong. Cypress, pine, bamboo or spruce splints are good for the purpose. Glue the pieces together and reinforce the joints with small brads or a thread wrapping. The motor consists of rubber bands, stretched quite tightly. At the end "A" it is fastened to a small hook rigidly fixed and at the wide end it is looped over the hook in the propeller. Fig. 4 is a sectional view of this latter shaft which has a hook on each end. The part "C" is the crosspiece at the wide end of the frame; "B" is a glass bead used like a ball bearing to reduce friction; "A" is the propeller. Fig. 5 is a perspective view of the propeller. It is whittled from a block of soft wood one-inch square and six inches long. Accuracy and symmetry are the indispensable points to aim at in shaping it. The large plane is four by twenty inches. Splints cut from a cane or bamboo fish pole form the frame. The five crosspieces or struts must be evenly spaced, as in Fig. 2. Fig. 3 is an end view of the plane and shows the warp or curvature. This is given by placing a bent rib of bamboo over each cross strut after the joints of glue and thread wrapping dipped in glue has had a day to set. "C" in Fig. 3 is the cross strut, of which there are five, and "A" is the bent rib of which there are also five used in this large plane frame. Over the curve ribs silk, varnished with shellac or regular aero cloth is stretched and held taut by sewing or gluing. The same plane is made in the same manner. It is three by ten inches and has three struts and the same number of bent ribs. To try out the model you will have to adjust the planes many times. Each one is held on the frame by one rubber band, as clearly shown in Fig. 1. To fly the machine, you wind the propeller until the rubber is stretched about as much as it will stand, then hold the whole aloft in a tilted upward position and, with a slight push, release the propeller. Do not be easily disappointed. Continue to make adjustment of the planes backward and forward until a flight of a hundred feet is made, then the planes may be secured with brads and thread wrapping to the chassis. It is a simple amusement device but snicky.

An Improved Turning Lathe

This article aims to show how to convert an old sewing machine into a lathe. Fig. 1 is a picture of the plan being utilized by a boy to turn a baseball bat. Look at Fig. 4. It shows the

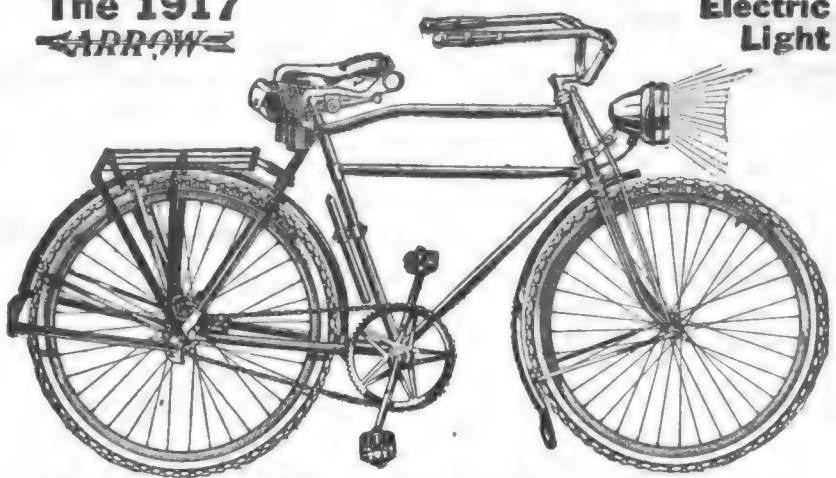


HOME-MADE TURNING LATHE.

fly wheel with the nut "D" removed. Four one eighth inch holes are bored in this nut and tightly fitting, pointed steel pins are driven into them. At the beginning of a job, the end of the rough piece of wood is pressed into those pins so that it will turn when the wheel turns. The other end of the rough stock is supported by the loose fitting point "T" in Fig. 5. This latter may be on a support or may be nailed to the wall of your workshop. We next consider the tool rest shown in Fig. 2. A piece of two by four with a one-inch block under it is clamped to the table top of the machine, indicated by "S". The top of the post is slanted, and the four-inch wide rest "R" is tilted, as shown in the side view, Fig. 3. The tool used is a gouge or curved chisel as in

The 1917 ARROW

Electric Light



Ride While You Pay!

Send the coupon below today for free catalog of the new 1917 "ARROW" Bicycle. We ship the ARROW to you without a penny down. Start riding and enjoying it right away. And pay the special rock-bottom price—a small amount each month—while you ride. If you do not agree, when you see the 1917 Arrow, that it is the biggest bicycle bargain you ever saw, send it back at our expense. You be the judge. Send the coupon at once for free catalog.

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Motorcycle type frame, saddle, crossbar handlebars, pedals, mudguard, stand and luggage carrier. First Throm-Proof Non-Skid tires. Atherton or New Departure Coaster Brake, tool kit and tire pump. Other new features. Write today.

New Motorcycle Type

Read the sensational improvements in the new 1917 model. Motorcycle type—handsome and durable. A positive wonder for speed, easy riding and comfort. The biggest bicycle value ever built. All sizes for boys, men and women. Send the coupon today for free catalog, containing full description of this and many other models.

Send Coupon NOW!

Don't delay! Learn about the sensational 1917 Arrow right away. Take advantage of our special rock-bottom price offer. Get the free catalog and details of our Pay-As-You-Ride offer. Send coupon now while this offer lasts.

ARROW CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. 3043
19th Street & California Ave., CHICAGO

Name _____
Address _____

Fig. 7. Take off a thin shaving at a time and have a bat on hand for a model. Make the machine firm before beginning work. One boy works the treadle while the other holds the tool. The idea is offered on the assumption that nearly every home has an antiquated and valueless sewing machine and that broken wagon tongues and other discarded pieces of wood are usually obtainable by the country lad. A bat is only one of many things that you can shape out.

Well, this finishes my contribution for this month. All the plans are worthy of your attention and will, if carefully worked out, give you a kind of mental exercise, similar to that involved in the solving of a mathematical problem. If it is really impossible for you to build the things described by the armchair method and build them in your mind. This does not mean simply reading the articles, but the imaginary making and putting together of all the parts. It is a mind and nerve test and a valuable one.

UNCLE JOHN.

LOOK
I'm a Member NOW
My Dandy Tailored Suit cost me Nothing
Also got elegant Emblem
Button free, showing my Rank and Degree. Am swiftest dressed man in town, making big money. I introduce the Society to friends, get them to join. It's grand work for my spare time.
Made \$21.88 Profit One Evening
Get my own beautiful suit, became General Agent. Got promoted. Now I'm a leader, people look up to me. Best thing I ever had. Get appointed in your territory—Write today. Receive Book of Samples FREE, how to join and get Emblem FREE.

New Ford Joke Book 1917
All the latest jokes on the Ford Auto. Hundreds of them and all good ones. Spring a new one on your neighbors. Large book with colored cover by mail, 10c

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FREE TALKING MACHINE
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FREE WATCH & RING
\$10.00 guaranteed Watch, also a beautiful diamond Ring, are given absolutely FREE for selling only 30 more and religious pictures at 10 cents each. Write for them. RAY ART CO., DEPT. 1, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE Fine Camera and complete outfit for selling 30 Large Colored Art & Religious Pictures or 30 pages. Beautiful Post Cards at 10 cents each. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Order your choice today. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 325 CHICAGO

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

Premium No. 4278
Soft Warm Bed Blankets
Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Eight
THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need without a cent of expense. These fine double blankets are 72 inches long and 55 inches wide, extremely well made and finely finished. They are pure white in color and come with either blue or pink borders. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered on account of the fact that we have bought a large quantity of these blankets direct from the mill at a special low price and therefore are enabled to offer them to our readers for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following
Club Offer. For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these large, double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. You may have your choice of either blue or pink border. Prem. No. 4278. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No JOKE TO BE DEAF

EVERY DEAF PERSON KNOWS THAT I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1908
GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
105 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

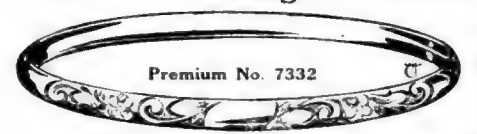
BOYS AIR RIFLE FREE
for selling only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c ea. When sold return \$1.20 and we will send this fine Rifle. Write for Jewelry today.
Eagle Watch Co., 134, East Boston, Mass.

Pocket Flashlight

Premium No. 7083
EVEREADY
Given For A Club Of Three

THERE are so many occasions when a flashlight is a necessity it would be impossible to name them all but there is one thing sure—it is the handiest and safest means of illuminating ever devised. We offer here one of the best pocket flashlights made. It is known as the "Eveready" which is certainly an appropriate name as it is always ready when you want to use it. But the greatest feature of this flashlight is its safety around inflammable material. In the house it lights up the darkest rooms or clothes closets, dark corners in the basement, in the garret; it may be used around gasoline, or powder, in the stable, in the barn, even in the hay mow, and there is not the slightest danger of fire. It throws a shaft of steady brilliance right in the teeth of wind or rain. The mere pressure of your finger starts and stops the light at your will and it is so small and compact that you can carry it around in your vest pocket where it does not take up any more room than a cigarette box. The "Eveready" is beautifully finished in polished nickel with a hinged bottom which opens to replace the battery and is equipped with a push button as well as a sliding switch for a flash or continuous light. It is equipped with a Tungsten battery and bulb and gives a surprisingly powerful bright light and the battery with average use will last from two to four months. When one battery becomes exhausted you can easily buy another one anywhere as they are on sale in every city and town in the United States. Or, if you prefer, we will furnish you with additional batteries free of cost in return for a few subscriptions to COMFORT. We will send you this flashlight with battery and bulb complete, ready for business as soon as you receive it, upon the terms of the following
CLUB OFFER. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription at 50 cents each, we will send you one "Eveready" flashlight as described above free by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 7083.) We can also supply you with extra batteries for the "Eveready" at the rate of one battery free for a club of two one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each. (Premium No. 7092.)
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Rolled Gold Bangle Bracelet



Given For Two Subscriptions!

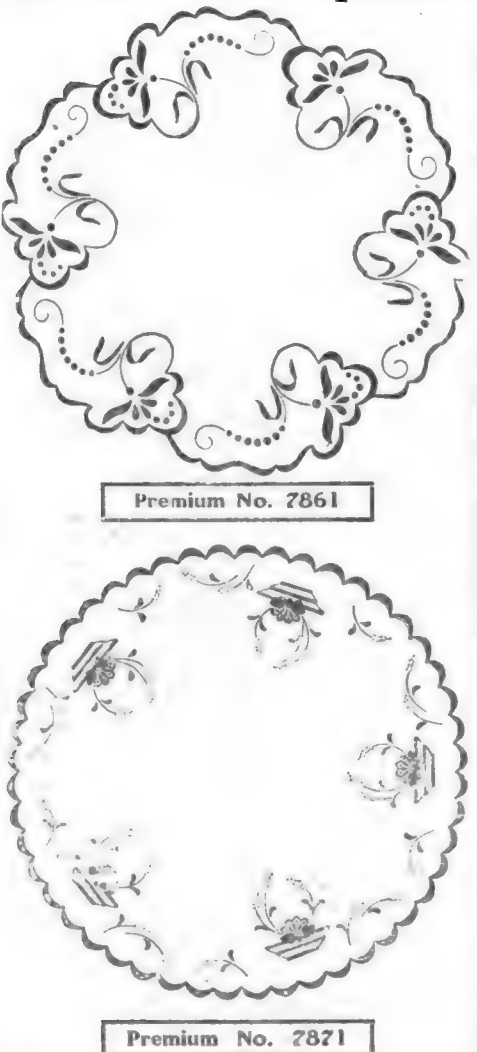
THE Bangle Bracelet has come back. More of them are being worn this season than ever before. The hand some bracelet shown above is real bangle style made of genuine rolled gold plate and positively guaranteed for five years. It is beautifully engraved and is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. We want to give every girl reader of COMFORT one of these handsome Bracelets now that they are again the style and by buying a large quantity of them we are able to make an offer so liberal there is no reason why all cannot have one. Remember, however, that although we ask you for a very small club this is not a cheap bracelet in any sense of the word. It is just as dainty and refined looking as a solid gold bracelet and it will wear beautifully for years and give you the best of satisfaction. We will make you a present of one of these stylish gold bangle bracelets if you will accept the following Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you this Bangle Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7332. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pair Huck Towels



For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one pair (2) of these Towels free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 5873. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Odd-Shaped And Basket 22-Inch Centerpieces



One Given For One Subscription

THESE two novel designs will please the woman who is looking for something new and different. The odd-shaped centerpiece at the top is to be worked in solid stitch with buttonhole edge. The basket design is to be worked in solid stitch and French knots with buttonhole edge. Each centerpiece is 22 inches in size and comes stamped on a separate piece of white "butter cloth" which is as good as linen for all practical purposes. Both designs are simple and easy to work and they make very handsome centers when finished. We will send you either one or both of them on the terms of the following special offers.

Offer No. 7861A. For one one-year subscription to COMFORT at 25c we will send you the odd-shaped Centerpiece free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 7861B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25c and 10c additional (35c in all) we will send you the odd-shaped Centerpiece free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7861.

Offer No. 7871A. For one one-year subscription to COMFORT at 25c we will send you the Basket Centerpiece free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 7871B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25c and 10c additional (35c in all) we will send you the Basket Centerpiece free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7871. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. F. D., Lilacs, Pa.—Vaccination is an undoubted protection to children at school and the law compelling it is intended for the welfare of all. You must obey the law, though it may entail hardship upon your children, not only for their protection, but for the common defense. You cannot expect to live in a community whose laws are for your protection unless you obey those laws, for if you do, then others may and presently there will be anarchy and destruction for all. Certain local laws which prove to be hardships may be repealed by common consent, but the big laws for all must stand though many suffer. COMFORT can be of no service directly. Write your protests to the local newspapers and get them to go after the local evils you complain of.

A. R., Wapinitia, Oregon.—The Government has a right to draft—not "graft," as you have it—men into the army regardless of their religion. If men refuse to fight for the country and maintain its power to protect the churches, what will become of religion? Everything else depends upon the maintenance of the government with its protecting arm about religion, commerce, home, art, science, and all the rest of it, and why should any man say his church forbids his doing his bit for the common good? (2) Jury free citizens vary in different states. Ask your sheriff about Oregon. (3) No particular nation or man was the founder of international law. It was one of those obvious necessities that founded itself. Jeremy Bentham, an English jurist, gave the name, International Law, to the old "Law of Nations," about the middle of the eighteenth century, but the law in some shape had been in existence for hundreds of years.

S. A. H., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.—Good schools, in which students may work their way as part of their tuition, are not as numerous as you think. On the other hand there is not a college or university in the land, we believe, in which there are not students working their way through. These, however, do not depend upon the school for work, though it may help through scholarships or by giving employment, but mostly they find some occupation and make as much money out of it as they can. Apparently they prefer this method to being furnished work by the school as they can get more actual money out of it. Make inquiries of teachers in your own town, or in Cleveland, as to schools in Ohio and write to President Frost, Berea, Ky., Berea College being one of the best known of its class in the entire country.

Old Subscriber, Lambertson, Minn.—Maine is not the place for Minn sons to apply for information in detail about the public schools of Idaho. You are going in the wrong direction. Write to the State Superintendent of Education, Boise, Idaho, and get the reports and other literature of his department. Then write to some of the educators mentioned in those reports for personal and direct information. This is a lot more trouble than if you could read a brief answer we might give you, but if you really want to know you will take the trouble to learn.

T. E., Earl, Wis.—A foreign medical diploma, while an evidence of your ability, is of no working value in this country and you will require the same official papers for practice that you would have to have if you did not have the diploma. Talk to a doctor about it and get information direct.

J. P., Donnoville, La.—As we have stated in this

ALL SEVEN PREMIUMS FREE

Gold plated Lavalliere (set with 1m. Diamond) and Neck Chain, pair Pierceless Ear Bobs (set with 1m. Diamonds), Bracelet (set with 1m. Diamonds), 3 Gold plated Rings (set with 1m. Diamonds), set with imported Car-buncle Stone. We give All Seven Premiums Absolutely Free to anyone who sells only 12 Jewelry Novelties at 10 cents each. We trust you and take back all not sold.

Write for this liberal offer. T. T. Dale Mfg. Co. Providence, R. I.

column many times, we repeat, that when anyone finds any mineral, or vegetable or animal, unknown to him and to all the people in his community, he should write to one of his state officials, describing it and asking if it is of any public value. If no information can be had in the state, then write to Superintendent, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. for instructions.

E. E., Creal Springs, Ill.—There is no distinct color of the "rock" in which gold and silver are found, as in some instances both are found in the same vein. Usually whatever color there is comes from some other mineral in the composition.

W. R. T., Booneville, Miss.—You did not search very carefully through the advertising columns of COMFORT or you would have found several advertisements of coin firms who are just the people you are looking for to tell you about your greenback. Write to them. If they can't tell you, write to the Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C., where the money came from, if it is good.

D. W. P., Tonino, Wash.—Chicory, the kind that is used in adulterating coffee, has roots like the dandelion and a bitter taste. It is sometimes used to make the place of coffee, but it lacks the coffee "punch," as the saying is. It is not stimulating and for that reason it is not bad on the nerves as too much coffee is. Chicory leaves are used for salad either bleached or green; they are harmless and are relished by those who like a mild bitter.

J. M. C., Caney Springs, Tenn.—We haven't space to tell you all we know about the Northwest Territories of Canada, the Yukons, Alaska and other information you should have acquired long ago from the vast amount of matter that has been written about those sections. Write to Governor Strong, Sitka, Alaska, for free literature about that region and to Hon. Lawrence Fortescue, I. S. O., Comm'r, Ottawa, and Hon. George Black, Comm'r, Dawson, Can., for literature about the N. W. Territories and the Yukon country. There is a living in those regions for any man who can get it out of them, but it is not every man who can do it. Which is the same of every other section of the earth, including Caney Springs. One good thing about those North countries is that the lazy man is mighty apt to freeze to death the first winter. (2) The Northern Lights are an unusual display in the northern heavens, the origin or cause of which is not definitely known. They are especially beautiful in the Polar regions, the cold apparently intensifying them. (3) Some of the northwestern Indians speak English, but the majority do not. Educated Indians do. In the Puget Sound region, United States and Canada, Chinook is spoken, this being an artificial language understood by both whites and Indians.

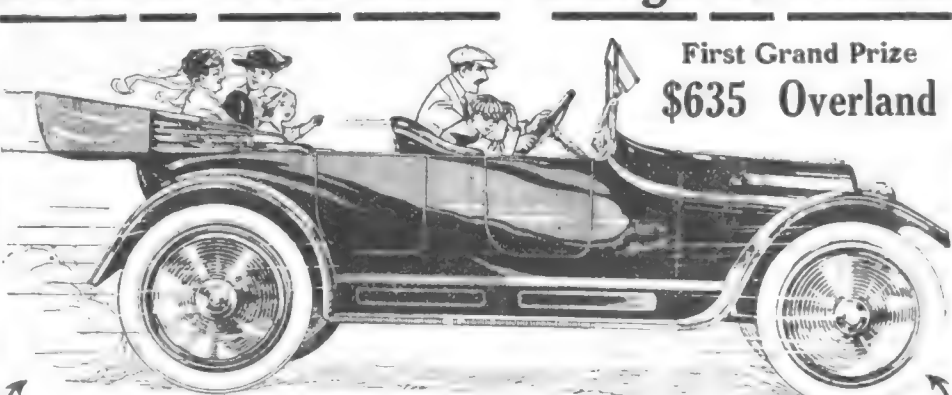
Mrs. M., Oakwood, Ill.—What the situation now is in reference to homesteads for Civil War soldiers' orphans we cannot say, but definite information may be had by writing to Commissioner of the Land Office, Interior Dept., Washington, D. C.

B. A. N., Winchester, Ohio.—The customary way to market a song is to send the manuscript, as you have written it, to the publisher and offer to sell it to him as you would offer anything else for sale. He will attend to the copyright and will have it in your name if you want it, but will pay you for the song if he can own the copyright. If you sell your song outright, that ends your connection with it. If you sell it on royalty, the publisher reports sales to you semi-annually and you may get some money out of it and you may not. The great majority do not, because the supply of songs far exceeds the demand. Don't pay any money to have it published unless you are absolutely sure that the song will more than pay all expenses and a fair profit.

L. M., Knoxville, Miss.—To remove ink stains successfully requires an expert in the use of chemicals and even then success usually shows the scar. You had much better get a new penman, or leave the ink stain there as the souvenir of an occasion.

H. E. F., Tallboton, Ga.—If you and other COMFORT readers wanting information about the cultivation and sale of sunflower seed will write to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. you will receive all that great collector of farm information has on hand and it will be reliable, though perhaps not so rosy as some of you may read of in the newspapers. While you are writing to the Department, suppose you make inquiries about the raising of peanuts. Many Southern farmers are now interested in the gooseberry and it is said to make a very profitable crop.

Send In Your Clubs—Large Or Small!



Only A Few Weeks Left In Which To Try For This Car And The Cash That Goes With It. Contest Closes April 30!

No matter what your present standing is, or even if you have not yet entered the contest at all, there is still time for you to win **Two Monthly Cash Prizes** and perhaps one of the **Grand Prizes**. Remember—there remains thirty-six Monthly Cash Prizes to be awarded—sixteen in March and eighteen in April. And the Auto mobile and sixty-one other Grand Prizes will be awarded immediately after the close of the contest April 30. You also get your premium (or cash com mission) for every club you send in. We pay you for all that you do.

Whoever Wins The Car Also Wins The Cash To Run It!

Think of it! If you come out the First Prize Winner in this free-for-all contest you not only get this big, beautiful, powerful 1917 Five-Passenger "Overland" but in the meantime you will have won enough money in Monthly Cash Prizes to easily pay for the expense of running it all next summer—very likely two summers.

The Monthly Cash Prizes are entirely extra and in addition to the Auto and sixty-one other Grand Prizes. We are paying them to the contestants who send in the most subscriptions each month—up to and including April, 1917. And as the Auto and other Grand Prizes will go to those who send in the most subscriptions during the entire six months (beginning November, 1916) you will readily see why the winner of the Car—who has already won a large number of the Monthly Cash Prizes—will also have the money to pay for "gas" and other operating expenses for a long time to come.

Now is the time to hustle! If you want a chance at this splendid \$635 "Overland" and the other prizes Remember that we are going to give away

\$1050 In Grand Cash Prizes Besides The Automobile!

Sixty-one Grand Cash Prizes ranging from \$200 to \$5 will also be awarded in addition to the Automobile. The \$635 Overland Car will go to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions. \$200 in cash will go to the one who sends in the second largest number. \$150 in cash will go to the one who sends in the third largest number, and so on.

The Monthly Grand Prizes ranging from \$150 to \$5 are awarded and paid cash and every month—up to and including April, 1917. They are given to the contestants who send in the most subscriptions during each month. So you see this gives you the opportunity to win one or more Monthly Cash Prizes besides one Grand Prize—either the Auto or a Grand

Address All Contest Letters And Orders, COMFORT, Prize Contest Dept., Augusta, Maine.

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Reproduces both vocal & instrumental music. Clear-toned. Plays Columbia or Victor Records. Machine & records Free for selling 20 pkgs. colored Post Cards at 10c.

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We save you big money on all Groceries. Send for free Bargain Price List. COLE-CONRAD CO., Dept. A-9, CHICAGO, ILL.

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January Prize Winners		
Mrs. T. S. Strong, Iowa,	1st Prize (Doubled)	\$50.00
Mrs. G. N. Baile, La.,	2nd Prize (Doubled)	40.00
L. E. Henderson, Ark.,	3rd Prize	10.00
Mrs. H. E. Logan, Texas,	4th Prize (Doubled)	10.00
L. P. Tate, Miss.,	5th Prize	5.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.,	6th Prize (Doubled)	10.00
Mrs. Cora Pearson, N. C.,	7th Prize	3.00
Marion Henson, Calif.,	8th Prize (Doubled)	6.00
M. C. Christensen, Minn.,	9th Prize (Doubled)	6.00
Lewis F. Falls, Tenn.,	10th Prize (Doubled)	6.00
Mrs. Elsie Lind, Nebraska,	11th Prize (Doubled)	4.00
Mrs. Henry F. Ramsey, Minn.,	12th Prize	2.00
Mrs. Mattie Allen, Missouri,	13th Prize	2.00
Mary Sanders, Va.,	14th Prize	2.00
Elmer H. Banks, Missouri,	15th Prize	2.00
Joseph Catanzaro, Conn.,	16th Prize	2.00
Miss Ruth Wright, N. Mex.,	17th Prize	2.00
Miss E. E. Foster, La.,	18th Prize	2.00

A Woman's Intuition

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

Who could have poisoned him?" asked the maid. "Who wanted him out of the way?" The maid had been well schooled.

"Was there anybody that wanted you out of the way?" softly inquired Isobel of the butler.

"Not that I know of," weakly, "unless—unless—" and Higgins barely caught himself.

The two women chafed his hands, and bathed his brow in ice water. Higgins was really pale now. The mind has a great power over matter. Then there were hurried footsteps on the veranda, and Isobel called out.

"In here, doctor, quick!"

The doctor entered and threw his hat to the door. He appeared to be deeply concerned when he saw the butler. He took Higgins' pulse, and looked at his tongue.

"Look, Miss Corinthe," the doctor said to Isobel. "His eyes are turning green. He's been poisoned."

"Ain't—ain't you going to give me anything?" chattered Higgins.

"It wouldn't do any good," said Doctor Hyde. "Somebody that wanted you out of the way has given you a dose of cyanide of potassium, the most virile of all poisons. All the medical skill in the world cannot help you now, my man. Within five minutes you will be dead. If you have any suspicions concerning—"

"It was Mr. Albert!" groaned Higgins. "He wanted me out of the way because he was afraid I would tell, and he poisoned me!"

"Tell what?" asked Isobel, and she tried hard to keep eagerness and impatience out of her voice.

"About his uncle," chattered Higgins. "My old master—"

Higgins shut his jaws tight.

"Yes," prompted Isobel. "Your old master—"

"You must not worry him," and Doctor Hyde winked slyly. "Let him die in peace, poor fellow! See, even his face is turning green. Cyanide is a terrible poison, Miss Corinthe."

"Listen, doctor," Higgins said hoarsely. "Before I go—I must tell this: Mr. David Rayne did not kill my old master. My old master's heart is what killed him. He had been having smothering spells for a long time. I found him staggering across the room that evening, shortly before Mr. Rayne came in. He had struck his head against the mantel. I'm dying, Higgins," he said to me; 'send Albert here.' I helped him to a chair, and he bent his head to the table. He was white. I shook him. He was already dead. Then I ran for Mr. Albert. We hurried to the library, and found Mr. David Rayne there. 'Rayne killed him, Higgins, do you understand?' said Mr. Albert to me. And that is all. Now I can die."

Doctor Hyde turned to Isobel. "Please call the police," he said.

"The police?" cried Higgins. "You won't have a dying man arrested?"

"Dying nothing!" laughed the doctor, and with one hand he threatened the butler with a stub-nosed automatic pistol. "The only poison you've had was a glass of water—and a guilty conscience!"

In due time the police came, and in due time Albert Hart also was arrested. And, also in due time, Isobel married David Rayne and helped him to build up another fortune.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

MY, my cousins, here it is the first month of spring! But don't get excited about it and take your flannels off, even if some of you live away down South, because the no-flannel weather hasn't come yet and one can't be too careful at this deceptive season. Anyway, the winter months have gone, though the winter weather may linger along for several weeks yet, and we may look forward to the sunshine and the flowers, which is more comforting than thinking about the long cold winter coming, as we have to do in dreary November. However, it isn't good form to talk about the weather when there is anything else to talk about and I see a big pile of letters on my desk that you are more interested in than the weather. So here's to work.

The first is from Cousin Dolly of Pleasant Plains, Iowa, and she wants to know if having taken a course in domestic science and knowing how to cook and keep house, having taken a course in dressmaking and knowing how to make her own clothes, being seventeen years old and able to control her hot temper, she is capable, with God's help, of choosing the man she is to marry. Now, girls, what do you think of that? It sounds as though she should be capable, doesn't it? But let me tell you that even with God's help, and I believe in religion, she is capable of making a choice that she will never regret. She may do so, as I hope most wives have, but some of the wisest have made mistakes. Housekeeping, dressmaking and all those are concrete things that may be acquired, but getting married is an abstract proposition that can be studied only by trial. Sometimes the man is at fault, sometimes the woman, but whichever it is, they simply cannot agree and though they may live their lives to the end, the real happiness is never theirs. What makes it nobody knows, and as I say, nobody can tell if it is to be theirs or not, except by trying. There is nothing better in this world, if the trial is a success, and nothing worse, if it is not. The risk may be lessened by taking proper precautions with plenty of plain common sense in advance, and trusting to Providence for the rest. P. S. And, my dear, one of these sensible precautions, is not at seventeen to marry a man of twenty-one. Wait until you are four years older. If your unmarried love won't last a lifetime sure.

Friend, Flint, Mich.—If you cannot keep your mind off of him and his mind seems to be on another girl, you can only wait until he changes his mind, because as long as it is on the other girl, you are not in it at all. I think you might strengthen your mind by study and get something else in it, don't you?

Brown-eyed Girls, Dillsboro, Ind.—The best way to inform the young man you do not like his interference with your choice of friends, be having no claim on you, is to tell him frankly and firmly that it is none of his business and you want him to keep his hands off. You have to talk to some people with a club. As to the other young man, just be friendly nice to him and if he is to come your way he will come and he can't help himself. If you try to bring him around you never will get him.

School-girl, Lexington, Ky.—You are a thousand times better in every way by not being popular with young men, if to be popular you must be, as you say, like the popular girls in your community are. But I can't tell a Kentucky girl how to win the attention of gentlemen. I thought they knew how instinctively. Neither did I ever know before that it was not popular in Lexington for a lady to invite a gentleman to call. It is popular everywhere else among hospitable and friendly people. Suppose you invite this Prince Charming of yours to call and risk being unpopular. If he likes it, you can afford to disregard the likes of everybody else.

Dewdrop, Springdale, Texas.—If you are not to marry for two years, I think you are better off without the engagement ring that with it. Wait till about three months before the wedding date. Besides, if you don't have an engagement ring, you will not have to return it if the engagement should happen to get broken, as they very often do under the strain of a long, long time.

Chick, Wauchula, Fla.—A girl of sixteen and a boy of twenty may care for each other, my dear, and very tenderly, but if they have the strong, sensible love that counts for future married happiness, they will test it out for four or five years and not marry until they are fully matured woman and man. Try it and see for yourself. (2) You don't have to answer a Christmas card with anything but your name, if your mind hasn't anything else to write about.

Mayflower, Monterey, Ky.—A man thirty-five years old is not too old to marry a girl eighteen years old, but a girl eighteen years old is too young to marry a man of any age. Anyway, you shouldn't talk about "marriage," until you know how to spell it.

Troubled, Beobe, Wash.—As he is your only chance for company and there is no objection to him except that he talks too much, think you had better hold on to him for the present. If you don't like his cigarette smoking, tell him so and ask him not to smoke in your company. He means all right, but needs polishing up a little in his manners. Maybe your parents will not object to him when you have him properly trained.

Lonesome, McAlister, Okla.—Because the young man acted ungentlemanly is no reason why you should be unkind to get even. Ask him to apologize or get off your list of friends. (2) Your weight, one hundred and thirty pounds, is just the average for five feet three inches.

Daisy, Losadale, Ark.—Your father was quite right in not wishing you to go to Denver with your cousin unless you were chaperoned. If it were a trip to be made in the morning and back at night, nothing could be said against it, but a girl of seventeen cannot go on a long trip with any man who is not of her own family. (2) I think, as you do, that it is nice for you to know some one to go with you in places at night that you go alone, and you could make it an issue with your grandmother, for whom you do so much, and insist upon your rights. You don't have to have a beau, but you should have young company.

Blonde, Riffe, Wash.—As between a training-school and a young man for a sixteen-year-old girl, no matter how nice the young man is, I vote for the school every time. No sixteen-year-old girl needs a beau and every girl of that age needs very much what she will get in a training-school.

Brown Eyes, Silver Creek, Wash.—At seventeen you can very well wait four years to placate your parents and make them as fond of the young man as you are, then all will be well. Try the four-year treatment, please.

Disappointed, Chinook, Mont.—Having in cold blood deserted your sweetheart of four years, and engaged to him, for a man you scarcely knew, and only cared for because he offered you a home, and now having lost him as you deserved to do, I have no sympathy for you, and have no advice to offer as to how you can get the lost one back, because I don't wish him any bad luck. There, my dear, study that for a little while.

Brownie, Norway, Mich.—Nothing on this earth can be sillier than a silly girl and when you "picked a quarrel" with a young man you esteemed highly and he was worthy, merely for the "fun" other girls told you there was in quarreling that way, you were doing about the silliest thing you could have done. Having some sense himself he very properly resented the false and foolish charges you made against him and I am very, very glad he doesn't call on you any more and barely speaks when you meet him on the street. You owe him an apology and an explanation and I think you can start it best by showing him this little hint I am giving you. P. S. Other silly Comfort girls, please make a note of this.

Young Girl, Colton, S. Dak.—My dear, when a girl is in love with a young man and doesn't know it,

though every thought of him should tell her, I think, she should take stock of herself and reason a little before she marries. Not enough to destroy the better part of young love's romance, but just enough to realize that too much of the romance is lost in marriage when courtship is all romance. There is plenty of romance in marriage, but not of the kind that makes husbands heroes and wives angels. Ameliorate your romance with a little practical sense and you should have a very happy married life with a good husband who does not have to be a hero any more than you have to be an angel every day.

Curly Lox, Rexburg, Idaho.—The best way to become popular is to stop thinking about what other people don't do for you and begin to think of what you are not doing for other people. Then begin to do things for other people and they will think you are the finest ever.

Blue Bell, Knappa, Texas.—It is a risky thing for a girl who knows a young man in her circle whose reputation is not very good, to accept attention from him. If young girls, and women too, would be more strict in that respect young men would be more careful to deserve their approval by sustaining a good reputation. A woman can't touch pitch without becoming smudged if not defiled.

There, my dears, your questions are answered that were for me to answer, except those too silly to answer, and I think maybe I have indulged in a little spring scolding in places, but it was really necessary. Now, run along smiling, all of you and look for the first flowers and the songs of the birds, but keep on your flannels till we meet again. By, by.

Cousin Marion.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

I have two dear little baby girls, one of two years and the other a year old and shall endeavor to raise them to the best of my ability. We mothers have many a rough road to climb and many a thorn to pluck but if we be but patient we shall reach the goal with success stamped on our brows. Wishing the COMFORT sisters many blessings, I will bid you all good by "BLUE BELL."

KANSAS.

COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER:

May I say something regarding Miss B.'s letter in which she wishes the sisters to make a definite choice between play or kissing parties and nice select dances? Perhaps someone does not want either one. Perhaps her select dances are better than kissing parties. But is a thing right or desirable because it is better than something else? To steal is probably more preferable than murder, is stealing therefore a good thing to do? I may be handsomer than someone else, am I therefore beautiful? There is probably not a wrong in the world that the perpetrator thereof does not justify by saying it is not so bad as something else.

An amusement must be approved or condemned standing by itself. I cannot speak of dancing from my own experience. I know some girls who dance who are as sweet as they can be. I know some hoisterous girls who do not dance. But between you and me I do not think the dance made the first sweet or that it would sweeten the others if they tried it. I know all the sweet girls do not dance. Some girls who dance are graceful, some are awkward. Ditto, those who do not dance. I know one

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If You Are A Woman Who Loves Crochet And Tatting Here Is A Set Of Books You Will Be Delighted To Own!

ANY ONE of these books alone is a veritable treasure house of the newest, most beautiful designs. The seven books combined form a complete library in which you will find any pattern in crocheting and tatting you could possibly ask for. You will fairly revel in the many handsome designs shown. There are edgings, beadings, insertions and laces for every conceivable use. The illustrations are actual photographs of the finished work and show every thread so plainly that they are almost as good to work from as the directions themselves. The directions are adapted for either beginner or expert. They tell stitch by stitch how each pattern is worked, also the quantity and size of material required and the correct sizes of hooks to be used. Following is a description of each book which is 8 by 10 1/2 inches in size with the exception of Volume 1 which is 9 1/4 by 12 inches. Please order by numbers and titles.

Volume 1 contains a beautiful assortment of crocheted yokes for combinations, envelopes, nightgowns, corset covers, etc.—fifteen all different, exquisite patterns superbly illustrated by photographs with complete directions for working including quantity and size of material required, and correct size of hooks to use.

Volume 2 is a real treasure book of hand-sewn sections suitable for handkerchiefs, underwear, dresses and a multitude of other uses.—thirty-three different designs, all illustrated by photographs with full directions including a complete table of all the principal stitches used in crocheting and how to make them.

Volume 3 tells how to crochet Cluny laces. It contains eighteen lovely patterns in Cluny insertions and laces for centerpieces, library scarfs, boudoir caps, corset cover yokes, piano scarfs, curtains, chemises, envelopes or combination suits. Each pattern is illustrated by an actual photograph and the directions for making are full and explicit, including quantity and size of material, and size of hooks required. This book also shows all the principal crochet stitches and tells how to make them.

Volume 4 contains twenty-five handsome patterns in artistic crochet for yokes, boudoir caps, candle shades, baby bonnets, bedspreads, dollies, library scarfs, pillows, centerpieces, portiere medallions, curtains, etc., etc. Complete directions are given for working each and every design, including quantity and size of material and size of hooks required. The illustrations are actual photographs, all the principal crochet stitches are also named and full instructions given for making them.

Volume 5 consists of twenty-five patterns in novelty crochet, including miniature and clover leaf crocheted yokes, primrose and sunflower yokes; dollies, centerpieces, boudoir caps, unique edges and insertions for sewing trays; novelty aprons and collars. Each design is illustrated by an actual photograph and the directions for working include a complete list of all the different crochet stitches, and how to make them.

Volume 6 is devoted entirely to tatting, Maltese and Irish crochet, containing a varied and beautiful assortment of laced handkerchiefs, edgings, and insertions, laced yokes, boudoir caps, towel edges, medallions; yokes, breakfast caps, centerpieces, edgings and lace in Maltese crochet and yokes in Irish crochet. The patterns are illustrated by actual photographs.

graphs and the directions for making include the different stitches in tatting, Maltese and Irish crochet and how to make them, as well as quantity and size of material and size of hooks required.

Volume 7 shows a variety of thirty handsome crocheted designs each one illustrated by a photograph of the real work showing just how the finished pieces look. There are room, sundown, periwinkle and Venetian yokes; boudoir caps, monkey face library scarf and lace pillow; large and small baskets, hat pla holder, jewel box, vanity tray, coin purse, utility bag, star fish dolly, pineapple centerpiece; edgings and insertions in pillow lace; daisy edging; spider, bell, rick-rack, novelty and coronation braid laces. Full directions accompany each design including quantity and size of material and size of hooks to be used, also all the principal stitches used in crochet and how to make them.

We advise you to order all seven of these splendid books before the assortment is broken, but if you do not care for the whole library at this time we have arranged the following special offers which give you the privilege of selecting any two or any four of the books as well as all seven of them. When ordering however, be very careful to state the number of each book desired.

Offer 801A: For one 1-year subscription (not yours) for your own to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you any two books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

Offer 801B: For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you any two books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

Offer 801C: For two 1-year subscriptions at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 60 cents we will send you any two books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

Offer 801D: For three 1-year subscriptions at 25 cents each we will send you the complete library just as described above—seven different volumes in all, handsomely bound, printed on high-grade paper and containing nearly 200 beautiful photographic illustrations of all that is new and pretty in crochet and tatting designs with complete directions for working. When ordering please be sure to mention number of each book wanted.

Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

young man who danced before he married, but his wife never did. I heard him say to her, "I think dancing is all right in a large family like yours where you could have a dance by yourselves, but I do not think it is right otherwise." I wonder why that was. Perhaps he was worried about the public dances where the young men did not have to be vouched for. But, I do not doubt but that those girls in your town who cannot entertain at home or who are not in those select parties, will go to the public dance and will say among themselves, "We are doing just the same thing that Miss B. is doing. A dance is a dance, and if it is all right for her to dance in her own home, or in her friends' house we might just as well dance down here."

Kissing parties are too contemptible to speak of. I am sorry for your neighborhood. Even here, in the country, those went out of style before I began going to parties, which is sometime ago.

Why not take a Bible stand, Miss B.? You are your sister's keeper, whether you admit it or not. Though you may be sure you can dance and receive no harm from it, you know that it is harmful to some, or you have your father's word for it. Can you not start something that is neither a dance nor a kissing party? Perhaps you are the one to keep that deacon's daughter from harm. There are lots of things to amuse and entertain that cannot be harmful unless you have some in your town who consider a laugh sinful. A party of this kind takes more work than a dance or kissing party, but they will pay.

And let me whisper to you that in a party of this kind, you have the best chance in the world to know what your friends are. The one who can dance or kiss the most gracefully, may be the one who is stupid in his or her own way. The one who is awkward on the floor or backward at kissing may be your best helper when he has something to employ his mind. He may be the one who can laugh at a joke on himself, or he may be the one to keep the crowd interested and amused, and make the time pass as rapidly as if the time were spent in the other amusements you mention. When in doubt read 1 Cor. 10: 23, 24. Miss L.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Holding a fruit jar over a boiling kettle is a good way to open it. The steam softens the rubber and makes it easy to open.

Mrs. NELLIE CAPPS, Verona, N. C.

If a small bowl comes in a bucket or pan, take a small bit of flour and mix with boiling water and cover the hole. Let dry before using and it will keep it from leaking for quite a while.

MISS RUTH LITTLE, Mallory, S. C.

Lamb chops are improved if dipped in lemon juice just before cooking.

Benzine rubbed freshly on the edges of a carpet is a sure preventive of moths.

When the dish mop is not in use, keep it in a jar of soda water on the sink.

When cooking apples always put a pinch of salt with them; they will then be very tender.

Whipped cream served on top of a freshly made squash pie adds much to its appearance and flavor.

A spoonful of sugar added to the water for basting roast beef will give it a rich brown color as well as a fine flavor.

To keep cheese from moulding or from drying, wrap it in a cloth dampened with vinegar and keep in a covered dish.

For bowel trouble in chickens, add two teaspoons of epsom salts and one teaspoon of copperas to every three gallons of water.

Lemons that have become hard from long standing can be made usable by covering them with boiling water for a few minutes.

Pare potatoes and cover with cold water for an hour before cooking, and they will be less liable to turn dark after they are boiled.

One gets tired of lemon and vanilla flavoring sometimes, and wishes for a novelty. Try mixing them. It will produce an entirely new flavor.

If too much salt has been added to soup, slice a raw potato and boil it in the soup for a few minutes. The potato will absorb much of the salt.

The safest way to keep a sealink coat or fine fur piece is to place them in tar bags, pillow cases or muslin bags soaked in tar water and dried.

To serve cauliflower whole and unbroken, boil in a cloth, as it may then be lifted out of the saucepan without any detriment to its appearance.

Try mixing mustard with milk instead of water or vinegar. The flavor is said to be good, the paste is smooth, and the mustard will not dry so quickly.

When making coffee, sprinkle a little salt on the coffee before pouring on boiling water, and the flavor will be improved. Always see that the pot is warmed before making coffee.

Left over pieces of brown bread or gingerbread may be made into a palatable dessert by pouring over them a sauce made of maple syrup and a few chopped nuts and dates boiled together.

For removing black beetles, put plenty of salt where the beetles frequent and keep it there for several days. Do not leave any water near. When the beetles eat the salt it will dry up their bodies.

If you spill grease on the floor or carpet, pour cold water on the spot immediately to prevent the grease from penetrating the wood or carpet; remove in the usual manner with gasoline, naphtha or other grease cleaners.

When moulding jelly or any kind of puddings, do not make the mistake of thinking it is best to turn the contents into a cold vessel. If both are of the same temperature it is even better, and the contents will be smoother on the surface when removed if heat is applied on the outside of the vessel. Often when the molds are ice cold it causes the mixture to stick to the edges.

Here are some useful weights and measures for the housewife to know:

Ten shelled eggs equal one pound.

Four cups of coffee equal one pound.

Eight eggs with shells equal one pound.

One cup of corn-meal makes six ounces.

Four cups equal one pound or one quart.

One pint chopped meat equals one pound.

Two solid cups of butter equal one pound.

Three teaspoonfuls equal one tablespoonful.

One cup cleaned currants equals six ounces.

Two cups granulated sugar equal one pound.

One pint of milk or water equals one pound.

Four tablespoonfuls of flour equal one ounce.

Two tablespoonfuls of butter equal one ounce.

One cup of stale bread crumbs equals two ounces.

Two and one half cups powdered sugar equal one pound.

One cup stemmed raisins equals six ounces.

FANNIE V. TIDD, New York, N. Y.

When eggs are scarce, put browned flour or cornstarch in pumpkin pie, instead of just flour. Only half as many eggs may be used.

S. B. J., Warner, Okla.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

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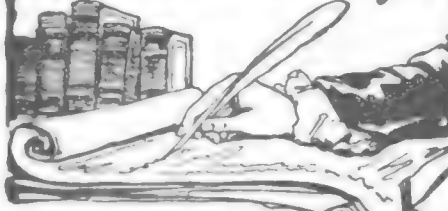
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at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COM-
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the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to di-
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submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered
in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber,
wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by
sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for a
one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the
benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the
magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons
submitting advice in this column but not for publication. Un-
less otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. E. R., Kansas.—Under the laws of your
state, we are of the opinion, that in the absence of
a will, the divorce of the parents does not affect the
inheritance rights of the children, but that children
can be legally disinherited by will; (2) that upon
the death of a married man, leaving no will, it would
not be legal for the widow to continue his business or
manage his property, without first being appointed
administratrix of his estate.

J. F. S., Minnesota.—We are of the opinion that
the laws of your state require fishing licenses from
non-residents.

L. L., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we
are of the opinion that in cases where the parents are
separated, the custody of the children is in the dis-
cretion of the court, which the matter properly
comes, taking into consideration as to what would
be for the best interests of the child or children.

T. L. M., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your
state, we are of the opinion that it is the duty of a
custodian of a will to file same in the proper court
upon the death of the maker of the will; we think that
if the custodian of the will you mention refuses to
file same, any party in interest can apply to the court
for an order to compel him to do so.

Mrs. C. P., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state
we are of the opinion that if the daughter you men-
tion predeceased her father, and if all her children
also predeceased her father, her former husband would
have no interest in her father's estate, unless some
provision was made for him by the will of the
father.

C. B. E., Iowa.—We think that all children born
within the United States of parents who are subject
to the jurisdiction of this country, are citizens of
the United States even though their parents are
aliens; we think that most residents of this country
are subject to the jurisdiction of this country, but
that there are some exceptions such as ambassadors of
foreign governments stationed here, and their chil-
dren even though born here would not become citi-
zens of this country. We think that all national
born citizens are entitled to hold any political office
in this country.

M. L. A., Virginia.—We think that life insurance,
upon the death of the insured, is payable to the be-
neficiary named in the policy, and if such beneficiary
is living, the insurance money would not be liable
to the debts of the insured's estate, nor would it form
any part of his or her estate; under the laws of
South Carolina, we think that the beneficiary of a
trust can only dispose of such interest as he may
have in such trust, and that his estate would receive
only such benefits as are provided in the trust.

M. A. G.—We think that the age below which
parental consent is required for the marriage of a
male is twenty-one years in nearly all the states of
the United States. We think that possibly in the
states of Tennessee, Idaho and South Carolina the
specified age is somewhat less, and that there may be
other exceptions. You should make your inquiry more
explicit.

Ruth, Idaho.—Under the laws of Kansas, we are
of the opinion, that stepchildren have no intestacy
rights in their step-parents' estate. (2) That the
share, of a beneficiary under a will who survives the
testator but who dies before the distribution of the
estate, would be paid into and be administered as
such beneficiary's estate, and if he was a married
man, leaving no child or descendant, and leaving no
will, would all go to his widow if one survived him.

Lon, Colorado.—Under the laws of your state,
we are of the opinion that upon the death of a
married man, leaving no will and leaving a widow and
one child as his only heirs at law and next of kin,
his estate, subject to the payment of debts and ex-
penses, would go one half to the widow and one half
to his child regardless of the fact that the child was
by a former marriage.

Mrs. T. A., H.—Under the laws of your state,
we are of the opinion, that it would be possible for
the husband and wife you mention to have the
deed of the property they propose purchasing, so
drawn to themselves as grantees, so that upon the
death of either the whole property would become the
sole property of the survivor. We think that in case
the property is devised to the husband alone as grantee,
upon his death without a will, if there be no issue,
the property would go one half to the surviving widow
and the other half to his father, mother, brothers or
sisters or descendants of brothers or sisters, depend-
ing upon who is left. We think that if there are none
such the whole property would go to the surviving
widow.

C. F. P., N. C.—Under some circumstances, we think
it would be possible under the laws of your state,
that the heirs of your grandfather might be the heirs
of your uncle who died. In order to determine just
who his heirs at last would be, it would be neces-
sary to know just who he left surviving and the de-
grees of relationship and the method in which he ac-
quired the property left by him. (2) We think that in
order to protect your rights against a bona fide pur-
chaser, without notice, of the property covered by
your mortgage you should have your mortgage recorded.
(3) If the judgment you mention is a lien upon the
land you have purchased, we think you should have such
judgment satisfied and cancelled of record in order
to relieve such land from the lien thereof.

Mrs. G. W. E., Mo.—Under the laws of your state,
we are of the opinion, that a municipality has a right
to grant franchises to public service corporations and
also has a legal right to assess adjoining property
holders for street improvements, etc., provided, of
course, the same is done in compliance with law.

Mrs. T. J., Winfield, Iowa.—Under the laws of your
state, we are of the opinion first, that if the prop-
erty you mention all stood in the name of the father,
the children would have no vested right in such
property upon the death of the mother; second, that
after the death of the mother, the father could sell the
real estate without the consent of the children;
third, that in case of remarriage of the father upon
his death leaving no will and leaving a widow and
children, we think the widow would receive one third
of the estate, the balance going in equal shares to
the children; the descendants of any deceased child
taking their parent's share. We think in addition to
the one third share, the widow would also receive
some further allowance from the personal property.
We do not think the children's rights would be af-
fected by the fact that they were children by a former
marriage.

Mrs. S., Bozeman, Mont.—We think that the name
"Consols" was first used as a name for a governmen-
tal security of Great Britain, since which time cer-
tain other companies or corporations have named or
applied the name "Consols" to some of their bonds
or securities. As to just what the Consols you men-
tion are, we are unable to state from the information
you supply. In a general way, we presume that it
is some form of a bond or security issued by some
corporation. We think if you desire information in
regard to this, you should take your securities to some
reliable bond dealer who after examining the same,
could probably give you some information as to the
same.

W. P. S., Fargo, N. Dak.—We think that in order
to legally change your name, it would be necessary
to either make an application to the proper court upon
the proper petition or through a special act of legis-
lation introduced to the legislature through some

member thereof. We think that the usual method
is a petition through the proper court. We think it
would be advisable for you to employ some local
lawyer to prepare this petition for you.

H. W., New Brunswick, N. J.—Under the laws of
your state, we are of the opinion, that in the absence
of a will, if a person property of a decedent, after
payment of debts and expenses would go to the sur-
viving husband or wife, providing one survives, and
provided decedent leaves no issue or descendants.

The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

"Do you imagine her purpose was to get pos-
session of that document?" questioned madam.
"I had thought of that—I have felt almost
sure of it since you told me it had disappeared."
"But how could she have known that such a
paper was in our possession? You did not receive
it until long after—"

"Yes, I know," interposed Mr. Goddard, with a
shiver; "nevertheless I am impressed that it is
now in her possession, even though I did not
suppose that any one, save you and I and Will
Forsyth, ever knew of its existence."

There ensued an interval of silence, during
which both appeared to be absorbed in deep
thought.

"If she has it, what will she do with it?"
madam suddenly questioned, lifting her heavy
eyes to her companion.

"I am sure I cannot tell, Anna," he coldly re-
turned.

"Well, then, what will you do, Gerald God-
dard, in view of the fact, as you believe, that she
is alive and has learned the truth?" she imperi-
ously demanded.

"I do not think it will be wise for us to
discuss that point just at present," he faltered.
"Coward! Is that your answer to me after
twenty years of adoration and devotion?" cried
the woman.

"After twenty years of jealousy, bickering, and
turmoil, you should have said, Anna," was the
bitter response.

"Beware! beware, Gerald! I have hot blood in
my veins, as you very well know," was the men-
acing retort.

"I have long had a proof of that," he returned.
"Oh," she cried, putting up her hand as if to
ward off a blow, "you are cruel to me." Then,
with sudden passion, she added: "Perhaps, after
all, that document is in your possession—or at
least that you know something about it."

"I only wish your surmise were correct, Anna;
for, in that case, I should have no cause to fear
her," said Mr. Goddard, gravely.

"Ha! Ha! you do fear her?" cried madam,
eagerly.

"Can you not see? If she has gained pos-
session of the paper, she has it in her power to
do both of us irreparable harm," the gentleman
explained.

"Y. yes," she moaned, "she could make so-
ciety ring with our names—she could ruin us,
socially; but I could better bear that than that
she should assert a claim upon you—that she
should use her power to—to separate us. She
shall not, Gerald!" she went on, passionately;
"there are other countries where you and I can
go and be happy, utterly indifferent to what she
may do here."

The man made no reply to these words—he
was apparently absorbed in his own thoughts.

"Gerald! have you nothing to say to me?"
"What can I say, Anna? There is nothing
that either of us can do but await further de-
velopments," the man returned, but careful to
keep to himself the fact that he had an ap-
pointment with the woman whom she so feared.

"Would you dare be false to me, after all these
years?"

"Pshaw, Anna! what a senseless question," he
replied.

"But you admire—you think her very beau-
tiful?"

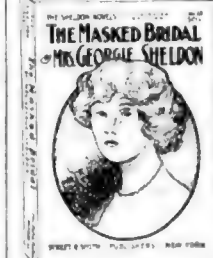
"Why, that is a self-evident fact—every one
must admit that she is a fine looking woman,"
was the evasive response.

"You will be very careful what you do,
Gerald," she hissed. "I have never had over
much confidence in you, in spite of my love for
you; but there is one thing that I will not bear,
at this late day, and that is, that you should
turn traitor to me; so be warned in time."

She did not wait to see what effect her words
would have upon him, but, turning abruptly,
swept from the room, leaving him to his own
reflections.

TO BE CONTINUED.

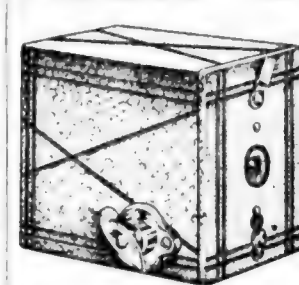
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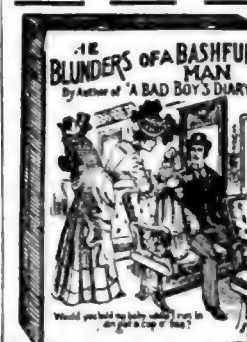
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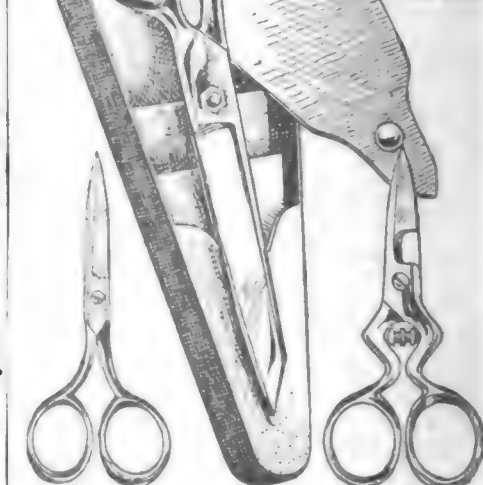
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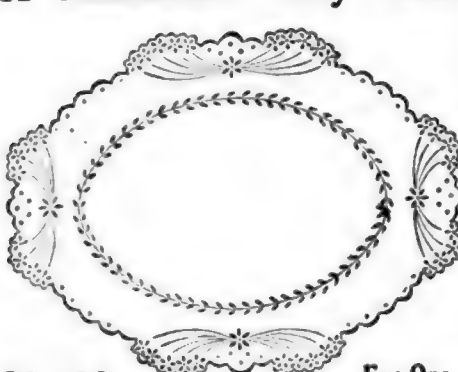
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Given For Two Subscriptions

THIS is another one of the fortunate purchases we made before the price of imported linen reached its present high figure to say nothing of the difficulty in getting it now at any price, as the supply in this country is getting low and absolutely none is being imported. This unusually attractive design is stamped on white Irish linen and is to be worked in solid and eyelet embroidery with buttonhole edge. While the design is a little more elaborate than some of the other centerpieces which we offer yet it is well worth all the time and labor you put in to it on account of the fine material and it is something that will retain its handsome appearance and give years of service. We will send you this 18-inch white linen centerpiece free upon the terms of the following:

Club Offer. COMFORT at 25 cents each or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this pure linen centerpiece free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7782.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ostrich Plumes

Premium No. 6986

16 Inches Long And 6 Inches Wide



Positively Guaranteed as to Workmanship, Quality and Color

Given For A Club Of Six

THESE beautiful Ostrich Plumes are of the highest quality and are guaranteed for brilliancy and permanence of color. They are just what every lady wants for the upright trimmings now in vogue as they have thick, strong stems and a large full graceful, French head with the latest fashionable flat curl. Each plume is a full 16 inches in length and over 6 inches in width and made of the best African male stock, will last for years and always look well. We can furnish these plumes in colors of either Black or White and be sure to mention color wanted when ordering.

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these handsome Ostrich Plumes free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 6986.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

This Guaranteed Alarm Clock



Premium No. 4574

HERE is an Alarm Clock that you can really depend upon—a clock that will keep perfect time all the time and having a patent shut-off alarm which will never fail to ring when you want it to ring if you will set the indicator on the hour and minute you desire to rise in the morning. This is not a cheap "imported" clock but is made right here in this country by the Western Clock Co., of Illinois, the same company which manufactures the famous "Big Ben" which is advertised and sold throughout the entire civilized world. It stands over 6 inches high, is beautifully nickel plated, has a 4-inch dial with large Arabic numerals and will run twenty-four hours on one winding. The movement is the best American made, including frictionless pivots, self-centered wheels and hard steel pallet escapement. This is an alarm clock which we can heartily recommend. In fact, we would not offer it as a premium if we were not positive that it would give the best of satisfaction. You can have one of these guaranteed Alarm Clocks and it will not cost you one cent by accepting the following special:

Club Offer. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this Alarm Clock exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 4574.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

high. I have black hair and brown eyes. I weigh one hundred and thirty-four pounds. I live on a thirty-two-acre farm. The farm is owned by father. We live in a five-room house.

I have one brother and one half sister. When some boys get to be old as I am, they quit school, because they think they are too old to go to school. I was too large to go to school, and so I am still going. I study mental arithmetic, Greek, history, rhetoric, Latin and dictionary. My teacher's name is Miss Nellie Long. I want to go to college, but I am not able. Uncle Charlie do you know of a school that I could work my way through? I think every boy and girl should have a good education. One never gets too old to learn. We live to learn. Boys don't become ashamed or discouraged. Don't quit going to school just because you are behind with your work and because you are in classes with children smaller than you are.

I think that people who have children and won't send them to school ought to be forced to do so. If the parents are too poor to send their children to school the school board ought to buy them books and clothes. They pretend to force the children to go to school here but pretend to be about all they do.

We had a very dry summer and fall here, which dried up lots of wells and caused the crops to be short. This Marshall is very dry here. We have cedar, walnut, oak, ash, and a good many other hard wood trees. This is a very healthy place.

Won't some of you cousins of about my age write to me? I will answer all I can.

Your nephew, PORTER NICKENS.

I don't see any reason Porter why you should not continue to go to school, even if you are nineteen. Just as you say we are never too old to learn, though most people are too old to learn, and as a rule before you can learn one new, worth-while thing, you have to unlearn a lot of bad old things, tradition and ignorance have for centuries been storing up in the darkened brains of our ancestors and which have been transmitted to us. It is easier to start with the youthful brain that is plastic and sow it with the seeds of real, worth-while knowledge, than to try and operate on a brain that has become a harden with prejudice and stupidity into a sort of adamant growth of cranial granite which cannot be tilled or fertilized. There are plenty of colleges and universities in your state. Here are the names of a few of them, and you can write to the president of the one nearest you: University of Nashville; Washington and Tusculum College at Greenville; Maryville College at Maryville; Cumberland University at Lebanon; Burritt College at Sparta; Hixson College at Sweetwater; Bethel College at McKenzie; Carson and Newman College at Jefferson City; Walden University at Nashville; University of Chattanooga at Chattanooga; University of the South at Sewanee; King College at Bristol; Knoxville College at Knoxville; Milligan College at Milligan; Southwestern Presbyterian College at Clarksville; and Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap. Porter, as to going to school, nobody can be too old, but a person might easily be too large. I went to a school once and everything went along nicely until a remarkable family of fat humans moved into the village. There were eight children in that bunch and they were all of school age. The family name was Mores. One morning when we went to school we found four members of the Mores family installed inside the schoolroom. We never knew how they got in, but we had to take the roof off to get them out. When the teacher arrived she threw up her hands. However she was a woman of ideas and quite resourceful, so she had us all sit down on the ground outside the school, stood in the doorway, and by poking her head inside and outside the door managed to get the lessons over in pretty good shape. Just as the session was over, one of the Mores family handed the teacher a note. The note was from the mother of the Mores, and informed the teacher that this was only half of the family and that the other half would be in hand the next day. "Things began to look serious," so the teacher wrote Mrs. Mores a letter worded as follows: "Dear Mrs. Mores: Please don't send any more Mores to school, as we have more Mores now than we can handle, and we can't take any more Mores until we have more room." This is a small world and only built for ordinary, average people. People who are built on gigantic lines should go to school in a circus tent, or be measured for schools and carry them around with them. I'll wager there was some fun when Bill Taft first tried to go to school. I wonder who paid the bill for having the door enlarged. Porter, you say they only make a pretense of sending children to school in your part. I was looking at a picture of a beautiful, constructed school in a middle west state the other day. That school would easily have accommodated three hundred children, but those who were actually attending school were only a beggarly handful. They were photographed standing on the steps of the building, and there were nearly as many teachers as scholars. Children who should have been in school, scores of them, were working in the fields. There are hundreds of other schools which could tell the same deplorable story, all the result of putting pretense before performance. It is a pity that our democracy and our ferocious individualism should make us such a bunch of law breakers. By keeping children out of school we rob them of education, and when you make people ignorant you make them lawless. Then by the law of compensation you get it back later on, for it is these children who have been wronged who wreak their vengeance on society in later years and give us a murder bill of nearly a thousand human lives a month, and a crime bill of hundreds of millions. Keep the children in school, knowledge is the only good, ignorance the only evil.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among the members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League COMFORT, they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly:

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT's LEAGUE OF COUSINS. A paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT, League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a one-year subscription to COMFORT, also without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise. All these League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for March

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Cora A. Willson, Price, R. R. 2, Box 32, N. C. Invalid for many years. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Sarah Thomas, Princeton, R. R. 2, Mo. Widow. Has to support son twenty years of age, who has been crippled from birth. Mrs. Thomas is a lovely character, and deserving of your aid and sympathy. Don't forget her. Mrs. M. E. Glassbrook, Brace, Tenn. Eighty-five years of age. Poor and helpless. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Charles Knass, Laureville, Ohio. Crippled from rheumatism for seven years. No means of support. Remember him. Nora Jordan, Chatham, Ala. Great sufferer from rheumatism and heart trouble. Would appreciate quilt pieces, books and magazines and any assistance you care to send her. Laura Jones, Cambria, Va. Helpless invalid. Aged mother her only support. Needy and worthy. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. Fannie Kramer, Poor Farm, Buffalo, Ill. Invalid, sixty-four years of age. Send her some cheer. Arthur Whitl, Greenville, R. R. 6, S. C. Invalid for fifteen years, would be grateful for cheery letters, reading matter and any assistance you care to send him. Mrs. Roxine Lovelace, Price, R. R. 2, N. C. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Well recommended. Mrs. Pamela Huff, Shuff, R. R. 1, Box 38, Va. Shut-in. Almost blind. Depends on the charitable for support. Give her a boost. Thomas C. Sumler, Christiansburg, Va. Helpless, bedridden invalid for many years. Has wife and little boy seven years of age. They need bed clothing, clothes and food. Give this afflicted family a boost. H. R. Smith, Yuma, L. Box 616, Cal. Invalid, unable to work. Needy and worthy. Well recommended. Send him some help. John Adkins, Branchland, R. R. 1, Box 116, W. Va. Invalid, would be grateful for the loan of a second-hand printing press, and would like cheery letters and reading matter. Miss Anna Childers, Memphis, Tenn. Would like cheery letters, and would be grateful for advice how to earn money though unable to walk without crutches. Murray Sullivan, Brooklyn, 708 Park Ave., N. Y. Invalid. Would like cheery letters. Joe Barker, Lincoln, N. C. Invalid. Would like cheery letters. Mrs. C. W. Brown, Spencer, Va. Invalid, with large family. Would appreciate second hand clothing. No financial assistance asked. Here's your chance to do some real good. Suffering, without money for proper nourishment, medical advice, expert nursing and necessary drugs is hell. I know for I have been there. Give liberally and save these poor souls some worry and torture. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

"Says Uncle Charlie's Poems are Simply Grand!"

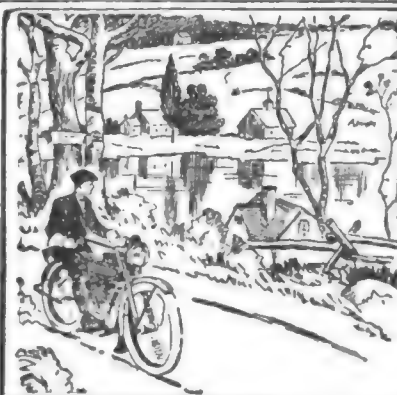
That's what Nelson Hill, Maple Ave., Danbury, Conn. says, and that is what they all say, and it takes a lot to amuse the people who live in the cities. Uncle Charlie's poems is a gorgeous, lilac silk bound, 160-page volume of rhymed, riotous delight. It makes you forget your troubles, and is the best cure for the blues in the world. For young and old it is the ideal birthday present. Why not bustle around among your neighbors and get up a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each and capture a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems and make yourself and the rest of the household happy for the rest of the year? This superb volume contains an absorbingly interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life—some splendid new pictures of himself and his family.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Contains Some of the Prettiest Songs Ever Written

You will find twenty-eight of the dandiest, classic songs, every song a hit and worth fifty cents apiece, songs for all occasions, church, parlor and platform in this superb volume of mirth, melody and sentiment. Five dollars' worth of music free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Superb pictures of Uncle Charlie decorate the artistic cover. Both books free for a club of six. No home complete without them. Work for them today.

TINIEST DONKEY.—Hugh G. Tyrwhitt Drake of Cobtree Manor, England, who recently arrived on the steamer Minnebaha, brought with him a collection of weird animals and birds to show to Dr. W. T. Hordaday, director of the Bronx Zoological Park, New York City, with a view to their acquisition by that institution. In the collection were a lioness, a reed buck, many birds of prey, two greater birds of paradise and the smallest donkey on earth, five years old and measuring 29 inches high at the shoulder.

RAISING REINDEERS.—Reindeer raising for American markets promises to become an important industry of Alaska. Herds of these animals are being cared for and managed just as cattle are handled in the United States. Already some have been slaughtered to be sent in cold storage to San Francisco and Seattle. It is predicted that fresh deer meat from Alaska will soon be found in the markets of all American cities, just as fresh salmon and halibut from Alaskan waters are sold today.



Last Chance



PRICES are going up! You may have to pay \$5 to \$10 more for your clothing if you do not act quickly. Most things are costing again as much today as they did a year ago. Raw wool has gone up so high that almost all the clothing manufacturers have put their prices way up! And they expect to raise prices still more.

Act Quick!

Get your name on our preferred customers' list at once. We have not doubled our prices BECAUSE WE BOUGHT WAY AHEAD, but we can't hold this offer open for more than a few weeks. Prices are going UP! UP! UP! We shall have been compelled to raise our price—but only a little! Only \$1 more, that's all.

\$15.50

Our record-breaking \$14.50 line

Genuine All Wool Serge Tailored to your measure. Think of it!—only \$15.50—only \$1 more—while others have raised prices way up! Last season's \$17.50 now \$12.50, and so on. All wool. We are making a big sacrifice in profit for the benefit of our preferred customers.

3 Months to Pay!

Yes, you can have your new suit with your bill spread over three months. We can give you a grade of clothing before you decide to buy a time—like you pay a tailor.

SPRING Style Book

and Samples of Our Latest Fabrics—FREE! This is your last chance! Don't delay a minute in sending for this book showing all the latest New York styles. We'll also send 44 gorgeous samples of real cloth showing the exact fabrics you have to choose from. Get your name on our preferred customers' list by sending for this book today—NOW.

BARSON BROS., Dept. 3043, 19th Street, CHICAGO

FREE FORD AUTO TO AGENTS

Here's an opportunity to earn big money—\$6 to \$12 a day, with easy work, all your time or spare time and obtain a Ford Automobile free besides. A straightforward from the shoulder business proposition. No voting or guessing contest. We want wide-awake men and women to introduce into every home our famous ZANOL Pure Food Products, Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors in tubes, Toilet Preparations, Perfumes and Soaps; 250 other light weight household necessities.



MAKE \$50 A WEEK EASY. No experience necessary—we teach you how. Give you the right start and help you make a success. Absolutely no limits to your earning power. We can use only a certain number of General Agents, so get in touch with us at once. We furnish our representatives with a free automobile. Just send postal for particulars and money making offer. AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO., 8215 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

BIRTH STONE RINGS FREE 14K Gold filled, guaranteed to give FREE satisfaction, with stone for any month, to introduce our catalogue. Send 12c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Send size. Eagle Jewelry Co., Dept. 61, East Boston, Mass.

FREE Your choice Premo roll film Camera or Takto plate Camera & complete outfit for selling 20 plates. new Art & Religious Post Card at 10¢. Fast sellers. Keystone Post Card Co., Box 492 Greenville, Pa.

You will be surprised how simple it is to get the best equipped watch and stone set ring given for selling 30 jewelry articles at 10 cents each. Write today for the jewelry. S. W. Day Co., Dept. 34 Chicago

Wanted An Idea! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. They may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of "Patent Buyers." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 112, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HORSESHOE NAIL RING SET WITH YOUR BIRTHSTONE FREE Made of "Everbright Silver," guaranteed to give satisfaction. Send 12c for beautiful set with proper stone for your birth month. Write to help you advertising. If—horse shoe are "Lucky." The Auction Co., Dept. 19, Attleboro, Mass.

DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU? Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. 15, CHICAGO, ILL.

BE A DETECTIVE Earn from \$100.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. I. LUDWIG, 123 Western Building, Kansas City, Mo.

GOVERNMENT Positions are easy to get. My free booklet BX 1015 tells how. Write today—NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

OLD FALSE TEETH. We pay up to \$5 a set. All old false teeth, gold, platinum. Eastern Dental Dept., Dept. V, Lynn, Mass.

C. S. A. Money I guarantee what I handle are not Write for price list. Frank J. Shilling, Navarre, Ohio.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50¢ but send 10¢ at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER "XRAY" CURIO BOYS-LOOK You apparently see thru Cloth, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones & Organs. Silver only. MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 20, NEW HAVEN CONN.

\$310 Harley Davidson FIRST GRAND PRIZE In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out picture, send to us with name and address NOW. We will give away a \$310 1917 Model Harley Davidson Motorcycle, as First Grand Prize. Thousands of Dollars in Cash Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. There will be no losers. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you immediately toward the \$310.00 Motorcycle and other Grand Prizes. We will also give away twelve 1917 Harley Davidson \$40.00 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the motorcycle. Someone will win motorcycle. WHY NOT YOU? FARM LIFE, Box 153, SPENCER, IND.

7 Wheel Chairs in February 395 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Seven wheel chairs for February is not bad; it is one better than in January, and we ought to do still better in March so to get as many poor crippled shut-ins as possible out into the April sunshine and spring air.

The seven February chairs go to the following applicants. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

John B. Mitchell, Winnsboro, R. 6, Texas, 179; Roland E. Chewing, Boons Mill, R. 3, Box 104, Va., 169; Allen Doss, Diana, Tenn., 148; Miss Ann Allen, Gainsville, R. 2, Ga., 101; Walter Campbell, Dyersville, R. 2, Tenn., 101; Dorothy Kate Harris, Cumming, R. 2, Ga., 100; Nada Pearl Strong, Oregon City, R. 3, Oregon, 99.

John B. Mitchell, age 69, suffers terribly from rheumatism which has drawn his legs up into a sitting position and crippled his arms so that he is unable to help himself in any way. His wife is dead and he makes his home with one of his children.

Roland E. Chewing, age 14, is afflicted with tuberculosis of the bone which has necessitated a surgical operation for removal of diseased bone from his leg. Roland's mother has been very desirous of obtaining this chair for her invalid boy as a help to her in caring for him as well as for his comfort.

Allen Doss, age 11, has one hip and one shoulder dislocated and useless as the effect of infantile paralysis which attacked him nine years ago. He wrote me a good, manly letter describing his condition and needs, and said he intended to get subscriptions to earn a COMFORT wheel chair.

Miss Allen, age 67, suffers severely from rheumatism in the joints which has crippled her to such an extent that she has to be helped about the house and has not been out of doors for four years. She is dependent on her sister who has only her little home. She expects her wheel chair to be a great benefit to her.

Little Dorothy Kate Harris, age eight, has been a cripple all her life and never able to walk. She has no use of her lower limbs. This wheel chair will enable her mother to take her out in the sun and air. Her father is an industrious worker but his income is small.

Nada Pearl Strong, age nine. Her mother's letter describes the little girl's condition thus: "She had infantile paralysis when three months of age. It would be impossible to tell all she has suffered and undergone. We had her treated three years ago by a Chiropractic doctor who helped her to some extent. She can use her right hand fairly well and her left a very little. She can move her lower limbs but cannot control them well enough to walk. She is bright and is interested in all things that interest children of her age, and she can read. With the baths and food prescribed by the doctor she keeps in fairly good health only that she is so helpless." The doctor's bills have been a heavy strain on their slender resources and the girl's parents appreciate the privilege of obtaining the wheel chair through COMFORT subscriptions.

All you good people (read their names in our Roll of Honor) who have helped these worthy sufferers to their much needed wheel chair must have a profound sense of happiness in learning of the blessings you have conferred by so doing. Many other equally needy and worthy shut-ins are bravely struggling to earn COMFORT wheel chairs, and I appeal to all our readers to help them. Your names will look well in our April Roll of Honor. Every little helps—send at least one subscription for them this month, if you can do no better.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL-CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Will Be Lots of Pleasure to the Boy

SUMNERFIELD, N. C.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: We received Herbert's wheel chair today in fine shape and are well pleased with it. I wish to thank you and all the kind friends who helped me get it for him. It will be a lot of pleasure to him for he likes to be out of doors. Yours respectfully,

MRS. S. W. WALKER.

Likes Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

JAMESTOWN, N. DAK.

DEAR COMFORT: I received my wheel chair December 20th and I think it is nice. I will have my picture taken in it next spring and will send you one. With many thanks I remain, Your friend,

DELLA WYMAN.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Blessing to Her

CURTIS, MO.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: Mrs. Gillem received her wheel chair in good condition and wishes me to express her thanks to you and all who helped her get it. May the Lord bless you all. She is looking forward to springtime when she can enjoy many outings in her chair. It is a great comfort and blessing to her. May God bless Uncle Charlie in his great work. Sincerely yours, Mrs. THOS. M. BLOUNT.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Eva Mitchell, Texas, for John B. Mitchell, 179; J. T. Doss, Tenn., for Allen Doss, 148; Mrs. J. L. Parrish, Tenn., for Walter Campbell, 101; M. A. Huff, Mo., for own wheel chair, 65; Irene Temby, Utah, for Mrs. Lyman Carter, 54; Johnnie May Heatherly, Ala., for own wheel chair, 43; Lula M. Williams, Okla., for Vernie May Williams, 40; C. L. Jones, Texas, for Cleo Jones, 25; May Brown, Ohio, for Roland Chewing, 22; Mrs. Otto Grimes, Pa., for Catherine Barnes, 20; Miss Ida Scafe, Kans., for Alice Scafe, 20; Miss Mary Lanier, Ga., for Dollie Virginia Lanier, 20; M. A. Williams, Ark., for Callie Williams, 19; Mrs. Lena Andrews, Maine, for Mrs. Edith M. Cole, 18; Miss Ona B. Willan, Ind., for Roland Chewing, 15; Mrs. E. O. Strong, Neb., for Nada Pearl Strong, 15; Miss Nina M. Waltman, Va., for Thos. R. Hancock, 14; R. L. Hays, R. Mex., for Mrs. T. B. Christian, 14; Mrs. E. N. LaChapelle, Conn., for Roland Chewing, 14; Mabel Foster, Miss., for General, 14; Mrs. Martha Vaughan, Mich., for Roland Chewing, 13; Mrs. Martha Vaughan, Mich., for Catherine Barnes, 13; Mrs. Pearl Porter, Ky., for

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.)

Requests

Mrs. Will Reynolds, Chambersburg, Ill. wishes religious stories and poetry to read to small children. Eliza V. Clouston, Bingham, 5th St., West St., Utah, would like to get the September, October, November and December numbers of "The Ladies' Home Companion" for 1908 and June, 1909.

Poem, "The Old Settler's Story," Send to Mrs. J. R. Hodgson, Kawai, Colo.

Poem, by Alice or Phoebe Cary,—"November," and another poem, "The House I Live In." Do not know the author.

Remedies

EARACHE.—For earache or rising in the ear, squeeze roasted onion juice in the ear, as hot as can be borne; then put a hot salt poultice against the ear.

A mustard poultice put on the pit of the stomach will relieve nausea.

MISS LITTLE, Mallory, S. C.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

Bringing Our Sheaves

The time for toil is past and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master! behold my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Therefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

Few, light and worthless; yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
But these are all my sheaves.

And yet I gather strength and hope anew,
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strive to do;
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—Elizabeth Akers.

No Playmates Any More

The glow is fading from the western sky,
And one by one my comrades, as of yore,
Have given up their play and said good by;
There isn't any one for me to play with any more.

Don't cry, dear heart! for I am worn and old;
No longer have I largess in my store;
E'en love's best gifts to me I could not hold,
There isn't any one for me to play with any more.

I miss the tender hand-clasps of old friends;
The kisses of the young ones gone before;
'Tis lonely when the heart first comprehends
There isn't any one for me to play with any more.

I need these loving hearts, so fond and leal;
I want them in my arms, as heretofore;
When they are reached—I shall no longer feel
There isn't any one for me to play with any more.

—Last Stanzas Written by Mark Twain.

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowances for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same,
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither friends nor silent friends can hurt you,
If all men count on you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

—Rudyard Kipling.

Catherine Barnes, 12; Mrs. M. J. Dunaway, Texas, for J. R. Claxton, 12; H. J. Harris, Ga., for Kate Harris, 12; Mattie Hibbard, Ark., for Buel Hibbard, 12; Mrs. C. J. Perrin, Texas, for Cleo Jones, 12; Mrs. S. A. Strong, Oregon, for Nada Pearl Strong, 11; Miss Catherine Clark, Ark., for Mark Clark, 11; Miss Bertha Conner, Ark., for Elsie Roberts, 11; Chas. Vysourek, N. Dak., for General, 10; M. A. Ivry, Ga., for Miss Ann Allen, 10; Mrs. J. W. Payne, Ala., for Joseph Cawley, 10; Mrs. J. G. Ambrose, Kans., for Catherine Barnes, 10; Miss Ethel Cross, Ark., for Elsie Roberts, 8; Mrs. W. I. Paddock, Minn., for Catherine Barnes, 8; Mrs. M. A. Burns, Miss., for Ruth Hedlin, 7; Nellie M. Waltman, Va., for Thomas Reginald Hancock, 7; Mrs. Laura E. Hatfield, Maine, for Catherine Barnes, 7; Mrs. Annie L. Koblmeier, Wis., for Roland Chewing, 7; Mrs. J. H. Volitas, Wash., for Walter Nickum, 7; W. S. Ford, Texas, for Leithor D. Darter, 6; Mrs. Alma Campbell, Neb., for General, 6; Mrs. Jennie Myers, Kans., for Catherine Barnes, 6; Miss Mary T. Chiaroteno, Mo., for Roland Chewing, 6; Mrs. May Apthorp, Mich., for Roland Chewing, 6; Mamie Russell, Oregon, for Nada Pearl Strong, 6; Lillie Smith, Ariz., for Catherine Barnes, 5; Lizzie May Gibson, Ala., for Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. J. F. Culpepper, Ga., for Tavia Culpepper, 5; Mrs. J. F. Lee, Ohio, for Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. George Spannaus, Cal., for Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. A. W. Barnes, N. C., for Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. J. F. Forest, Okla., for General, 5; May Hutchings, Ark., for D. A. Coffman, 5; from A Friend "Annus," Mo., for General, 5; Mrs. J. R. Ravenscraft, Mo., for General, 5; Mrs. Leah Osborn, Md., for Roland Chewing, 5; Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Beall, Pa., for Catherine Barnes, 5; Louis Pigate, S. C., for Ada Pigate, 5; Kate Bler, Pa., for General, 5; Mrs. Mary Brown, Texas, for Ben Brown, 5; Mrs. W. F. Steinman, Mich., for General, 5; Mattie Leigh, Tenn., for Catherine Barnes, 5; Margretha Beckley, Mich., for General, 5; Mrs. Maud Morgan, Colo., for Preston Morgan, 5; Mrs. Nina Loomis, Mich., for General, 5; Mrs. Wm. Brown, Wis., for Mrs. Sarah Moran, 5; Ned Sherrill, N. C., for John Calvin Shook, 5; Mrs. Charles C. Teets, Md., for Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. Laura E. Hatfield, Maine, for Roland Chewing, 5; Mrs. Edwin F. Tobey, Maine, for Roland Chewing, 5; Mrs. I. W. Lower, Wash., for General, 5; Mrs. Lillie H. Birch, Wis., for General, 5; O. N. Johnson, Iowa, for General, 5; Mrs. T. Shannon, Kans., for Raymond Boswell, 5; Mrs. Nannie Hickman, Ky., for Roland Chewing and Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. Mary Ann, Pa., for Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. Guy Hough, Md., for Roland Chewing and Catherine Barnes, 5; Mrs. T. J. Whittington, Ga., for Catherine Barnes and Roland Chewing, 5; Mrs. Grace Porter, Mo., for General, 5; Mrs. E. Bywater, N. Dak., for General, 5.

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson.

Ma's Tools

At home it seems to be the rule,
Pa never has the proper tool
Or knack to fix things; but the stunt
That stumps Ma though, you have to hunt.

The caster in the table leg
Fell out; Pa said a wooden peg
Would fix it up; but Ma kept mum
And fixed it with a wad of gum.

We could scarce open our front door
It stuck so tight, and Pa he swore
He'd buy a plane, as big as life,
Ma fixed it with the carving knife.

The bureau drawer got stuck one day,
And push or pull, 'twas hard to stay;
Said Pa, "Some day 'twill shrink, I hope!"
Ma fixed it with a piece of soap.

The window shade got out of whack,
'Twould not pull down, or yet roll back;
Pa said, "No one can fix that thing!"
Ma fixed it with a piece of string.

The bathtub drain got all clogged up,
Pa baled the tub out with a cup;
He had a dreadful helpless look.
Ma cleared it with a crochet hook.

I broke the stove hinge one day,
'Twas cracked beyond, though, any way;
Pa said we'd put a new door in;
Ma grabbed her hair and got a pin.

So when my things get out of fix,
Do I ask Pa to mend them? "Nix!"
Ma just grabs what's near at hand,
And tugs things up to beat the band.

—Sent in by Mrs. G.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted—Information of my father Jefe Willie Willford who lives in North Carolina. Mrs. Janie Robinson, Aquila, R. 2, Texas.

Wanted, by mother, her son, Ashton Galloway, known in some states as Jack Galloway, age 36 years. Last heard from at Denison, Washington, 1911. Notify Mrs. Rachel Ellis, Proctorville, R. R. 1, Box 66, Ohio.

Information of Lorenza Keirsey, left Milton, N. C., for Hopkinston, Ky., in 1867. Was in Mason, Tenn., in 1861. Will appreciate information of him. Cornelia E. Keirsey, Semora, N. C.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album and Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Name should be Miss Mable Grace instead of Mrs. Mable Grace in January number post card exchange. Mr. Emil O. Hansen, Eleva, R. 2, Box 26, Wis. Miss Estella Kuhns, Shippensburg, Pa. Mr. Guy Rogers, Proctorville, W. Va. Mr. J. F. Stout, Danville, Ohio. F. S. Shattley, Wilcox, W. Va.

Pretty Florida Sea Shells for children, etc. 25c. Agents. FLA. SHELL CO., 100, DeLand, Fla.

35 Easter, Birthday, Motto, Comic, Love Postals. 10c. Silk Flag Free. Magnus A. Hess Co., 437 Ashland St., Chicago.

How to LETTER & Paint Signs, 50c. Write To LETTER Freeburn, Hicksville, O.

CARDS, D. M. MYTHE CO., Newark, N. J.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. AXTEL CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

Kremola Cream. Wonderful biscuit. Removes brown spots, etc. By mail 5c. Booklet free. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BOYS! WONDER OF THE 20th CENTURY GIRLS!

BOYS! You want this GREAT NOVELTY! Apparently see bones in fingers, lead in pencil, see through cloth, etc. Lasts lifetime. Good Anytime. Anywhere. Think of the Fun YOU can have! Complete X-RAY & Cat. 10c. 3 for 25c. 7 for 50c. 15 for \$1.00. Address, HARRIS & CO., 6253 University Ave., CHICAGO.

Oval Linen Tray-Cloth

Premium No. 7811



Given For One Subscription

It would be hard to find a more attractive design for a tray cloth than the one shown above. It is oval in shape, stamped on genuine white imported linen 11 x 17 inches in size and is to be worked in solid and eyelet embroidery. When finished this tray-cloth presents a very handsome appearance and the material being pure Irish linen it is certainly well worth the time it takes to embroider it, although it requires very little work as the design is a simple one, easily and quickly done. You can obtain this linen tray-cloth upon the terms of one of the following offers.

Offer 7811A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25c we will send you this linen tray-cloth free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer 7811B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription at 25c and 10c additional (35c in all) we will send you this tray-cloth free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7811.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

\$3.75 SUIT NO EXTRA CHARGES

Made to measure in latest style. Not \$3.75, not even \$1, not even one cent cost to you under our easy conditions. No extra charge for fancy, swell styles, no extra charge for extra big, extreme peg-tops, pearl buttons, tunnel or fancy belt loops, no extra charge for anything, all free. Before you take another order, before you buy a suit or pants, get our samples and new offer. Agents of other tailoring houses please write, we have a new deal that will open your eyes. We ask every man to answer this, every boy in long pants, every man, every where. No matter where you live, or what you do, write us a letter or postal and say "Send Me Your Offer" the big, new different tailoring deal. Costs nothing and no extra charges. Write today, this minute. Address KNUCKENBROCK TAILORING CO., Dept. 698 Chicago, Ill.



SIX ELEGANT LACE CURTAINS FREE TO LADIES

Send no money. Simply name and address. We will send you, postpaid, 12 boxes of our famous White Cloverine, also 12 beautiful Art Pictures 16x20 in. Sell the Cloverine at 25c. each and give one beautiful picture free with each box. Return us \$3 collected and we will immediately send you six (three pair) beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains nearly three yards long. You will be proud of them. Everyone buys after you show pictures—stores usually charge \$1 each for them. Write to-day.

The Wilson Chemical Co.
Curtains Dept. No. 105, TYRONE, PA.

WHITE ROSE FACE BLEACH

Will make your Complexion as white as the virgin snow. 2-cent stamp for free particulars. Address MME. BOGETT, Box 486, Desk 4, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

THIS GENUINE FRIENDSHIP RING FREE

Sterling Silver Finish. To introduce our jewelry catalogue we will send this ring your size, your initials, hand engraved for 12 cts. EAGLE JEWELRY CO., Dept. 38, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

NEW 25-lb. FEATHER BED, ONLY \$5.50

6-lb. pillows \$1 pair. New feathers, best ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mail money order today, or write for catalogue. SANITARY BEDDING CO., Dept. 583, Charlotte, N. C.

FREE

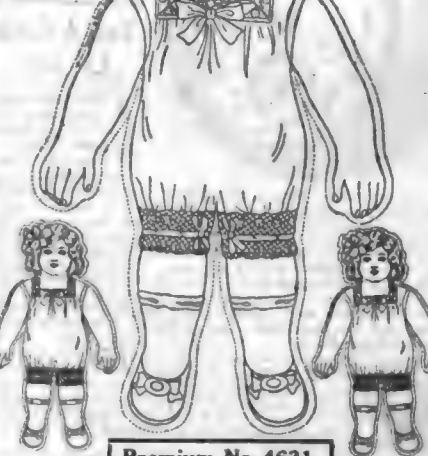
Send word and set watch, guaranteed 8 years, for selling 20 art and religious pictures or 20 plain post cards at 10c each. On your choice. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 425 Chicago

WEDDING RING

Given for five names of your neighbors and ten cents to pay postage &c. Gem City Supply Co., QUINCY, ILL.

Free To Every Little Girl!

Golden Locks And Her Lovely Twin Babies! All Three Dollies Given To You Without Cost!



Premium No. 4631.

Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give free to your little girl and every little girl this handsome doll Family stamped in beautiful colors on strong cloth with full directions so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up in less than ten minutes. "Golden Locks" is almost as big as your real baby, for she stands one and one half feet high, and her cute little twin babies which you see in the picture stand over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. They have beautiful golden hair which hangs in the dearest curls you ever saw and fastened with a bright red ribbon bow that cannot get lost or become untied, handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes which smile at you in such a life-like way that you would almost think they were ready to cry and say "Mama." As shown in above illustration they are dressed in dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots. The three dolls together—"Golden Locks" and the two sweet Baby Dolls—make the cutest and prettiest Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the most expensive bisque and china dolls because they will not break or smudge their pretty hair or lose their eyes. There is no little girl who will not instantly fall in love with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special offers.

Offer 4631 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you all three dolls free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 4631 B. For your own subscription or present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 4631). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

12 Everblooming Rose Bushes

A Magnificent Collection Of The Newest Varieties In The Most Beautiful Colors
Given To You For A Club Of Two!

BEAUTIFUL Charming Roses in profusion that anybody can grow in any climate and in almost any soil. We will give you a whole garden of them free and they will bloom and bloom all summer, surrounding your home with a veritable paradise of delightful fragrance and radiant colors. The different varieties described below are strong, well-rooted one-year old bushes ready to be transplanted to your garden as soon as you receive them and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully if given proper care and attention. No matter in what part of the United States you live, our growers will send them to you at the proper

Melody

For years rose growers have tried to produce a genuinely yellow rose, and when this Irish beauty was introduced, it was hailed with delight for it represented a new color in its class and has now become the greatest of all yellow roses for the home planter. It grows to perfection in any ordinary garden soil in all localities and from the time it is planted in the early spring, it bears continuously great numbers of lovely flowers of immense size, which stand out well from the plant, giving it a regal appearance and stamping it as the most extraordinary rose of its color. The color is a lovely shade of yellow, deepening to apricot in the center; in fact, it is a rose of sterling merit, which has proved hardy in all localities.

Frau Karl Druschi This brilliant rose is renowned as the best snow-white rose ever produced. The foliage is heavy and of rich texture; but the glory of this plant, is its magnificent flowers, huge in size and produced with the greatest freedom on long stiff stems. A single plant will produce hundreds of bloomers, which are full, very deep and double. The color is marvellously white, positive without a suggestion of any tint or shade of color. The fragrance is exquisite; in short this glorious Rose seems to have been endowed with all the charms and grace of the entire rose family.

Maiden's Blush A beautiful rose for bedding or decoration. It is very vigorous and healthy, hardy enough to withstand all climates and quickly forming a handsome shape, which itself with beautiful ornamental foliage and having the vitality necessary to produce the handsome double flowers all through the season. Everyone exclaims over its exquisite beauty and after having seen it in bloom, we can well appreciate their enthusiasm. The delicate windings of colors is almost impossible to describe, rose tint in the center of the flower gradually shading off into pale blush and creamy white.

Etoile De France This rose has been selected from the almost unlimited number of hardy roses, because it seems the acme of perfection. The bush grows upright, covered with beautiful, bronzy, green foliage, which is not subject to insect attack. The growth is so luxuriant and lustrous that great masses of beautiful crimson roses are borne all summer. This is one of the finest of all garden roses.

time to plant according to the schedule printed below. Please remember, however, that these dates may vary from ten to fifteen days in event of an extremely early or late spring, so you need not become anxious if they should not reach you just on the date named in schedule. The rose growers who supply us are perfectly familiar with planting conditions in your locality and you may depend upon them to forward the roses to you at the best time for you to put them in the ground. Following is a brief description of each of the different varieties of beautiful ever-blooming rose bushes given you free on this great offer. Complete instructions on how to plant and care for roses will be included free of charge.

WHEN TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after	Feb.	1
" Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,	"	Feb.	15
" Wash., Tenn., Va.,	"	Apr.	15
" Nev., Kans., Mo.,	"	Apr.	15
" Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	"	May	1
" Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States	"	May	1

no other rose. The splendid flowers are produced in amazing profusion. They are immense in size, and the color is a beautiful blending of shades of carmine rose with opal and copper reflections, extremely brilliant in effect, exquisitely beautiful but most difficult to describe. Radiance the premier garden rose of today, and its numerous charms will delight you.

Red Dorothy Perkins This is the most valuable addition to the popular class of Rambler roses ever produced. Its magnificent foliage is fine, dark and glossy, remaining intact to unseasonable weather and withstanding all diseases. This quality alone assures an ornamental climber which is nearly evergreen and its graceful pendulous habit will place it first among pillar roses. The marvelous production of bloom is really sensational; it is produced in great clusters; each individual rose being perfect in form and very double, the color being deep intense scarlet which retains its vivid brilliancy as long as the flower lasts.

We will send you twelve of these rose bushes (two of each variety) or six bushes (one of each variety) on the terms of the following special offers:

Offer 6722. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you twelve of the above described rose bushes (six different varieties) free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 6722.

Offer 6721 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you six of the above described Rose Bushes (six different varieties) free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 6721.

Offer 6721 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents, and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you six of the above described Rose Bushes (six different varieties) free by Parcel Post prepaid Premium No. 6721. If you want us to fill your order immediately be sure to say so in your letter otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden. Premium No. 6721. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Your Own Birthstone Set In This Beautiful Rolled-Gold Pendant!

We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For A Club Of Two

ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments. Women and to-date are now wearing Birthstone Pendant and Chain in preference while those who can afford it. It is one of the found among a large for our approval by the factor in the United States. It has a 15-inch plate cable chain, the rolled-gold plate own birthstone and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful int. Baroque pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

January The Garnet, Symbol of Power
February The Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love
March The Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage
April The Diamond, Symbol of Purity
May The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality
June The Pearl, Symbol of Long Life
July The Ruby, Symbol of Charity
August The Peridot, Symbol of Happiness
September The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy
October The Opal, Symbol of Friendship
November The Topaz, Symbol of Prosperity
December The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity

All of the above named stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. Following is our free offer. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

CLUB OFFER. For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or for one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention stone wanted. Premium No. 7342. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



That Will Stand Long, Hard Use
The bristles of this brush are strongly embedded in aluminum-like, bright metal which has a silver luster, so they will stand no end of water without falling out or the back of the brush cracking.

We offer this special premium with confidence, knowing the most exacting people will be pleased to own a good brush and comb that will last for years and keep sweet and clean. The brush is nine inches long and two and one half inches wide of right black, enamel finish, pure white, well filled, rows of bristles held firmly in place by the metal which prevents dust and germs from collecting around the bristles. Wet the brush and it cannot spoil or sour like ordinary ones. The comb, seven and one half inches long and one and one half inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth, and being made of special black, enamel finish, material is well named Bull Dog or Unbreakable. When ordering be sure to state that you want Set No. 263.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this Comb and Brush free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 2632. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Containing Sixty-three Beautiful Photographic Reproductions of New Fashionable Designs in Crochet and Tatting With Full Instructions For Making.

EVERY woman who is interested in crocheting and tatting should have a copy of this new book written by Winifred Worth and containing many designs used by the nuns in convents never before published. The book is of good size, measuring 8 inches by 10 1/2 inches, printed on fine quality coated book paper and consists of 38 pages on which are shown sixty-three large, clear photographic illustrations of the most prettiest edgings, headings, insertions, towel ends, dollies, etc., and a splendid variety of new, dainty designs in tatting with complete instructions for making them. The art of combining Venetian crochet and tatting also is fully explained.

Among the many beautiful crochet designs illustrated and described are the clover leaf, Irish picot, cross-bar, half-shell, half-wheel, K-stitch and flat edgings; festoon, Irish, fence-row, picot and shell headings; mile-a-minute, half-shell, clover leaf, flat and monkey-face insertions; butterfly wings, Van Dyke Point, nana's pattern and many others. The tatting motifs are varied and beautiful, consisting of headings, edgings and insertions for table matts, bedspreads, curtains, guest towels, coin purses, night-gown yokes, bath towels, sash curtains, ribbon holders, plate dollies, etc., etc.

This book also gives sizes of hooks best adapted for the different sizes of crochet threads, the abbreviations of all of the principal crochet stitches and terms used in tatting and tells how the different stitches are made such as the chain stitch, double, half treble, half treble, double treble, treble crochet, cluster and open mesh stitches.

We will send you free and postpaid this book of the loveliest fashions in beautiful lace and tatting work with simple and complete directions which you can easily follow upon the terms of the following special offer: For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you this book of crocheting and tatting designs with directions free by mail postpaid.

Offer No. 7321B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and ten cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this crocheting and tatting book free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7321. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premium No. 6722



Gent's Watch and Chain
Premium No. 3996

For A Club Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, and an excellent timekeeper. It is not an expensive watch because it is not in a gold or silver case but for practical every-day use it is just as good as a watch that costs \$10.00. In fact, we have such faith in it that we send with every one a guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make. It has a handsome polished nickel case a thick crystal which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the best American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a handsome chain, if you will accept the following:

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 3996. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Engraved Gold Bracelet
FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION

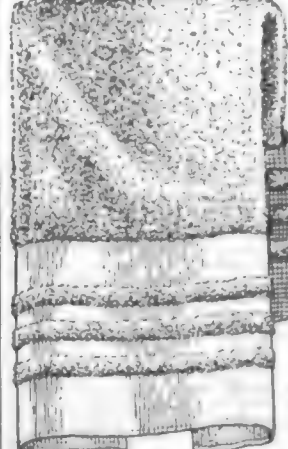


THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique spring fastening is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter; we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Offer No. 4501 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this handsome Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer No. 4501 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this Bracelet free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 4501. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pair Of Turkish Towels
Premium No. 7323



For Three Subscriptions

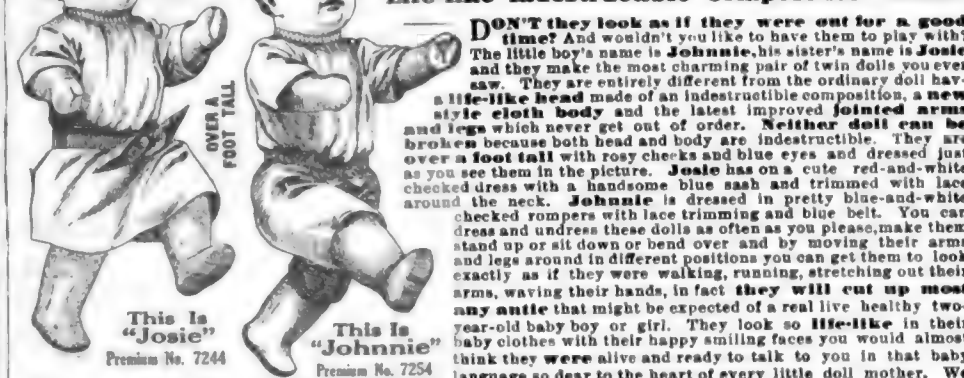
AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bath or guestroom or for everyday family use in the lavatory, in kitchen or pantry. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the thick, heavy fleece-like surface imparts the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being, exhilarating the whole system and literally making one feel like "jumping over a high board fence." These towels are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels we offer here are genuine Turkish towels—not the imitation kind—and are 17 inches wide and 36 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use. They are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of one pair of these fine Turkish towels upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one pair (2) of these towels free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7323. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Boys! Girls! Look—See Who Is Here!

The "Comfort Twins"

American Made Unbreakable Dolls With Life-like Indestructible Composition Heads!



Don't they look as if they were out for a good time? And wouldn't you like to have them to play with? The little boy's name is Johnnie, his sister's name is Josie and they make the most charming pair of twin dolls you ever saw. They are entirely different from the ordinary doll having a life-like head made of an indestructible composition, a new style cloth body and the latest improved jointed arms and legs which never get out of order. Neither doll can be broken because both head and body are indestructible. They are over a foot tall with rosy cheeks and blue eyes and dressed just exactly as you see them in the picture. Josie has on a cute red-and-white checked dress with a handsome blue sash and trimmed with lace around the neck. Johnnie is dressed in pretty blue-and-white checked rompers with lace trimming and blue belt. You can dress and undress these dolls as often as you please, make them stand up or sit down or bend over and by moving their arms and legs around in different positions you can get them to look exactly as if they were walking, running, stretching out their arms, waving their hands, in fact they will cut up most any time that might be expected of a real live healthy two-year-old baby boy or girl. They look so life-like in their baby clothes with their happy smiling faces you would almost think they were alive and ready to talk to you in that baby language so dear to the heart of every little doll mother. We are sure no little boy or girl ever had a doll that could furnish quite so much real satisfaction and enjoyment as either one of these two handsome twins. You may have either doll—your choice of either Josie or Johnnie—or both of them free as a COMFORT premium as we have bought a quantity of them to be distributed in this manner. Remember these are real American made unbreakable dolls—not paper "cut-outs" or "rag" dolls—with a strong durable stuffed cloth body, jointed arms and legs and an indestructible composition head that will not break. They will last a long time.

We Will Give You Both Dolls!
For seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you both dolls—Josie and Johnnie—free by parcel post prepaid. (Premium No. 7247). Or for four one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you one doll—your choice of Josie (Premium No. 7244) or Johnnie (Premium No. 7245) free by parcel post prepaid. When ordering be sure to give the premium number of doll or dolls wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Children's Happy Hour

Copyright, 1917, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.



OF all indoor foliage plants, none give more lasting pleasure and satisfaction than these popular house plants. They need but little care and live indefinitely, growing larger and more beautiful with age. The collection offered you here comprise four of the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture. They are the **Asparagus Plumosus** or "Lace" fern, the **Roosevelt**, the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern and the **Whitman** or "Ostlich plume" fern. They will thrive in any dwelling room near a window, and need no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. They are guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. You are able to purchase only one variety. **The Roosevelt**. You will remember you get all the best ferns free with the offer.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of four beautiful ferns each one of them a strong, healthy, well rooted plant ready to put in and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen bush. **Price, No. 6113.**

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Premium No. 3313

A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and so attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats. When ordering be sure to mention color wanted.

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Silk Scarf free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 3313.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A detailed black and white illustration of a decorative lamp. The lamp features a spherical, highly reflective metallic globe at the top, which is suspended by a heavy, dark chain. Below the globe is a conical shade made of a fine, diamond-patterned mesh. The shade is decorated with a grid of small, light-colored circular accents. At the base of the shade, there are four ornate, teardrop-shaped finials. The overall design is elegant and classic.

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, made throughout of **German Silver**, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as a palm-leaf, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not over one) at 80 cents, we will send you this handsome and stylish German silver mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7362.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Children's Happy Hour

Matilda and the Frog

Copyright, 1917, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

MATILDA was out playing with her blue and white striped romping suit on one day when suddenly her mamma came to the door and called out:

"Come home dearie, right away. I have a big surprise for you."

Matilda hurried to the house as quickly as she could, and there stood her cousin Ella, whom she had not seen for two years.

"My, but they were glad to see each other. For a full minute all you could hear was kissing and joyful cries.

When, at length, their warm greetings were over, the city child said: "Gracious, Tildy, but you have grown."

"So have you," laughed our dolly friend and when they stood back to back and measured they proved to be exactly the same size. Wasn't that queer?

Ella had brought every member of the family, a nice present and Tildy's was a pretty basket made by real Indians. She was so pleased over it that she did not know what to say so she just kissed her cousin again and hugged the basket as if it were a doll.

"It would look beautiful if it were filled with flowers," said her mother and this gave the children an idea.

"Let us go out and fill it," said they, in one breath.

Ella was clad in white and looked just grand, so Matilda slipped off her rompers and put on her pink gingham dress.

"Be careful now," warned her mamma, as they



Paste the entire picture on a piece of cardboard (using boiled flour paste) and smooth with the hands, from the center towards the edges. Put it in a large book to dry and let it remain there at least three hours. Cut out each dress and hat with scissors and color them with crayons, chalk or water colors. The romping suit should be striped blue and white; the flour suit should be pink with red flowers; the

The Order Of the Black Eagle

"I SHOULD like to know," said a man of diplomatic experience, "just how January 17th and the following Sunday were celebrated in Berlin this year. I have seen no mention of it in any of the newspapers and I fancy there was not as much doing in that line this year as during peace years. On the 17th occurs the celebration of the founding of the Order of the Black Eagle, the highest in Prussia and the most coveted order in all Germany. This order was founded in 1501 and includes only one class, conferring hereditary nobility and the rank of knight and lieutenant general. It is the only order in which the original idea of the order of chivalry is unchanged. Every year on the date named the Chapter is solemnly assembled and all knights created during the previous year are officially received. This is really a magnificent display of that pomp and panoply of which the Kaiser is so inordinately fond and nothing is omitted that will add to its gorgeousness. To the reception all the great functionaries of the court, all generals, admirals, ministers, princes and the entire entourage that goes to make up the splendor of empire in its capital are invited and all appear unless absolutely prevented. In fact, nothing short of Providence can keep them away. And everybody must wear all the gold and glitter that can be hung upon him. Guests of the very highest rank are invited at high noon, the others of lesser rank coming at a quarter before twelve. When all are assembled, the Master of Ceremonies—in my time he was that Count Eulenberg who afterwards retired in disgrace, you may remember—informs the Kaiser who puts on the mantle of the Order in an adjoining apartment, and, preceded by the princes, goes into the room where all the knights are ranged in pairs, the younger ones to the front and they are presented to their Emperor. Then the grand procession is formed and marches to the Hall of the Knights, where the display is simply dazzling. The most megatherian and spectacularly splendid circus parade ever seen in this country is a trifle compared with it. Here the Kaiser in a brilliant red mantle of velvet worn by the knights proceeds, escorted to a fanfare of trumpets and the investiture of the knights proceeds, each step more glittering than the next. Each new knight puts on the red mantle when he is fully invested, the Kaiser puts the collar of the Order around his neck, consecrates and embraces him and he is turned over to his fellow knights for their congratulations. During all this ceremony the Kaiser stands bareheaded on the steps of the throne and the trumpeters never let up a minute. When this is over the Kaiser and his knights proceed to the Chapter Hall where a meeting behind closed doors is held, the Kaiser presiding, after which there is a banquet attended only by knights of the Order.

started off toward the garden, "don't go too far, and don't be gone more than a half hour."

"—right," they replied, and soon were lost in a tangle of rose bushes.

Every time they tried to pick a rose a big humble bee would nestle in it and scare them away. Ella grew impatient and scolded them but they buzzed more loudly and she was afraid if she said another cross word they would sting her. At last they found a long branch of a climbing rose lying on the ground and as there were no bees on it, they picked enough to fill their basket. Their fingers were bleeding from the thorns, and Ella cried a little and wished she had never come to the country but Tildy comforted her and they went to the lily pond and washed their hands in it and sat down and watched the pretty gold fish frisking about. It was just lovely there but soon, alas! their half hour was up and they had to start for home.

When Ella stooped over to pick up the basket, she screamed in terror, for there, right in the middle of their nice bouquet was an ugly frog. Oh, it was dreadful. Neither one would pick up the basket and the horrid intruder refused to hop out of it.

At last Matilda thought of a scheme. They got a long branch and ran it under the handle and each picked up an end and carried the flowers that way. When they had gone a little distance they could hear Tildy's mother calling and they started to run. All excitement they tried to tell her about the frog, but when she looked in the basket it was not there.

"See," said the mother, "you thought it awful because you were scared but the truth is, the poor frog was scared, too, and just ran away for its life."

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for Dress, make suits, children's dresses, etc.

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aces. Agents wanted to sell silk, velvet and other remnants.
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FOR A CLUB OF THREE!

FOR A CLUB OF THREE!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a **Teddy Bear** and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads **COMFORT** to get one without expense. **Teddy*** looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, 30 inches high, made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with soft, carefully matched and finished and his head, ears and legs are painted in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so comical and lifelike that it makes the children dream with delight just to look at him. **"Teddy"** is so well made, care no matter how roughly he is handled, will not become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you **"Teddy"** free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by mail.

Address CONEORT Augusta Maine



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Slim Jim, Sebastopol, Cal.—What the nature of a skin disease is can only be determined by a physician who can examine it personally, so you must go to a doctor to know if you have eczema, and if you have, what kind it is and what treatment is necessary. (2) Ask him about the pain around your heart. Guessing at it will do you no good. Indigestion, which also causes fainting spells in aggravated cases. Indeed, there are few things indigestion will not do to make the human lot worse than it is, and in the vast majority of cases the humans are to blame for having indigestion. A little care in prevention by proper food and eating and nearly every human being would never have indigestion. Possibly you may not have indigestion; we are only guessing, but the doctor who sees you can tell and be sure to ask him all you have asked us.

A. C. W., Minot, N. Dak.—We do not know the preparation, but as it is put out by a thoroughly reliable company, and is oil it will act as a lubricant and laxative. We prefer vegetable to mineral oil, but any oil is more or less laxative, if taken in quantity.

Mrs. W. W., Steelton, Pa.—Lemon juice being an acid is supposed to be useful in rheumatic disorders and to a slight extent, possibly, this may be true, but the excessive use of lemon juice may cause precipitation of uric acid and thus produce stone in the bladder. When you add cream of tartar, more acid, and then follow the direction of your friend, evidently not a physician, and drink as much of it in hot water every day as you can, the chances are that you will be dead long before you can cure the rheumatism. A little lemon juice before meals in a glass of hot or cold water will check the formation of acid and relieve or prevent acidity of the stomach, and lemonade, unswetened, is a refreshing drink in feverish conditions, but gulping down large quantities of it as your friend suggests will not do your rheumatism much good. As rheumatism is thus far practically incurable, why don't you consult a doctor and learn of something for its prevention and relief? That would be the sensible thing to do.

X. Y. Z., Brose, Ill.—You are another one of the COMFORT blind folks who will not see that your eyes are too valuable to be treated by an ignorant person when they are not in a healthy condition. Only a physician who can examine them can tell what treatment is necessary and you must see a physician, or presently you can't see anything. When you see him ask him about the other ailments.

Mrs. J. D. W., East Tallahassee, Ala.—For the chafed and itching places under your arms try cocoa-butter, rubbed in thoroughly at night and morning. Get it in a half pound cake at your drug-store. It's a good family remedy to use on the skin of grown-ups and children. Talcum powder is also good for the chafing, but you cannot use it very successfully if you use the butter.

Inquirer, Norwood, Ga.—Try the juice of half a lemon in a glass of hot water before meals, or a pinch of soda in half a glass of hot water after meals, and if the constipation continues, you will have to diet yourself and put into your stomach only such food as it can digest.

Mrs. J. W., Carlisle, Ky.—As between Florida and Arizona the air is much drier there and dry air is the remedy for catarrh. What the expense would be depends upon yourself, but you could not safely start with less than two hundred dollars, if you intended merely to go there and come back again. What you should do is to move to Arizona and stay there, for there is no cure for catarrh but climate.

Mrs. C. R., Whitestone, N. Y.—The intermittent partial paralysis of your daughter's arm is due to disordered nerves, we should say, from this distance. What causes the nerve disorder we will not guess at and you should take her to a hospital in New York City and have the experts there give her the proper examination and treatment. The longer you delay the more difficult it will be to restore her to a normal condition.

A. C., Stamford, Conn.—If your hands are so fat that it makes you clumsy in playing the piano, you should consult a music teacher with probably had and just such cases to treat. Constant practice we should think would reduce the flesh, as it will in other parts of the body, and frequent massaging might do some good, but ask the music teacher first.

S. R., Columbia, Tenn.—The recurrent pain in your calves and not elsewhere may be a form of rheumatism, but this could only be determined by the personal examination of a physician. You know that while rheumatism may affect any part of the body, it is merely the expression there, of something out of order somewhere else and there is where you must go to remove the cause, which sometimes may be reached, and sometimes not. (2) The only cure, if there is a cure, for catarrh is climate and if you live in a catarrhal climate and have catarrh no medicine will do anything for it except temporary relief. The climate being the cause you must get away from the cause. Go where the air is the driest, hot or cold, as you please.

H. M. R., Farina, Ill.—You are another one of those COMFORT mothers who think they know more about the treatment of ailing children than any doctor does, and you are doing your utmost to ruin the future health prospects of your child. Take the little one to a physician and get the proper advice and treatment. If you don't, the child will strangle some day and it will be your fault.

Brown Eyes, Pendleton, Ky.—If your examining oculist told you your eyes were all right, why are you so anxious to try the various remedies suggested by ignorant persons? You need treatment of sight other than eyeglasses.

A. J., McLeansboro, Ill.—The only cure for tuberculosis that COMFORT knows of is diet and right living conditions and we cannot give that to you in specific terms in the space we have. Many persons with consumption not too far advanced have arrested its development, have been cured and lived out their allotted time by following the rules of modern treatment. A change of climate may be beneficial. Thus far no medicinal remedy for consumption has been discovered, though scientists have given it more study, than any other disease to which flesh is heir. The treatment is well known. Consult your doctor or go to a tuberculosis sanitarium.

Worried, Ravenna, Neb.—Some people have some slight coughing through most of their lives and nothing much comes of it, except annoyance and a little discomfort. Whether such coughs could have been prevented at the beginning, nobody knows and so long as no serious results follow, nobody seems to care. But when such coughs develop into other throat troubles, bronchitis, especially, it is time to take notice. Bronchitis is painful and dangerous in its severe forms and it sometimes goes into consumption. The home treatment and the strange medicines that you ask about are not proper treatment and you owe it to your own comfort and safety to have a physician, after careful examination, prescribe for you properly. The pains in the lungs are mild symptoms of disorder which should be attended to in time. They are not dangerous, but are warnings of danger. Go to your doctor for his advice and follow it strictly.

Mrs. T. B., Winthrop, Ark.—Your husband is troubled with what is sometimes called "winter itch," the legs and often the arms itching in most annoying fashion and appearing only in cold weather. It is caused by irritation of the nerve terminals on the skin and a remedy that seldom fails is cocoa-butter, an excellent skin food at all times. Get a half pound cake at the drug-store and rub it on the skin night and morning, or at any time if the itching shows itself. Relief follows quickly and the butter will keep

The Biggest 25c Worth in the World! Are you Interested in Bargains? Two Million Words—for 25c

My dear friend:

If your best friend discovers a REAL BARGAIN—doesn't she tell you about it?

I think she does—and I think she, or some other friend, will be glad if you will tell HER of the biggest, best, 25c worth in the whole world—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO COMFORT.

Take this March issue for example—then take ANY OTHER magazine at any price. Oh, yes, some of the more expensive ones are printed on shiny paper and have multi-colored covers and advertisements. But COMPARE the READING MATTER of COMFORT with the 50c and 75c magazines—story by story, department by department. Compare the amount of matter, the number of pages, the size of the pages, and then ask yourself "Compared with COMFORT, are these higher priced magazines even of EQUAL VALUE?"

Let's make a comparison. The March 1917 issue of COMFORT isn't completed as this is being written, but take the last March issue which was the same size, and compare the amount of matter in it with that in a prominent 50c magazine and with that in another which is now 50c but is soon going to 75c.

(The figures given represent the number of words in an issue. For instance, in the regular monthly departments COMFORT carried 66,224 words in March—over ten times as many as one of the others, etc.)

	COMFORT	One 50c mag.	Other 50c mag.
Regular dept's run every month	66,224 words	6,557 words	13,743 words
Continued stories	26,690 "	7,291 "	9,605 "
Short stories	5,557 "	7,339 "	9,921 "
Useful articles—articles telling how to make work easier.	15,979 "	6,102 "	6,217 "
Articles of general interest.	5,823 "	3,421 "	3,030 "
Total number of WORDS in issue	120,273	30,710	42,516

Notice that in this issue COMFORT gives its readers a lot more matter than BOTH the others put together—and notice especially how much more continued stories, regular monthly departments and helpful articles COMFORT gives—nearly FOUR times as much of this matter as EITHER ONE.

Once we kept a record for a year of the number of words of reading matter in COMFORT and in all the other monthlies that cost as LITTLE as COMFORT. Our magazine carried TWO MILLION words that year. All but three or four of the others were over a MILLION words BEHIND COMFORT—think of that—50% behind!—and some of them did not even have one quarter as much.

Yes, and the QUALITY of our reading matter is even MORE remarkable than the QUANTITY.

It has ever been the purpose of COMFORT to be USEFUL as well as entertaining—to make a magazine that would be essential to the health, prosperity and happiness of its readers. Through years of experimenting, eighteen regular departments have been developed, each in answer to a vital need among our people and all combining with the fiction and the educational articles to make COMFORT a magazine of supreme value and service to its subscribers.

Just take this March issue. It has EIGHTEEN regular, monthly departments. No magazine at anywhere near COMFORT'S price has anywhere near as many—OR AS GOOD.

Turn to pages 24 and 25 in this issue and note there the two big pages of tatting and crocheting submitted by COMFORT'S workers, edited by Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson—with 17 fine illustrations. This department describes new things to make, teaches crocheting, knitting, sewing and all kinds of needlecraft.

And note the cooking articles—those in the regular COMFORT'S Sisters' Corner (a mothers' department—and something more, a community of interests section, a forum in which our women readers discuss topics of public interest and matters pertaining to the home)—together with the special articles: Uncle Sam Tells How to Feed the Children (illustrated) and Fish—How to Select and Cook it (illustrated).

Another strong monthly feature is the fashion department—on pages 16 and 17 of the March issue.

Note that this issue has eight useful articles—articles telling its subscribers how to live easier, pleasanter, more efficient lives—treating of such subjects as Efficiency in the Kitchen, A Sweet Pea Venture, Household Conveniences, Short Cuts in House Cleaning, Use of Paint on the Farm, etc., etc.

In this issue there are four continued stories—and every installment a BIG one, three short stories, two fine feature articles—yes, and the Wheel-Chair Department—itsself a monthly feature through which COMFORT has, with the help of its subscribers, given away 395 wheel chairs to deserving cripples. Also don't forget Uncle Charlie's League of Cousins banded together, under COMFORT guidance for mutual help.

Even the cover is used to advantage, not to carry a "pretty" picture but to show illustrations of the article about kitchen efficiency—pictures that are helpful and entertaining.

Through the twenty-eight busy and happy years I have been publishing COMFORT I have never before written my subscribers a letter of just this sort.

I do NOT do it now because I NEED subscriptions—for this has been the MOST successful year of our history in getting subscriptions and renewals.

I do it because there is always room for a friend's friend on my subscription list—and because I want to get their names there before I am forced to RAISE the subscription price. This rise in price MUST COME SOON, I am afraid. Paper has doubled in price—so has ink. Labor is costing more. So is every item that goes into the publishing of a magazine. Hundreds—yes THOUSANDS of publications have raised their subscription price since the war started. I do not care to reduce the size of COMFORT or lower its quality. So it may be that I shall soon have to RAISE THE PRICE.

You are conferring a favor on your friends to get them to subscribe while the price is still 25c a year.

And I think they will want to subscribe. If so, perhaps you will find the blank below convenient in sending in the subscription.

Your friend, W. H. GANNETT.

PLEASE SEND THE SUBSCRIPTION IN ON THIS BLANK

I well know that lots who read the above letter have never asked ANYBODY to subscribe to ANYTHING in all their lives. You do not have to begin now. Just take the copy of COMFORT you now hold in your hand—lay it down before your friend and say just these words: "You can get THIS MAGAZINE TODAY for JUST 25c a year." Won't you get their subscription—without asking? In return, I will gladly send you, free and prepaid, any one subscription premium you may care to choose from COMFORT or any of our catalogs. But I think you will do it even more as a FAVOR TO A FRIEND than to earn a premium. I think you will do it because you want your friend to share the amusement, instruction, help and happiness that can be derived from a year's subscription to COMFORT.

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Second Inauguration of President Wilson

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

onlookers this will present one of the most appealing and popular features of the parade—these little maids with their rosy cheeks and bright eyes so full of enthusiasm and so earnest about doing their best. Then will follow women's organizations from all over the country with their banners, which joined the Woman's Wilson Union for this purpose, and the women employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Preceding each governor, a float carrying state coat of arms and representing the activities of the state or in some way characteristic of it will be wonderfully attractive. These were planned, and will be provided and equipped by the women of the states. It being the original idea to have all of the forty-eight states thus represented, but on account of conditions, the committee were gratified to have such a display from the states which voted for the President. Altogether the Woman's section will be a distinct and pleasing feature and serve to show the results of energetic cooperation on the part of the women interested who receive no financial help save what they raise themselves.

Floats representing the playground activities of the children of the District and those from the various civic organizations, the munitions plants, the children representing the efforts of the Child Labor people in freeing the youngsters from the horrors of the factories and mills, the various men's political organizations are to be much the same as in many previous parades, but spectators will feel a pang of regret in not seeing Col. William F. Cody's (Buffalo Bill) familiar figure on horseback with the delegation of Indians from the reservation at St. Francis, South Dakota.

Among the other notable features of this parade, many of which have come to be recognized as an essential part of every four-year ceremonial are the Annapolis cadets, West Pointers, Virginia Military Institute delegation, the Washington High School cadets, of whom there are fifteen hundred this time with their own band; about two thousand Gammage Hall members, and various Indian delegations in their native garb.

Pennsylvania, along with its state delegation and its governor, is to send a snappy little Boy Scout band from Lewistown. To live the step of these marching hosts five hundred bands will dis-course music and here, there, everywhere the busy Washington Boy Scouts will be on duty, serving as guides, guards, messengers, aids to police and physicians as well as doing endless duty in first aid.

Still other notable features which will claim a large share of attention will be the organized state militia and District National Guards just back from Mexico, also the Civil War veterans and Spanish war soldiers.

Greater efforts than ever have been devoted to the construction of the Court of Honor and the evening fireworks display.

The Court of Honor, which will extend from the Treasury to the State Department Building, with stands on both sides of the avenue from Madison to Jackson places, is to be most beautiful and artistic. The design accepted was made by a local architect and the treatment is classic throughout, formed by a series of columns on both sides of the street and festoons of evergreens and electric lights connecting them. Tall columns of elaborate design with smaller, simpler ones form a series. The larger units consist of a base supporting four columns, surmounted by an entablature. Projecting above it a staff from which will flutter a flag. In the center of the columns a small cedar tree of conventional shape and an urn holding vines and flowers surmount the smaller units. On both sides of the avenue at the intersection of Madison and Jackson places are large arches of classic design, the arch openings being of sufficient size to permit the passage of vehicles. The portion of the stand occupied by the President in reviewing the parade is even more elaborate for there the design follows the lines of the portico of the White House, fluted columns supporting a pediment.

The mounted escort to the parade will be worthy of note. Each U. S. Senator was requested to designate two men or women to represent his state in this mounted section. Civic and trade organizations and churches were asked to supply four persons to represent their organizations. This section supplies its own mounts and paraphernalia, all very interesting and effective.

On inauguration night Washington will be a veritable electric fairland. A daylight of electricity will bathe the public buildings all of which will bear only the Stars and Stripes as decoration instead of the various flags of other nations as in the past and millions of arc lights, incandescent lights, and giant searchlights will make the city most brilliant while the avenue will be one continuous blaze of brilliancy and color. The fireworks on the grounds of the Monument will be marvels of pyrotechnic skill and art.

The most interesting of all new features of this inauguration will be the marvelous exhibit of government department activities. By joint resolution of both houses of Congress the executive department and various establishments of the government in Washington were authorized to give an exhibit from Feb. 26 to March 10 of their activities and methods of transacting business. Dubbed, "Uncle Sam at Work," this is to be arranged and managed by the various chiefs of the departments assisted by the Federation of Citizens' Association of Washington. Among the exhibits are rare growths, freaks of fruit of the vegetable world from the Department of Agriculture, displays from the Indian service, Bureau of Education, Reclamation service, pension bureau, bureau of mines, patent office. The Treasury Department shows paper money and stamp making, the making of the gold and silver coins at the mints and also a collection of counterfeiters. The life-saving methods of the Coast Guard are shown and all the wonderful displays of the museums are enlightening and educational. The Dead Letter Office, with its freaks of the mails, is another popular feature and the War Department presents the always interesting methods of defense, destructive engineering, war and the variety of uniforms worn by our soldiers since the Revolution. The Navy department shows the models of our dreadnoughts, battleships, submarines and other fighting craft. The purpose of this and the invitation sent out by Congress to the people of the United States to visit Washington at this Inaugural and become acquainted with the workings of the government, was for the education of the masses in the things they should know about their own government. To aid in this most worthy project all of the trunk line railroads have extended the time limit of their reduced tickets so that all visitors may tarry in the Capital from a week to ten days.

the itching in cheek as long as it is used. Many elderly people are troubled with this itching in cold weather and cocoa-butter should be kept in the home for handy use. It costs about fifty cents a half pound in city drug-stores.

Mrs. H. F., Plant City, Fla.—You will never get rid of your catarrh in Florida where you were born to it. If your husband is a good carpenter and a steady man he will have no trouble in finding work in Arizona or Colorado and you should go to either one of those states where the air is dry. Don't sell your Florida place, but rent it and try the dry air climate. You can't be told what place is best for your health and his work, and you will have to go and find out for yourself.

Mrs. L. C., Montezuma, Iowa.—There is no specific remedy for nervousness because nervousness is due to so many causes that no one remedy will apply. Strictly speaking there is no remedy and the only treatment is by a physician who can learn what by examination the cause is and treat that. Your feet burn and feel creepy as a result of disordered nerve terminals, but nothing much can be done until the cause of the disorder is known and the proper treatment prescribed.

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Agents: Get An Easy Seller. Sanitary All Metal Bread and Pastry Board and Rolling Pin is making big hit. Make \$25 to \$100 every week. Smith, Ohio, sold 38 one day. Profit \$39.00. Seals at sight. No talking necessary. Free Sample to Agents. Write quick for appointment and territory. Union Mfg. Co., 192 Main St., Cambridge, O.

Big Textile Mills want ambitious men and women everywhere to show latest dress fabrics, neckwear, hosiery, and repair and weathers, 400 styles. Easy sales. Valuable territories. Many making over \$200 weekly. All or part time. Complete sample outfit starts you. Steelfast Mills, 51 Remsen St., Cobos, N. Y.

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Agents, Make War-Time Profits, build permanent business with our Big Line Perfumes, Creams, Extracts, Spices, Medicines. Catalogue free. Western Laboratories, 1900K Van Buren, Chicago.

Agents \$50 a week to travel by Automobile and introduce our 300 candle power coal-oil lantern. Write for particulars of our free auto offer. Thomas Co., 819 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

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Men and Women: \$1500 to \$3000 Yearly taking orders for over 90 Household Articles. Outfit Free. Big Chance. Full Particulars. Duo Factories, Dept. B, 30, North Java, N. Y.

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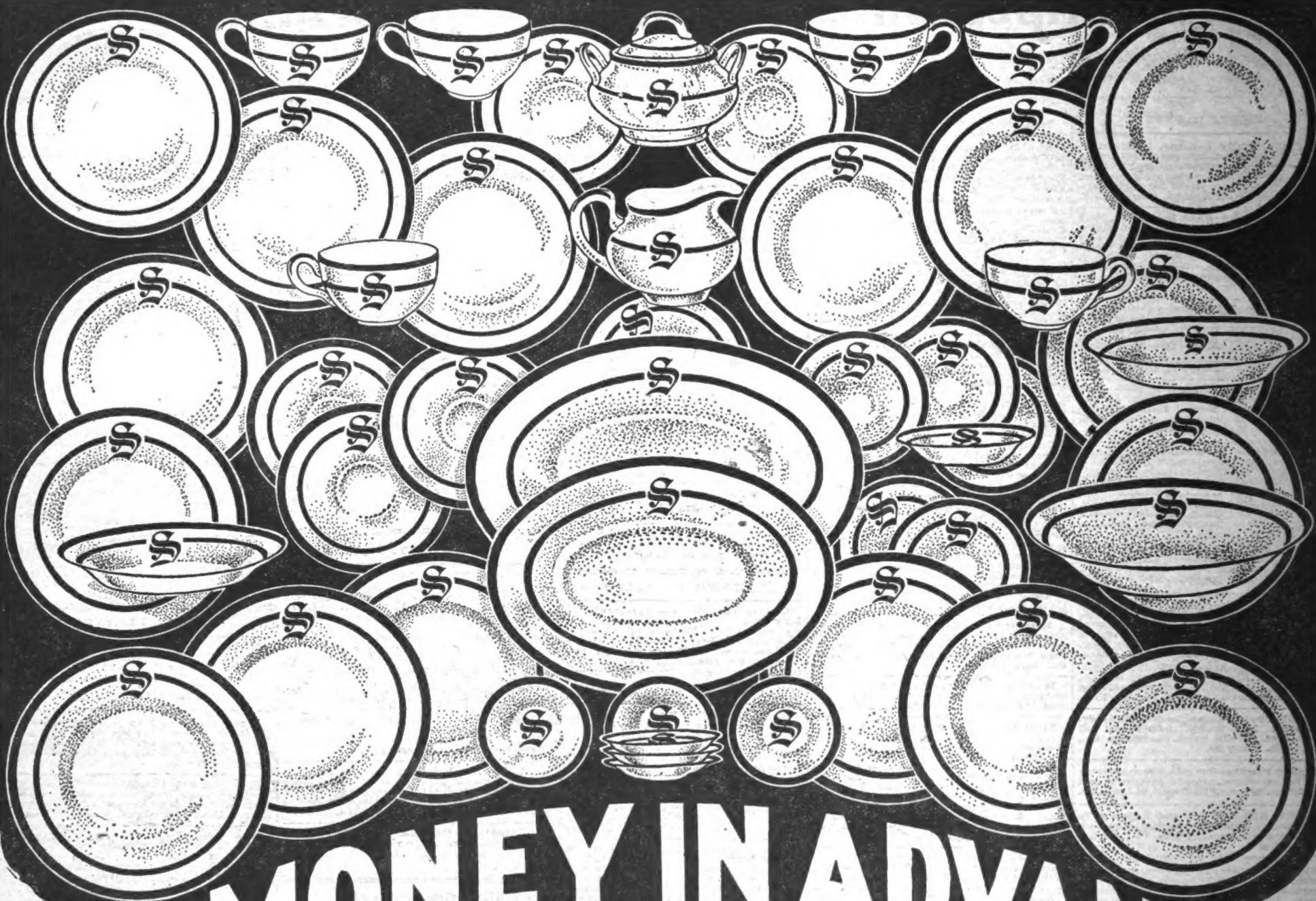
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